

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1906

MAKING EDUCATION HIT THE MARK

BY WILLARD GILES PARSONS

In hitting a mark a great deal depends on clearness of vision. It is advisable to decide, in the first place, at which mark to aim. In the matter of arranging a system of public schools the state is trying to hit a mark, and it behooves it to know just what that is and where it lies. And in the putting of the system into practice, all the way along the line, it would be well if the aim could be kept in mind, distinct and clear. The teacher who assigns the daily lessons, the board that determines curricula, the public that supports and influences schools, need constantly to ask themselves two questions: What is the mark? and, How can it be reached?

It is, indeed, difficult to keep one's eyes open all the time, difficult to keep asking these questions and answering them; it is natural enough, perhaps, that they should go unanswered and unasked now and then. But if the eyes of education are shut too long a time, the aim is sure to miss. Then it is time to wake up. And such a moment seems, in a certain point, to be the present.

As for the teachers, it may be they do sometimes incline to assign the next lesson because it comes next in the book. We hear much, and need to hear much, about the necessity of elevating the standard of instruction. But the teachers are the least of this trouble; they keep their eyes open pretty well; and they are better than the system.

The standard most in need of elevation is that of the intelligence, whether localized in school boards or left at large in the community, by which the system is arranged and directed.

VOL. 97 - NO. 4

From a multitude of causes the direction has gone blind. School boards are all too regularly composed of men ignorant of that which they prescribe; college councils are the scene of faction and of misshapen compromise. Blinding to both, and to the public as well, is the confusion and forgetfulness of aim. We must clear up our notions as to what we want to do in our public schools; we must separate and distinguish our various aims; we must direct our education straight; we must find out where we wish to go, or we shall continue to arrive nowhere.

The broadest division of the aims of public education gives us two: cultural and vocational. To this division of aims corresponds a like division of the subjects of study, some being properly cultural, others properly vocational. To it, again, corresponds a division of kinds of study: for cultural study, as a rule, is general and broad; while vocational study, as a rule, is special and minute. Vocational studies train to produce; cultural studies, to appreciate. The proper result of vocational study is skill; of cultural study, taste.

The confusion of these aims is the chief cause of the present blindness of our education. Nearly every course in every school tries for both at once, and consequently misses altogether. For different aims require differently directed courses. Vocational aims require vocational courses, dealing with vocational subjects; cultural aims require cultural courses, dealing with cultural subjects. Is that not almost too obvious a remark? Yet it needs to be made, and made again, and shouted,

for education is getting a little deaf (in the high places) as well as blind. And to this must be added the insistence that each aim be kept pure. In vocational courses the vocational aim must be supreme. In cultural courses the cultural aim must be supreme.

Cultural subjects may at a later period be pursued for vocational ends. This occurs whenever a student determines to specialize, most commonly through a desire to teach. A student who will teach a subject must have special and minute work in it; he makes it his vocation, and needs vocational instruction. But a course in a cultural subject, when guided by a vocational aim, is a vocational course. Hence we shall include such under vocational courses, or, when an exacter term is desirable, we may call them vocational-cultural courses.

Now these two aims are separate and distinct. Partly so by the nature of the various subjects of study appropriate to each; for vocational subjects may not profitably be taught for cultural purposes, and the vocational end in cultural subjects may on no account be set until the pure cultural aim has been attained. Partly so, again, by the difference of desire on the part of the students; an intelligent student wants instruction for one purpose or the other, and not for both at once. Hence separate courses are necessary. But this — in this discrimination — is where our system of education fails. It teaches vocational subjects partly with the cultural aim, cultural subjects partly with the vocational aim. In theory, indeed, it admits the distinction; but in practice it has gone off into the jungle.

Of course taste results from a vocational course, — a vocational subject taught with a vocational aim, — to a slight degree; and, likewise to a slight degree, a cultural course — a cultural subject taught for a cultural aim — results in skill. Taste and skill are not wholly disjoint. Taste must try its hand before it can fully appreciate; and skill cannot produce well till it has learned to judge.

But the point is that in aim the two are separate, that the routes leading to the two are different routes, that the skill which results from a cultural course, the taste which results from a vocational course, are by-products, not included in the aim, but wholly adventitious. They are not to be rejected; but they are not sought. The single thing that should be sought is, in the vocational course, skill, in the cultural course, taste.

The fault of the vocational courses is that they do not give true, practical skill. They talk too much about inculcating virtue. It is not virtue one wants in his carpenter or his lawyer, but virtuosity. Just as the vocational student, fixing his eye on skill, is about to shoot straight, the theorizing educator nudges his elbow and whispers he must take a wing off culture, too. Then skill escapes, and only a moulted feather flutters down from taste. The nudge spoiled the shot. Vocational courses must leave culture to the cultural courses, and attend to their own business. They must make themselves practical. They must look out into the world and see what it wants of them. They must keep their eye on the market.

Manual training, therefore, should place its products on sale, and fill orders for work it is prepared to do; business training should secure business work from business men for its students, and professional training, likewise, professional work from professional men. This will serve to keep the training real and of value in the world as well as in the school. Something of this kind is done in schools of law, where the student is allowed to do law work in offices; and pedagogy sends its students out to observe actual teaching in the schools. But the practice is merely sporadic, and nowhere is the principle recognized as fundamental.

Vocational training is too scholastic, too much shut away from the world at large. In the old days of apprenticeship and *Wanderjahre* this was not so. Then the learner was up against the market

from start to finish. His world was *the* world, and he moved about in it until he knew it as it was. Nor will any one contend that the work of those days — the days of Peter Vischer and of Botticelli — was inferior in virtue, beauty, ideality, to the work of to-day. The peculiar problem of art-craft is to take the necessary, the useful, and render it beautiful. There shall result no loss to any craft, nor to any business or profession, if it keep the preparation real, meet the market from the start, and turn its students, so far as possible, into apprentices of life.

The cultural courses, on the other hand, do not give true, vital taste. They talk too much about scientific methods and exactness of knowledge. Analysis may furnish taste a reason (though only the pedagogue cares what it is), but it cannot give taste birth. Taste depends upon liking. To have taste in a matter is, first, to have taste for it. It is, indeed, commonly claimed that study of a subject at school will awaken a love for it. This is the common cant of education. It is indulged in by school boards, by hobby-riding pedagogians, by teachers on parade. But everybody knows it is prate, and the schoolboy most of all. He does not learn to love anything because he studies it in school, but, if he does love anything he studies there, it is because of his own natural instinct for it, and distinctly in spite of what he is made to do with it in school.

The charge is, perhaps, especially applicable to the high school. Take it, for instance, in literature. How many learn to love Homer? What boy carries his *Æneid* to the woods, to read unbeknown to his teacher? Or ask an intelligent and wide-awake boy — not a crawling high-grade seeker after marks — why he never reads Shakespeare at home, and he will reply, "Because I get enough of him in school." This is the attitude of those who are learning to "love" Shakespeare!.

It would seem, indeed, from the condition of Shakespeare on our stage, that we all get enough of him in school. A

big noise is made on the occasion of a big-priced production by a big-advertised star, that the full house refutes the charge that Americans do not love Shakespeare. It does no such thing. It refutes nothing but the supposition that Americans love anything so much as bigness. To take the monetary success of occasional and extraordinary performances, appealing to our liking for the unusual and the demonstrative, as indicative of love, suggests that we no longer know what love is. Love of Shakespeare on the stage would mean the success of frequent, ordinary performances in every town large enough for a high school and a theatre. Such, for instance, as the love of Wagner in Germany. Or, again, of Shakespeare. For it is not only in her own dramatist, but in ours as well, that Germany can teach us what art-love is. The appreciation of Shakespeare is far more general and genuine there than here. The continuousness of his success, despite the frequency and mediocrity of the performances, despite the lack of all bigness and *éclat*, shows that it is Shakespeare that is loved. But then, what could one expect? The Germans do not, like us, get enough of him in school.

The dose, it must be confessed, that we receive in school, is hardly such as to taste like more. A glance at the Shakespeare textbooks is sufficient. One quarter introduction, one quarter Shakespeare, two quarters commentary. No healthy-minded boy can relish such a sandwich. He feels, somewhere in the silent depths of his silent consciousness, that there is something wrong when he is expected to love Shakespeare. He is quite likely (little innocent!) to think the wrong lies with him. He will admit, therefore, that he ought to like Shakespeare; but nothing short of the willingness to lie for the sake of shutting off inquiry — a virtue born of schools — will compel him to admit that he does. Nor, considering the Shakespeare of the schools, can this be any but an encouraging symptom of the persistent sanity of youth.

The scientific, minute study of Shakespeare, the use of his plays as material for grammatical analysis, philological investigation, historical research, — as now common in the high school, — belongs only to the last years of the college and to the graduate school. The proper study of Shakespeare in the high school is to *feel*; to read Shakespeare, see Shakespeare, play Shakespeare. This might awaken love. It would certainly result, in the high school, in a truer, broader acquaintance; in the college, in a truer, sounder criticism; on the stage, in a truer and more frequent presentation.

And this is true not only of Shakespeare, nor of all literature alone, but of all cultural subjects, — that taste, being the one thing to hit, is not even aimed at; that the love the school should wake it does but kill.

There is something pathetically ludicrous in the sure, complaisant way in which the schools assure themselves they are teaching love. What sensible person could expect Tom, Dick, and Harry, gathered from homes of Puritan gloom or philistine glitter, not to speak of Egyptian darkness, to fall in love, at sixteen, with *Lycidas* or the *Commemoration Ode*? If the schools really meant to teach love, they would choose a gentler incline up the slopes of Parnassus. They would go down into the valley and meet the student in his own loved haunts; thence they would lead him gradually up the mountain, progressing step by step. But, even if we could expect the average schoolboy to love on sight the sudden peaks of poetry, what a way to take of presenting him to them! Suppose it is this: "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank." The school says: "Parse, analyze, paraphrase, name figure of speech, and then, — don't fail! — enjoy!" But the schools have no real intention of teaching love. Single teachers, scattered here and there, have; but they cannot. For the school will not allow them, having forgotten the value of love, of taste, of art, and being wholly given over to the lust of the scientific, the

analytic, the exact. The boy who can scan and parse his Shakespeare passes, though he be blank and cold to the poetry and feeling. But the boy who cannot parse and scan fails, though he read with understanding and feel with inner fire. For feeling is subjective (as they say), illusory, and unstatistical, while parsing is a science, and so worth teaching. But — do we not know it in our sore and wearied souls? — in things of culture, in things of art, much knowledge, without love, is as sounding brass.

The confusion in cultural courses of the aims of taste and skill has been attended by confusion in the order and advance of learning. All study deals with phenomena. Its first essay is to make their acquaintance. This it does by observation. Its second essay is to formulate their theory. This it does by analysis. The succession is unalterably fixed: first, observation of phenomena for the purpose of acquaintance; second, analysis of phenomena for the purpose of theory.

These two stages of learning correspond, in cultural subjects, to the two stages of their courses already indicated: pure cultural and vocational-cultural. The pure cultural course seeks acquaintance by means of observation. The vocational-cultural course seeks theory by means of analysis. But the vocational aim, as the aim of vocational-cultural courses, has crept into the field of the cultural at the remote corner where this borders the vocational field, the graduate school, and thence has gradually spread outward over the entire region of the cultural. It has insinuated itself into pure cultural courses and turned them into vocational. It has banished the original aim of taste. It has mixed theory with acquaintance and analysis with observation, until the very order of knowledge has been confused and lost.

The first cause of all this disastrous confusion is to be found in the undue expansion which the imported German scientific spirit has undergone on American soil. The American university has

done well to take lessons from the German; but it forgot, in attempting to copy, that it rests upon a much smaller base than its model. The accomplishment previous to college is much greater in Germany than here. There, on entering a university, students have already acquired a sufficiently broad acquaintance and power of observation; they are ready for analysis and theory. The work of a German university is consequently justified in being, in cultural subjects, chiefly analytic and theoretical. But here, on entering college, students have not formed a sufficient acquaintance nor power of observation; they are not yet ready for pure analysis and theory. The work of the American college is consequently not justified in being chiefly analytic and theoretical. Here, then, is a discrepancy; here lies the fault.

In the way of a remedy, the worst has been selected. Since the trouble is that students in college are not prepared for courses of analysis and theory, lacking too much in observation and acquaintance, the obvious thing to do is to increase their acquaintance and observation, either by lengthening the period of preparation before college or by postponing in college the advent of analysis and theory to the later years. But neither of these plans was followed. For the dominating influence was that of the graduate school, the present veiled prophet of our education. Its learned investigators, — was not their word the final law? But they, absorbed in analysis and theory, engaged in running down the Germanic prefix *ge*, wrestling with Æolic forms in the dialect of Homer, deciphering the correspondence of a Thomas Cromwell, and such like, — what should they care for so infantile an aim as the acquisition of culture? Moreover, they had quite forgotten that their beloved analysis and theory cannot properly begin except upon a broad basis of acquaintance and observation. Dominating the college, they made its work chiefly analytic and theoretical, — error number one. When they found

that the college students could not do the analytic work that they required, they demanded that the high school train in analytic methods, — error number two. Thus the vocational aim of the graduate school in subjects of culture has been thrust downward through the college and the high school, and even come to permeate the grammar school, so that now the whole of education from start to finish has become a matter of analysis and theory. Culture and taste receive none but an empty attention. The order of learning is thrown into a confusion almost inextricable.

The sore point in this graduate school remedy, and one that must make even its tough-skinned inventors occasionally wince, is that it does not remedy. For analysis and theory are not sufficient to themselves; they can exist only, as has been said above, upon a broad and solid basis of acquaintance and observation; and in curtailing and vitiating these the remedy weakens the very support it was supposed to strengthen.

First, then, observation of phenomena to form acquaintance. In analysis there are two steps: study of classified phenomena to gain known theory; and investigation of unclassified phenomena to establish new theory. Such the unalterable order. It is true, of course, that observation must last throughout. Analysis must be accompanied by fresh observation, and, again, fresh observation must accompany investigation. And upon investigation will attend analysis. But it remains true that observation must make the start and be developed to a certain power before analysis may set in; and that investigation must be postponed till last of all. In each of the three stages the aim of the preceding will be present, but subordinated from aim to means; while the proper aim of each stage will reign supreme.

It is impossible to assign each of these aims to a separate school, to say that each school is to be dominated by one of them. Since, indeed, the first and last aims will

naturally fall to the first and last schools, the aim of the grammar school must be observation for acquaintance and that of the graduate school be investigation for theory. But in the intermediate schools, the high school and the college, the aim in this regard depends upon the stage which the particular study has reached. A subject in which a good acquaintance has been gained in the grammar school may aim at theory in the high school. But cultural subjects begun in the high school, or in college, must aim there only at acquaintance. The point is simply that in every subject, wherever begun, the order of learning must be followed.

At present this order is everywhere contravened. In the grammar school the broad and general study which its own aim, the acquisition of information, demands, is not preserved. Minute and special study, belonging to a later aim and school, is introduced. We have already seen how this has come about, by pressure from above. That it is tolerated by the people is largely due to the popular impression that thoroughness of knowledge demands minuteness of detail, — an impression that is part of the general superstition of the scientific, in which our age delights to debase itself. Even were it true, it would not constitute the final word. For is thoroughness of knowledge the whole of education? Is there nothing else in the human brain to satisfy than a craving for statistics? Is there no feeling to be trained up to taste? Is there no æsthetic side to be awakened, guided, formed? We are so fearfully under the domination of the scientific spirit, we of this age, that we are blind and deaf to all else. Our æsthetic side, our taste, our feeling, we are in danger of losing. Worst of all, we regard the scientific attitude toward life as something final, conclusive, perfect. This is the superstition of the scientific. Finality in learning means atrophy as surely as in religion. It blinds us to our faults, and consequently to our need of change and progress. The tyranny of science is not forever; no more than

was the tyranny of art. We look back to the Renaissance, an age dominated by the artistic even as ours by the scientific spirit, and we point out plainly enough its dangers and faults. Due, we pronounce, to the predominance of the artistic spirit; to the predominance, ultimately, of *one* spirit; for perfection would lie in an interblending of spirits many and diverse, in the union of the scientific, artistic, religious, in the harmony of the good, the beautiful, the true; and progress is not resting finally in any one of these, but turning incessantly from one to the other, developing, adapting, unifying. Then, leaving the Renaissance and coming to ourselves, we seem to forget our recent wisdom, and, losing our vision at short range, fancy the scientific attitude final and complete, fancy the domination of one spirit safe. We call for thoroughness of knowledge, and, gaining the body, perceive not if it be a carcass.

But, taking thoroughness of knowledge not for the single end of education, which it is not, but for the high and essential end it is, it cannot be maintained that it demands minuteness of detail. It depends, simply, upon what knowledge you are aiming at. Thus, if you want a general outline of a subject, you can make the knowledge of the outline thorough without going into detail. Thoroughness of knowledge is not minuteness, but readiness and accuracy. A thorough general knowledge of our Civil War, for instance, does not require a knowledge of every battle, but, the general outline being fixed, an accurate and ready knowledge of that. The confusion of thoroughness with minuteness even acts to prevent thoroughness. For, with the mass of detail demanded by minuteness, it is beyond the student's power to gain an accurate view of the subject presented or to hold in readiness what he has been able to perceive. Thus he gains neither minute nor general knowledge. And he is far from gaining thoroughness. What he does gain is a false and pernicious idea of what knowledge is. For he is taught

that his faulty and hesitating recollection is knowledge. On the other hand, if the subject matter of a cultural course be kept general, it will prove possible for the student to win an accurate view and to keep ready what he has won. He will know that his knowledge is general, and he will have learned what general knowledge is. He will be prepared to pass on to the learning of what special knowledge is. Thus he will have made a true start toward a knowledge of what knowledge is, — a *sine qua non* of education which our present education is too confused to give.

The subject in which the grammar school (so-called) contravenes most sharply the law of the order of learning is, perhaps, grammar. For grammar, being the analytic and theoretical study of language, does not belong in the grammar school at all. The scientific classification of phenomena cannot begin until the phenomena have been assembled and made familiar. To this law of learning language is no exception. The language study proper to the grammar school is observation and acquaintance, that is, more particularly, practice in reading, speaking, composing. Nor for this is the study of grammar necessary. What is necessary is a very large amount of practice; much reading, much speaking, much composing. The only use of grammar here is a negative one, namely, to correct mistakes. And for this negative purpose the only person in the grammar school who need know grammar is the teacher. The positive, scientific study of grammar must be reserved for the high school.

At present this sequence is not preserved. The result is confusion along the whole line of language work, and the loss of all good results. For grammar, being introduced at too early a period, is not apprehended. The grammar school graduates who enter the high school disclose a practically complete ignorance of grammar. The entire work of the grammar school in grammar is waste. The high

school, in consequence, is called on to repair the blunder. And here another blunder follows. It is, indeed, the proper duty of the high school to teach grammar. But the high school does not realize this and make provision for it. When it finds itself called on to do what it feels the grammar school should have done, it makes no real room for the course in grammar, but grudgingly attaches the study of grammar to the study of literature. This blunder is fatal to each side. For grammar is a science, and demands scientific study. Work in grammar as an adjunct to work in literature fails to give the clear, scientific view which alone means apprehension. And the combination is disastrous to literature also. For thereby literature is led more than ever to subject itself to scientific treatment, and the study of literature for its own sake vanishes away. This mixture of grammar and literature together in the high school is one of the most flagrant instances of the confusion of aim.

Grammar and literature should, indeed, both be taught in the high school, but side by side, and not intermixed. If this were done, the study of grammar would find its proper place. But even then there would remain a great evil as the result of the introduction of grammar into the grammar school. For in this way the language study proper to the grammar school, — a study second to none in importance, and to be successfully pursued only in the grammar school, — is thrust out, neglected, and lost. Correctness in reading, speaking, composing, is nowhere attained. Our very colleges are full of English students who can neither read, speak, nor compose English. Instead, they are busy criticising Arnold and De Quincey, Tennyson and Browning! Certain colleges attempt to escape this anomalous disgrace by setting a universal entrance examination in English composition, and following it up, within the college gates, by a universal prescribed course. But the attempt comes too late. The faulty and hesitating use of English remains

common, even in their upper classes. The only time to form correct habits of reading, speaking, composing, is before incorrect habits have been ingrained, that is, in the grammar school. But so long as the grammar school persists in trying to teach grammar, we shall remain, in speech and composition, ungrammatical.

Correctness in the use of language, and in a use that shall be fluent, is aim enough for one school along this line. From beginning to end the grammar school needs to devote itself to its attainment by daily practice in reading, in speaking, in composing, until ease and accuracy be won. And this attainment is worth while. It is better that our children, our men and women, read and speak and compose correctly, and remain ignorant of scientific grammar and of scientific criticism, than that, as they now are on the whole, they remain incorrect in reading, speech, and composition, and possessed of a grammatical and critical conceit.

Another evidence of loss of aim in the grammar school is found in its work in mathematics. Like its language study, the mathematics of the grammar school should aim at primary, universally necessary knowledge. This means, chiefly, facility in performing the fundamental operations. It is for this that ordinary life finds a universal use for mathematics. Yet this is what the grammar school refuses to give. It is too little concerned with life and its needs, and too much with an arithmetic which, to be scientifically complete, shall contain all the varieties of problems ever cunningly devised by clever arithmeticians. The result is that it is only an occasional grammar school graduate who can be relied upon to add a column of figures with certainty and despatch. What they most want of arithmetic, it has failed to give them.

Nor need it be imagined that the power for training the mind peculiar to arithmetic will go unused through confining it to the field of the useful, and forbidding its excursions off into the regions of the ingenious. The training which the mind

asks of arithmetic at this period is facility, much practice in easy operations. Its profound and subtle powers do not develop until later, and the effort of the trick-problem to arouse them at this time is premature and harmful. Training in more difficult mathematical work must be left till later years, when the mind is ready, and when this will properly be afforded by algebra and geometry.

These are but illustrations of the grammar school's need to ask itself the questions: What is the mark? and, How can it be reached? As for the high school, it needs the same clarification of view. We have seen how it misses its aim in literature, being led astray by the prevailing tendency toward the slough of the prematurely scientific. Called upon here to awaken love, it has totally lost sense of its high calling. The formation of taste being with difficulty amenable to analysis and theory, it has been abandoned as unscientific; and the study of literature has undertaken in its stead training in dissection and accuracy, — things eminently scientific, and as eminently foreign to its proper and higher purposes. Analytic study of language for purposes of science should be disjoined from its synthetic study for purposes of taste, and left to a separate course. And, in general, the inculcation of accuracy should be left to the exacter sciences, such as logic and mathematics. These are sufficient for this end. But they will not give taste. If the aim of taste is to be crowded out of those studies fitted to attain it, where shall it come in? Or are we, after all, to abandon taste, as something hardly scientific?

Let us hope not. Let us hope that the study of English literature will some time awake to its high calling; that it will free itself from the shackles of scientific methods; that its teachers will desire, and school boards allow, the restoration of the aim of taste; and that its students will come to know what it is to read fine books for the love of them.

The study of literature, however, is not solitary in the error of its way. All cul-

tural courses everywhere have suffered the loss of their proper aim. Of this Greek and Latin are notorious examples. Formerly prized as productive of fine taste and culture in their followers, they are now entirely turned over to the scientific machine. Their students no longer draw culture from them, and it is hardly to be doubted that the most of their followers to-day neither possess culture nor the power of ever getting any. The men of polish are no longer the men of the classics. And no wonder, for the classics are pursued nowadays for hardly anything but money. Nearly all their students are at them to get their living from teaching them. But the living is so meagre that first-rate men look elsewhere. Occasionally some bright man, who knows that a unique power for culture does lie in their study, rightly pursued, devotes himself, sacrifices himself, to them. But he dooms himself to loneliness. All he can do is to dream of the old days when the classics were a pursuit for gentlemen. But nowadays he finds that they are not known or studied as languages, but as so much dead material for grammatical analysis. Accuracy is indeed necessary in learning a language; and to its attainment analysis and grammar are essential. But only as steps to the single aim. At present it would seem that the high school has forgotten the aim and remained enmeshed in the means. Students who have had four successful years in Latin can parse and analyze (after a fashion) and recite rules from the grammar book. But give them a fresh page, and then watch their mental process! It is that of putting a puzzle together. Everything moves by conscious rule, nothing by spontaneous feeling. Properly speaking, they can neither read nor write. Is this knowing Latin as a language? And as for liking it! The fond instructor dotes.

The inculcation of accuracy, — so loud a part of the despairing cry of Latin for attention, — is, we must admit, within its power. But there are three fatal objections against making it the paramount aim and

justification of Latin in the high school. First, this aim, still more properly and efficaciously, is within the power of mathematics, and must be left, as the paramount and justifying aim, on the ethical side, to that study. Second, this aim, when it does enter into the study of Latin, belongs to a later stage, to the stage of analysis and theory, which must be preceded, in the high school, where Latin is begun, by the preliminary stage of observation and acquaintance. Third, the aim of accuracy must rest, from start to finish of the Latin course, subordinate to the more appropriate and higher aim of taste.

In a day like the present, when the need is to reduce the curriculum, — and, indeed, in every day, if a curriculum is to be rightly put together, — every study must justify its claim to inclusion by a unique power, must do, better than any other study, something admittedly worth doing. What, then, we ask, is the unique power of Latin? In view of logic and mathematics, its claim to inculcate accuracy cannot set up to be unique. The whole treatment of Latin as a mere science, to which the linguistic of to-day, masquerading as philology, has degraded it, must, so far, at least, as beginners are concerned, be totally abandoned. The language must be taught as language, and find its justification in its revelation of the Roman race. This is the only thing admittedly worth doing which Latin does better than any other study. And the justification, how magnificent! To know the language as language, to familiarize the brain with its processes, so that it moves freely forward in them, is to give the mind new paths of thought, and paths that shall increase, in a manner that is unique, its power of thinking. And to know the spirit of the Romans is to know humanity in one of its very greatest incarnations; is to gain a view of life at an angle so widely divergent from our own that we obtain thereby an insight and an apprehension wholly new. But this mental process comes only when the brain is made to move through Latin as Latin;

this new view of life comes only from familiarity with language and literature as language and literature; and neither shall ever, in the faintest hope, arise from the reduction of the language to mere material for grammar. Not, therefore, the distinction between the locative and ablative, not the traces of a middle voice, not the naming of hard-named metres, not, on the ethical side, the teaching of accuracy in grammar, — these are steps, but not aims; but rather a full inspiration of the Roman spirit, a deep mind-growth by new processes of thought, an insight into life that is known as culture and taste.

With these instances of the high school's loss of aim, — we might cite others, — let us pass on to the college. Here prescription's barriers are down (or should be), and the field is widely open. Every student is conscious of two aims: to prepare for his vocation and to broaden his culture. He should have these aims in mind as distinctly two, and the college should aid him in keeping them distinct. They differ from each other, and require different treatment. A man preparing for medicine, for instance, may want a course in Horace to broaden his culture. At the same time, a man preparing to teach Latin may want a course in Horace to specialize his knowledge. The two courses cannot be the same. The cultural course aims to convey the Horatian spirit, and reads as Horace expected his verses to be read, without a thought of grammar, but for their meaning and their grace. But the vocational course (whose student must in every case have had the cultural course) aims to analyze the Horatian grammar, metre, style. To attempt to include the two aims in a single course, as is commonly done, is to confuse both. They cannot be made contemporaneous, for they are successive. The aim of analysis and theory cannot set in until a broad basis of observation and acquaintance has been laid. In a course of both together, little valuable analysis can be accomplished, and the student who wants

it will be continually vexed by the intrusion of other matter. And as for the other side, the reading Horace as Horace, the gathering in of the Horatian flavor, — this, being the more delicate matter, generally escapes entirely before the rude onslaught of analysis.

In college, therefore, where the cultural subjects become material for vocational work, there must be, in every one, two separate courses: the pure cultural and the vocational-cultural, or, to use commoner terms, general and special. To all special courses, general courses will be prerequisite. The specialist will have the general course first and the special course afterward. The general student will stop with the general course. Or, if he desire special work, for any reason, he may go on and take the special course. Thus no student will be deprived of special work, but every student will be given what he wants, and will know what he is getting. The proper sequence will be maintained, the distinction of aim recognized, the special course kept special, and the general course kept general.

Now the distinction in aim, resulting directly from the different desires of the student, should produce, parallel with the double lines of instruction, cultural and vocational, a double body of instructors, teachers, and investigators. The college has long recognized its two fields of work, — on the one hand to investigate the unknown, and on the other to teach the known. But, in its desire to extend the boundaries of learning, it seems to have forgotten that knowledge is not an end in itself, and that its acquisition has no ultimate defense save as it enters into the life of men at large. In its eagerness to secure good investigators, it has assumed, perhaps unconsciously, that good investigators make good teachers. This does not follow. These are two men, not one. The powers and interests of investigating are different from those of teaching, with which they rarely unite. Concerned with the remotest limits of his field, his brain busy night and day in chasing some

elusive element or law, the investigator is out of touch with the general student, out of his range of interest and comprehension; he has quite forgotten where, on the long path of learning, the general student stands, and fails to make connection between the student and himself; he lectures on the advanced, minute points in which he is himself absorbed, and, as a lecturer for general students, he proves, honestly judged, a failure. The teacher, on the contrary, remains in close and sympathetic touch with the student, and knows exactly where he stands; he ponders continually how to reach him, to awaken, to inspire. Good teachers, then, make but mediocre investigators, and *vice versa*. Occasionally, indeed, some great man, combining many interests and many powers, is at once teacher and investigator in a high degree. He, then, is the educator *par excellence*. But he is rare. The average college may count itself rich if it possess one such. No college can depend upon his kind to fill its instructors' list. It must make the fundamental recognition that the men are two. It must divide its force of instructors into two bodies. It must not require — though it may allow — general teaching of its investigators, nor advanced investigation of its teachers. It must hold each group in equal honor. For the man who can take results, and select, order, and present them so as to interest and illumine, — who can relate knowledge to life so as to elevate and inspire, — is not without his own value to the college and the state. A good teacher is worth a good investigator any day. But this, it would seem, is something college boards in founding chairs, and college presidents in filling them, at present need to learn.

As it is, no division of the instructing body is made. The teacher is required to give to mediocre investigation the time he wants for planning out his teaching. For nowadays the way — one might almost say the only way — to rise is to print investigations. Hence our college towns are full of young instructors sitting up

late of nights, before countless slips of "collected cases," tabulating nonsense. The investigator, on the other hand, is required to address general classes and give to mediocre teaching the time he wants for investigation. For there seems still to exist a tradition that the professor must lecture. Hence, once more, our colleges are full of learned investigators laboriously lecturing to yawning mouths.

Thus, to the intelligent, how many, oh, how many college lectures are become a bore! The stupid find them otherwise. For they — happy delusion! — imagine they are growing, must be growing, wise. To sit with spreading ears — even though they hear not — before such awesome learning, — this, to the blockhead, is education. Few lecturers, alas, know anything about lecturing. It is not lecturing to read off bibliographies. If every lecturer would first convince himself and his audience that there was some reason for his speaking rather than printing, there would be fewer lectures. The art of lecturing requires art. It requires — a thing unrecognized by science — personality. The college lecturer comes stoop-shouldered from his stack of indices, and recites the latest statistics; or he comes square-shouldered from the athletic field, and recites the latest stupidities. Statistics and stupidities are better in books. One may skip them. But the true lecturer, who knows how to lecture, who has something of his own to say, so intimate, so earnest, so personal, that to convey it all a book is insufficient, but he must say it with his own lips, looking in the faces of his students, — he no longer comes. Or, if he does, he comes discredited, uncertain of the tenure of his office; and it is only because he is either simple in his innocence or determined in his wisdom, that he continues to lecture, to believe in heart and character, in feeling and taste, in moral uplift and intellectual fire, in a world where the reigning gods want only facts. But the students know the difference. How refreshing to behold the cheerful sanity

with which they avoid the pits that have been digged for them, and go their willful way! Where a true lecturer opens his doors, there they flock in. But soon the teeth of prescription seize them. They are forced to go here and there. And thus the bores also win an audience. A fact which accounts for their majority among those who insist upon prescription. As most college lectures go now, they are nothing but oral books. The men have vanished out of them. The typical college of to-day consists of a shrewd financier, libraries and their librarians, and laboratories and their laboratorians. Like the rest of the age, it is made up of money and matter. Machine-mad, we have gone far toward making education also a machine.

Is it not enough? Shall we not make education once again to live? Shall we not maintain the order of learning, and insist that observation and acquaintance precede analysis and theory? Shall we not count teaching worth as much as investigation, and honor the artistic equally with the scientific? Side by side with skill, shall we not reinstate taste as an aim, and strive to make it a result? While we retain the vocational course that is satisfied when the vocation is learned, shall we not resurrect the cultural course that is satisfied when mere culture is attained? Shall we not acknowledge the fundamental distinction of goal, and the folly of trying to aim two divergent ways at once? Shall we not, in other words, seek to make education hit the mark?

THE HERMIT

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

I

HE looked gravely over his book. The dog sat up, taking notice and regarding him with an alertly receptive gaze. He put out his hand toward the tobacco jar on the table. It wagged the stumpy end of a black-and-white tail. All the active eagerness, all the brisk animation, all the suppressed bedevilment, and more, of the normal fox terrier was manifest in the quivering body. Not a limb stirred, even the bright black eyes hardly moved; but under the short, crisp hair the muscles worked, ready to start into instant exercise at the slightest provocation, at no provocation at all, so long as there was something doing, provided all stagnation was prevented; monotony was impossible, and quiet a thing not to be imagined.

"I believe," he said slowly, "that I shall call you Alaric. I had just got as far

as that when you came, and you made something of an invasion."

Speech was better than nothing, and the dog welcomed this with a ripple of joy, beginning at the tail and ending at the ears.

"You know I did n't want you," he went on severely.

Alaric, nothing dismayed, beamed benevolently on the speaker, with lucent teeth and red, lolling tongue. It was clearly debating whether an attack on the other's shoes would be welcomed as a diversion. Evidently concluding the moment was not propitious, it remained passive, — as passive as its nature would permit.

Certainly, for one who has eschewed the world, who has turned from what he has declared a mockery and a sham, who has buried himself away from all as a delusion and a snare, the presence of a zealous fox terrier is a disturbing element.

When one has sought a lodge in some vast wilderness, there to court solitude, there to rail — or growl — on Lady Fortune, the advent of a stray animal with an ever-stirring interest in the least thing which is going on presents something of a trial. When one has made up one's mind to become a hermit, to suck one's paw and nurse one's ill-humor, such cheery companionship is disconcerting. There is confusion in bringing cynic philosophy up against this breezy confidence and manifest belief that all is for the best in the best of possible worlds. The most gloomy mood will find difficulty in persevering with such a discordant counterpart. The utmost cheerlessness is not proof against the influence of such association. There is an anticlimax, a comedown, a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, in the enforced relationship of misanthropy and a companion with a mind filled with delirious thoughts of rats, and straying to ecstatic possibilities in the way of cats.

He had felt this from the first. The intruder had strolled in casually through the hut door one afternoon when the sun was shining brightly. He looked up from *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, as he had often done since. The dog regarded him intently for a moment; then, apparently satisfied with the inspection, wagged a friendly tail.

"Heigh! What are you doing there?" he threatened morosely, as he made a repelling movement.

It clearly regarded this as the beginning of a game. It spread its paws apart, lowered its head, and growled pleasantly.

"Get out," he ordered, and his foot advanced discouragingly.

Nothing evidently could have pleased it better. A convulsive wiggle agitated its slim body. It made a sideways dart at the boot. He kicked vigorously. A joyous bark met this performance. Such cheerful exercise was very exhilarating. There is little satisfaction in losing one's temper, in getting into an annihilating rage, even, when such conduct is persistently

regarded as excellent play. Distinctly, no comfort is to be found in ill temper under such unfavorable conditions.

He recognized this. He sat down examining it while it watched him benevolently. An unwilling smile, the first for weeks, broke through the storm of his wrath.

"You'll have to stay," he announced, "since I can't turn you out."

This cordial invitation was received with perfect equanimity by the other. Realizing that the performance was ended, it extended itself placidly in the sunshine. Since that hour innovation had followed innovation. He had not been able to devote so much attention to cynicism and himself, with the four-footed comrade of marked social proclivities constantly under his eyes — and his feet. A moody walk was a very different thing with a companion that darted hither and thither, attracted by this or that at every step. The necessity for calling or whistling broke into the bitterest reverie. A bird flushed or a rabbit started would upset the most acrimonious train of thought. It was aroused by everything, absorbed in everything, ready for anything. Dallying indoors was impossible, with eloquent eyes and tail urging to exercise. To sally out was to be involved in a whirl of experiences. In the trees were there not squirrels? Along the river were there not woodchucks? Any expedition became an adventure.

"I am afraid," he said reproachfully, as he sat after one of these excursions looking at it sitting before him, and urging further action, "that you are nothing but just a common cur. I detect certain lines and colorings which appear unmistakably to mark you as just a plain yellow dog. If you were anything really valuable, some one would have been after you. I imagine you must have strayed away from some stranger, some peddler or something, in the neighborhood, who probably was glad enough to be rid of you. To your lowly birth I might ascribe the hail-fellow-well-met way in which you

treat everything. A true bench-show prize-winner would have more of a stand-off, uninterested, and disdainful manner. A really lofty soul would live more in seclusion and within itself."

At which arraignment it blinked placidly. Without the least pretense it started for where the provisions were kept, suggesting something to eat.

Then! One afternoon it gave a short bark of particular vivacity. He stood stock still, disconcerted and gazing. To seek literally fresh woods and pastures new, to fly civilization, to bury one's self in a supposedly uninhabited wilderness, to avoid men, and then in an afternoon stroll to come on a girl, — and such a girl! A most pronounced, provoking form of girl. A typical girl, from her little white shoes to her hat, which seemed to preserve the *chic* of the town without making it out of place in the forest. The conventional girl, except that she was not conventional at all, but as different as every living girl is from any other, — who manifestly would furnish as many surprises as there were minutes in the hour. Just the everyday girl, and because she was the everyday girl, utterly unlike all others. The customary girl, with the ever-present possibility of becoming the one girl. In fact, that commonplace wonder, that matter-of-course marvel, the next girl a young man meets, who may suddenly mean all the world to him.

The Hermit would not naturally have followed so frequented a path. Alaric, however, had insensibly led him there. On the moment he was for passing without noticing her, as a procedure in accord with his characteristics. The heart of the woods, though, is not Fifth Avenue. What would be a civility in the one would be an impertinence in the other. Rosalind and Orlando meeting in the Forest of Arden may accost one another at sight, whereas on Murray Hill they must not speak.

Besides, Alaric was running toward her welcomingly, in a way not to be disregarded, which made silence impossible.

"A beautiful day," she said pleasantly, as he bowed.

He resented the sensation, but he felt of a sudden as if she had presented him with the sunshine.

"Very," he growled, with pride in the stern maintenance of his part.

He was about to proceed in accordance with his rôle. Society, however, was something too infrequent for Alaric not to hail with delight. It bounded joyfully toward her, and in a moment dirty prints of its forefeet marked her white frock.

"Come here," he commanded gruffly.

"Oh, never mind," she exclaimed; "I don't mind dogs. I like them. Down, down. What do you call him?"

"Alaric," he replied gloomily.

"Alaric," she repeated, while she gave it the end of her sunshade to worry in a manner that at once won its doggish heart. "Why," she exclaimed, pausing suddenly, "I met you at the Mortimers'."

"Of course," he answered, not sufficiently indurated in his sullenness to discredit the suggestion.

He had often been at the Mortimers'. There were always girls. He might very well in his increasing bitterness have disregarded her. The fact appeared incredible — still —

"What are you doing here?" she asked, seating herself on a stump.

"Why," he replied, standing irresolutely before her, "reading *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*."

"That is n't doing much," she answered thoughtfully. Then, with a clear laugh she rippled quickly, "Oh, I have heard of you, the misanthrope, the man-hater, and, what is more, the woman-hater."

"Yes," he responded, with the grace to turn uncomfortably red under her gaze.

"How interesting!" she said. "The Wild Man of Borneo is not to be found on every gooseberry bush. To think that you would have passed without my knowing you if it had not been for Alaric!"

"The beast's always getting me into

something," he replied, in his best dissatisfied manner.

"Perfect," she commented placidly. "You are not in the least disappointing. As uncivil as possible. When I came up to the camp I feared that I should find nothing but the hush and solitude of nature."

"I hoped to find nothing else," he answered pointedly.

"Better and better," she continued critically; "an absolute bear."

He stood awkwardly silent.

"Why do you hide here," she asked directly, "when you are rich, passably young, and have all the world before you where to choose?"

"*Cui bono?*" he responded.

"Take care, or Alaric will think you are talking about bones," she laughed disconcertingly. "There's ambition."

"A bubble."

"Even soap bubbles are pretty. Then there are friends, Romans, countrymen."

"A mere wear and tear on the affections."

"Just the everyday pleasures of life."

"The everyday vexations, annoyances, disturbances."

"Oh, very well," she said mischievously. "I have n't anything else to offer, except — love."

"The greatest humbug of all," he declared decidedly.

"I felt bound to put it in to complete the list," she explained, inspecting him with perfect composure.

As he could think of nothing to say, and as standing to be studied like a rarity in a museum was disconcerting, he lifted his hat and moved stiffly away. With the consciousness that her smiling eyes were following him in his retreat, he found that the sustainment of a becoming dignity was difficult.

He had proceeded hardly more than a hundred yards when the impulse to turn became overmastering. Perceiving that Alaric was not following, he faced about abruptly. He whistled as he looked. She met his eyes squarely as he stood at the

bend in the path. The smile changed to a light, merry laugh. What, no — yes. He could not credit his senses. She had raised her hand — her slim finger tips were at her lips — she was throwing a kiss to him. He started. Angrily he halted in embarrassment. The next moment he veered, and plunged ignominiously past the corner out of sight. No exit could have been more absolutely lacking in misanthropic grandeur.

II

"The incapacity of a weak and distracted government may often assume the appearance and produce the effects of a treasonable correspondence with the public enemy" —

He followed slowly, and with painstaking care to concentrate his attention, Gibbon's sonorous sentences. The darkness had fallen. The woods lay silent, but with the silence of a summer night when a ceaseless and unheard undercurrent seems to stir. All was still; but the sense, if not the sound, of infinite life and movement was in the air and in the hour. In spite of the quiet, he felt restless and disturbed. In fact, the very calm, with its unmistakable but unseizable suggestion of throbbing existence, rendered him the more uneasy.

The peace in the hut was unbroken. Certainly this was a time of all others to philosophize; to reflect upon the vanity of human wishes; to congratulate one's self upon escape from vain shadows. What more could a recluse desire than absolute seclusion, absolute solitude, and the chance to follow the cynical account of the greatest overthrow in the world's history? Certainly such a conjunction should fill a solitary's cup of bitterness satisfactorily full to the brim.

Still his progress in the history had not been great.

"They disdained either to negotiate a treaty or to assemble an army, and with rash confidence, derived only from their ignorance of the extreme danger" —

He dropped the book hurriedly. A pattering of little feet made itself heard. A small, pointed white head appeared dimly in the outer circle of faint lamplight. A slim, spotted body wriggled.

"Alaric!" he exclaimed.

A certain consciousness of delinquency oppressed the truant. Still, the sense of guilt was not so overmastering as to produce any remarkable seriousness. The black eyes were as unabashed, the tail as confidently agitated, as ever. Certainly the transition from the consideration of the fortunes of the Roman state to those of a small stray fox terrier was considerable and abrupt. The story of the one, however, was two thousand years old. The case of the other was of the day, the hour, the moment. The active present won in a canter. Ancient history was left at the post.

"Where have you been?" he demanded with sternness, yet with a certain trace of relief perceptible in his voice.

Whether it detected the inconsistent satisfaction or not, it certainly did not appear to be daunted by the severity. It advanced with perfect assurance, and, with the air of one perfectly at home, dropped something which the sharp teeth had firmly held. He bent forward curiously, searching in the obscurity to discern the nature of the object.

He looked intently. At length his eyes, a little dazzled by the white page, were able to see more clearly. Even with more distinct discernment he felt that he must doubt. Something small and shimmering and pink. By all the doctrine of chance the most unlikely, with all the possibility of contrast the most improbable, inconceivable, and incredible anomaly, portent, miracle. A little, pointed, satin, shining, peach-blossom-tinted slipper. There it stood on its small sole, pert in provocation. He stared at it in mute amazement. Certainly, such a bewildering superfluity was never before found in a hermit's cell. He appeared to be dazed by the marvel of it. He peered without motion at the pretty, exaggerated

talon. There it rested, passive and apparently powerless, yet alive with a world of suggestions, magical in the evocation of sudden visions. Nor were the phantasms such as might naturally float before anchorites' eyes. There it was, as if a modern temptation and allurements for a twentieth-century St. Anthony.

For a moment he remained petrified. Then he rose and approached, slowly and suspiciously, the surprising phenomenon. He walked about it doubtfully. He picked it up gingerly. A pile of the volumes of the *Decline* lay upon the table, and on those he placed the slipper. Then he sat down. The abandoned history remained disregarded. He took his pipe, filled, and lit it. There he rested, looking at the dainty trifle. The slipper might to all intents and purposes have been pedestaled on the column of books. He presented every appearance of a fetish worshiper. Suddenly he started.

"What shall I do with it?" he murmured in consternation.

He appealed to Alaric, who only cocked his ears and winked.

"This ought to go back to her," he went on; "but in what way?"

Alaric twisted his head.

"Certainly I can't take it," he said; and concluded even more emphatically, "certainly not."

On the following morning, at a perilously early hour for strict formality, he stood upon the broad veranda of the Camp. Hidden in the trees of the Point it stood. The spot was so secluded that in his first researches in the neighborhood he had not discovered it. With his unsociability he had heard nothing of it from the natives. He looked about in disgust. A log cabin, but a wonderful log cabin. A palace of logs, a chateau with the bark on. A spreading, spacious mansion, containing within its rough-and-ready exterior all the modern improvements. He scowled as he viewed a shaded electric light over the door.

He had been led through the house to the piazza by the discordant English

servant. There he saw her at a table, writing. She started up gleefully as he approached.

"Something unusual must have happened."

"There has," he replied morosely, as he drew the slipper from his pocket. "I wanted to bring this back to you, as I suppose it is yours."

"Yes," she said, looking gravely at what he awkwardly held out. Then she laughed. "Oh, for a serious person you are taking a great deal of trouble about nothing."

"One does n't care to retain property which does not belong to one," he responded stiffly.

"I thought you had abjured the world and all its ways."

"One can't entirely escape it, as I have found. One may have become a savage, but one cannot quite forget early traditions."

"And early traditions include returning objects lost, strayed, or stolen. How did you come to have it?"

"Alaric" — he began.

"Alaric appears to see more in human society than you do. He followed me."

"He's a base deserter, a turncoat, a renegade."

"But he came back to you. Not with an olive branch, but a pink slipper, in his mouth."

"I should not call it," he said slowly, "an emblem of peace."

"A little, harmless, satin slipper," she objected.

"Anyway, it was very disturbing to know what to do with it."

"So you concluded to bring it yourself. Is n't Alaric leading you into a lot of difficulties?"

"I am afraid that he does not appreciate the joys of seclusion as I do."

"Or," she continued, rising and seating herself in a hammock, "the delights of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. How much further have you got?"

He looked confused.

"I did not read a great deal last night."

"Oh," she said, gazing out on the placid lake.

He stood ill-temperedly silent.

"You might lend me the first volume," she continued, flashing about at him.

"I don't think you would like it."

"Who knows? Life is just full of surprises."

"Disagreeable ones," he muttered.

"Of course you have to say that to be in character. Was n't I a surprise?"

"Yes," he answered reluctantly, with clear foresight of what was coming.

"And life's surprises are disagreeable, therefore I was a disagreeable one, — Q. E. D.; and they say women can't be logical," she concluded.

He paused, in visible quandary. She watched his struggles with delight.

"Certainly," he said slowly, "you were not at all what I expected to find in the woods."

"Oh," she mocked, "that's an evasion unworthy of any thoroughgoing cynic, — an escape of which a true scoffer should be ashamed. Have the courage of your dismal doctrines. Stick to your black flag of spleen. Be true to your dull colors of despair. What's the use of being a misogynist if you don't say horrid things, — if you think them?"

"I don't know," he began lamely. "I came to return the slipper. I have executed my mission." He turned. "Perhaps I made a mistake in doing it."

"Of course anything pleasant and friendly and nice is a mistake," she declared.

"I don't know," he repeated, making a hasty retreat down the steps, and passing onto the lawn.

"Don't forget to send the first volume of the *Decline*," she called after him; "or," — he could not be mistaken in the words, though they seemed to come as a soft whisper from nowhere in the still morning air, — "or bring it."

The soft-footed hours of the long, golden summer's afternoon were slowly passing. The warm shaft of light falling through the door had traveled over the

floor from the nearest table almost to the rough bookcase, but leisurely and laggingly. The deep stillness appeared the fitting accompaniment of the tardy passing of time. Alaric was bored. Weary of dozing in the sun, it was sitting bolt upright, yawning with ennui. Its eyes were half closed from the mere weariness of inaction. The desire to be up and out was manifest in every twitch of its anxious body. Beyond was a wide world of promise. What was the use of remaining in tiresome idleness, with all the warm, bright country-side wasting with all that it had to offer? It gave expression to its impatience with a sharp restless bark. He rapidly cast down his book.

"I should n't mind if it was n't for you," he announced to Alaric furiously; "shuffling about there you'd make a mummy nervous. You make me nervous."

He rose angrily. Alaric, seeing a chance of change, leaped lightly and yelped joyfully. It raced through the door and began to rush in furious circles round the grass.

"You idiot," he commented, contemplating Alaric. "Still, I suppose that's what you think I am. I wonder," he continued, "if I can be. A glorious day." — He spoke to Alaric. "Come on. We will go to the village. There will be the dogs. The diletanti — I can't call such artists in idleness loafers — about the village are always worth studying as characters."

He had reached the door when he pulled up suddenly. Shamefacedly he glanced back. Weakly he crept to the table. He picked up one of the dark volumes of the *Decline and Fall*, the first volume, and thrust it in his pocket.

"I might meet her," he muttered.

Together he and Alaric struck into a wood path. With his stick he struck viciously at the heads of the taller weeds. Alaric, running ahead, gleefully explored each cranny. In this wise they reached the wide, shaded, grass-grown, peaceful village street.

"Do you know of what you remind me?" a girl's voice spoke clearly.

"No," he replied, looking up sharply.

She, on horseback, had drawn up by the side of the road. A riding habit appeared to suit her wonderfully; everything, as he swiftly and resentfully reflected, appeared to become her marvelously. Certainly she was something to remember, — or to try to forget, — seated there on the thoroughbred, the light filtering down through the leaves upon her.

"Of a blind man led by his dog."

"A beggar," he answered quickly.

"Blind, at least," she said; "for none are so blind as those who will not see."

"Alaric appeared to want to go somewhere," he explained elaborately; "and I came to the village with him."

"I always stop at the post office myself for the letters when I am driving or riding," she declared disconnectedly.

"I put this in my pocket," he said, with equal inconsequence, producing the volume of Gibbon.

"How thoughtful of you, when you did n't expect to see me."

"Of course, I did n't know," he said gravely. "And Alaric" —

"Alaric," she interrupted, "appears to be something of a traitor to the cause of misanthropy."

"He's such a provokingly cheerful creature," he complained.

"Why should n't he be, — why should n't everybody be cheerful on such an afternoon, in such a world as this?"

She extended her arms, as if to take the soft, sweet air in an embrace.

"What's the use?" he complained sourly.

"Anyway, it's better than sulking in one's tent because one can't have the particular moon one's crying for."

"It is not a question of moons," he answered stiffly, "or moonlight, or moonshine. It's a matter of candles; no candle's worth the play, nothing's worth the exertion. There is n't any earthly use in getting interested or excited about any-

thing, much less grieving or fighting about it."

"Alaric clearly believes differently."

A series of low growls sounded blood-thirstily. Alaric and a heavy village cur were eying each other with marked hostility. At that moment some recondite canine contumely, beyond endurance, caused Alaric to hurl himself at the foe. In an instant, in a whirlwind of dust, the two were twisting and tumbling. Out of the obscurity, like thunder and lightning from a storm cloud, came knotted snarls and darting flashes of teeth.

"Hang that dog!" he exclaimed, rushing forward.

Effective interference with two lively animals actively engaged with one another, and meaning business, is not easy. In the eagerness of the fray all ordinary means of persuasion were disregarded. Words counted for nothing. Blows were as ineffective. He hung over the writhing mass, entreating, commanding, dealing out retribution. At last, seizing Alaric, he succeeded by a process of strangulation in causing the jaws to relax. He dragged the terrier, gasping, sputtering, and still full of fight, from his prey.

"Alaric had the better of it," he announced; "and the other was a larger dog."

Something of excitement showed in his eyes. The brief struggle for control had evidently stirred him.

"The animal's got grit," he said, looking at his four-legged possessor with pride.

She smiled thoughtfully, gazing down on him.

"Is anything worth fighting for, — losing one's temper about?" she asked slowly.

"They're only curs," he answered apologetically. "They don't know any better."

"But men fight, too."

"More fools they," he responded.

The hot, fidgeting hunter on which she sat gave a sudden start. If her seat had not been so perfect she would have been

thrown. The movement had been so quick, the action so unexpected, that only the unconscious readiness of perfect horse-womanship had saved her. A farm cart was lumbering past in which lolled two yokels. Abreast of the animal on which she was poised, one of them gave a sharp chirrup. The restless creature bounded at the sound. He looked up, took in at a glance what had happened. Before she could read his intentions, in an instant he had leaped into the cart. He had seized the offending lout by the collar, dragged him into the body of the wagon, and thrown him to the ground. The man was a sturdy customer, but the science of his assailant rendered him powerless. He rose from the ground, limping, and thoroughly cowed.

"Don't you know any better than to frighten a horse that way," he raged. "If you don't, you must be taught."

"It was n't me," whined the culprit, now thoroughly intimidated; "it was him."

"It was not," he thundered. "You're a loafer and a liar and a sneak, and I'm going to teach you a lesson."

"Don't murder him," she said, leaning over with laughter in her eyes. "Spare him. See, I am holding up my thumb. Remember, nothing is anything, — certainly not worth the losing of one's temper."

He paused in confusion.

"Get out," he ordered the man abruptly; "I'll give you just one half minute to be beyond sight."

The oaf turned and fled down the road, with Alaric in pursuit. Watching the fugitive as he disappeared, she laughed merrily, then turned and inspected him.

"Oh, you are so — so inconsistent," she murmured.

"You might have been hurt," he answered eagerly.

"Should that make any difference, — and you did it as if you enjoyed it."

Alaric was leaping and barking in transport. It was having the time of its life. Returning from the chase, it stood

gazing with admiring eyes at the cause of the whole satisfactory tumult.

"As much as he did," she said, pointing at the panting fox terrier.

He swung round on his heel and strode away.

"I forgot," she called softly, when he had advanced several steps, "to thank you."

He paused and reluctantly turned.

"No woman," she said, "ever thinks much of a man until in some way he has fought for her."

He retraced a step.

"Any more than she really cares for him until she has cried about him," she continued thoughtfully.

He was half way back by now.

"But fighting — and tears — and living and — liking — and loving don't come in your philosophy. However," — she leaned forward and held out her hand from which she had stripped the glove, — "thank you."

He took the small palm, and, as they stood as much alone as if they were in the country itself, he pressed the slender fingers to his lips.

"Is not that rather — inconsistent — too?" she asked.

This time she went, the horse starting forward at some silent signal, while he stood ruefully staring after her.

III

"Alaric!"

"Is n't it always Alaric?" she asked, advancing to meet him across the big, fireplaced, low-ceilinged library. "But," she said, observing him more closely, and holding out her hand impatiently, "what is the matter?"

"Alaric is lost."

He stood, the raindrops shining on his coat, mud splashed on his boots. His countenance was discomposed. The lines about his mouth, instead of suggesting dissatisfaction, indicated a certain anxiety.

"Really," she inquired slowly; "do you mind?"

"Mind," he answered impatiently, "of course I mind. I've got rather fond of the little fellow in these last days."

"What was the use of that," she asked anxiously.

"I don't know," he said petulantly. "At least, there is not time to discuss it. I get accustomed to having him about, I suppose, and when he did not appear yesterday afternoon I missed him. I was troubled all of the night."

"Senseless wear and tear on the affection."

He had the grace to turn red.

"The facts are as they are," he hurried on. "When I could n't find Alaric this morning, I was truly distressed. I could not settle down to anything."

"The *Decline and Fall*" —

"Not even that. I thought he might be here, and came on at once to find out."

"I have seen nothing of him."

"Where can he be, then? Why, he may be starving," he urged excitedly. "Can you take it as calmly as that?"

"After all, what does anything matter?" she demanded coolly.

"A suffering animal!" he exclaimed hotly.

"And you came all the way through this day to hunt for it," she demanded, pointing to the window.

A gray slant of rain drew across the pane. Through it the trees could be seen bending mistily under a driving wind. A cold, heavy sky shut in the world like prison walls.

"What difference does the day make?" he said angrily. "It's the dog. I thought you would be interested about it."

"I wanted to see if you could be," she darted back at him, "about anything."

"Of course, this is different," he declared somewhat contritely.

She stepped forward and touched a bell. All indifference or languor had disappeared from her manner and her voice. She stood alive and ready.

"I will take you in my trap," she announced. "You have n't anything in

which you can drive, and we'll cover the country much more rapidly in that way."

He was silent as the wheels spun down the drive between the dripping pines. He stared straight before him, frowning disapproval on the lugubrious landscape.

"For a philanthropist to be discovered in evil and all uncharitableness," she commented, "is not to be compared in humiliation with the state of a true cynic found harboring a good thought or doing a kindly deed."

He grunted discontentedly.

"What shall we do? The best thing," she said, answering herself, "will be to inquire of the farmers of the neighborhood."

He shook off the raindrops impatiently.

"Come," she said, "don't feel so badly about it. No one can be perfect. One human weakness does not absolutely prove that you are an angel of amiability."

"I had become accustomed to him," he said, "as I had to the table and chairs, I suppose. If my clock was lost, I believe I should have noticed it. That is all."

"Of course," she said, "no one would think of accusing you of entertaining a warmer affection than one might have toward a dollar watch. No one would do you such a wrong." She glanced slyly at him. The wind had blown a strand of her hair across her eyes. With a quick motion she righted it. "Here we are at the Holbrook Farm. We'll ask."

Nothing had been seen of a small, white fox terrier. At the next farm the story was the same. If Alaric had been spirited away, he would not have disappeared more completely.

"Looking for a needle in a haystack," he complained, "is nothing to searching for a dog in a thinly settled country."

"The excitement of the chase is on me," she declared; "I'm going to find him."

Questions, however, were unavailing. Men, women, and children were interviewed unsuccessfully. The circuit of their quest was widening.

"Here's Herman Kraus," she said; "such an ill-tempered person."

She leaned forward, addressing the old man, who sat in the dilapidated buggy which he had drawn up on the side of the road.

"Have you seen a fox terrier with one black ear and half a black tail?"

"I seen," said the man, deliberating. "a black-and-white pug dog" —

"I don't care anything about that," she answered.

"And a Newfoundland."

"Here," he interrupted, drawing money from his pocket, crumpling it, and throwing it in the other vehicle. "We've lost such a dog. It's worth any one's while to find it."

"I wonner" —

"What," she demanded, as the farmer paused.

"If he could' a' got in that there trap."

"What trap?" he asked quickly.

"I set one yesterday."

"Where?" he inquired sharply.

"Down by the clearing in the river woods."

She did not wait for further words. She sent on the horse with a sudden impulse.

"Oh, poor little creature!" she wailed. "If it should be there!"

"I'll see about it if it is," he said vindictively. "Hurry up."

She turned and looked at him, questions and irony in her eyes.

"I'll own up," he said quickly; "I do care. I did n't believe that I could. When I think of that little wretch caught there by the leg — He may have been there all night."

"Oh," she cried, "we can't go quick enough."

She drove the horse on rapidly. Through the broken country ways they raced. At the mad pace neither said anything. She was busy getting the horse over the ground as quickly as possible. He sat impatiently watching the road stretching out before them. They turned into a path, — a mere woodcutter's track among

the trees. The same speed was not possible there. Still she kept on, with utter disregard of the springs of the vehicle or of sweeping branches. They ducked and dodged.

"How much farther?"

"Perhaps a quarter of a mile," she replied.

Across stones and logs they jolted. Down the banks of the small gullies and up the other side. A heavier lunge even than usual caused him to grasp the side of the seat.

"When you might be comfortably in your chair reading the *Decline!*" she managed to gasp.

"Hang the *Decline!*," he exclaimed, as excited as she. Her eyes were shining, her cheeks flushed. He looked at her.

The trees grew more thickly as they advanced. With the winding course they could see but a few yards ahead. Suddenly they came out into an open space.

"There! there!" he called, "there he is."

"Oh, it's pitiful," she sobbed.

Small, trembling, swaying with weakness, Alaric stood with one paw imprisoned in the steel jaw of the closed snare. Feebly he lifted his head as they drew near. As they stopped and jumped to the ground, a faint whimper reached their ears.

"What he must have suffered!" she moaned, as she sank on the grass beside the trap. His strong hands quickly bent back the powerful spring. As Alaric was released she gathered him between her arms, and sat on the soaked leaves with him in her lap.

"Oh, you poor doggie," she said, bend-

ing her head and resting it against one soft, flopping ear.

He knelt beside her, absorbed by the spectacle.

"How is he?" she asked anxiously.

"I believe he'll get well," he said.

He took the limp paw in his hand, feeling it carefully.

"No bones broken, I think," he concluded.

"Oh, are n't you glad," she said, looking up with the tears standing in her eyes.

"Glad does n't express it," he answered quickly. "I'm thankful beyond measure — for a great many things. My eyes have been opened. I've come out of my shell. I've seen the error of my ways. I've changed my philosophy. I've turned over a new leaf. I've upset my old idols. I've reformed, and" — he drew a long breath — "I feel like shouting. I was just moping and wasting my time. I was a mental hypochondriac; a moral valetudinarian. I was a kind of living suicide. Alaric knew better and more than I. Alaric taught me."

"Bless Alaric," she murmured, as she stroked the dog's smooth hair.

"I've learned the great truth."

"What is it?"

"It is not good that the man should be alone," he answered gravely.

"Oh!" she murmured softly.

"So I'm never going to let the woman — the one woman — you — your own dear self — go away from me a single moment again."

"Who said," she asked, looking up boldly, a challenging glance that changed into greater confusion, "that the woman wanted to?"

THE REFORM IN CHURCH MUSIC

BY JUSTINE BAYARD WARD

THE question of church music has been much before the world of late. The discussion, at first confined to specialists, is now rapidly spreading to the general public, the musical and the unmusical, the faithful and the faithless. It may be useful, therefore, to bring out as clearly as possible the fundamental principle of the art of musical prayer, in order that principle, and not caprice, may be brought to bear in the solution of the problem. It is, then, with principles that I propose to deal. Should a concrete school of art be deduced in the course of these pages, it is not by way of limitation, but of illustration.

First, then, we want an adequate test of church music, an explicit standard of artistic value. We have been too long content to make beauty in the music *as music* the Alpha and Omega of such test; a method wholly inadequate in this case. For church music is an art made up of two elements, music and prayer,¹ and it cannot be judged by the value of one of its elements tested as a separate entity. We need a test that applies to the art as a whole, and we find it in the simple formula: "Lex orandi lex cantandi." Here is the crux of the whole matter: the law of prayer must be the law of song, both that our prayer may be good art and that our art may be good prayer. Prayer and music must so combine as to make *one art*: the music must pray, the prayer must sing. Otherwise the prayer is forgotten in the detached beauty of the music, or the music is forgotten in the detached beauty of the prayer. Unless the prayer and song thus rise to heaven as a single "spiritual groaning," unless they

become one, merged in a true marriage of the spirit, their association is an offense both artistic and devotional. This, then, is the true test of a musical composition for the church: Does it conform to the law of prayer? It is good art. Does it seek independent paths of edification? It is bad art.

In opera we recognize the same principle. There the law of the drama is the law of the music. The music cannot be gay when the characters are sad, or *vice versa*; and thus the spirit of the music agrees with the spirit of the drama. But more than this, their forms must coincide; the hero leaping from a crag must not be left suspended in mid-air while the orchestra finishes the working out of the theme. The spirit and form of the drama regulate the spirit and form of the music. This principle is universally recognized as regards opera; but the very musician who applies it as a matter of course to the theatre is dumbfounded when asked to apply it to the church. The modern composer is equally shortsighted in his methods: a man with no conception of love, if such there be, would scarcely undertake to set to music the drama of *Tristan and Isolde*; yet a man with no conception of prayer — and of such there are, alas, many — does not hesitate to set to music words of whose meaning he has not the vaguest practical knowledge. And when confronted with his ignorance, he cheerfully admits it, adding, as though this covered the whole ground, that he knows the laws of musical composition. Plainly, such a composer is equipped for half his task only; for if the law of drama be the law of music in opera, and the law of prayer be the law of song in church, the composer must understand the meaning of the drama, in the one case, and the

¹ I use the word *prayer*, not in the sense of a mere petition, but in its wider meaning, — a lifting of mind and heart to God.

meaning of prayer in the other, in order to give either an adequate musical setting. It may be possible to write beautiful music to sentiments he does not understand, but the chances are small that he will write appropriate music; and good art is the appropriate intensified to an ideal.

It is clear, then, that familiarity with the laws of musical composition, while indispensable, is not sufficient in itself, for it is no less shallow to expect the law of counterpoint to teach us the law of prayer, than to expect the law of prayer to teach us the law of counterpoint. Our education must be twofold. By studying the rules of composition, the individual corrects his musical eccentricities by the standard which has been evolved from the musical experience of the centuries; his devotional eccentricities need the same correction, that they may be brought up to the standard evolved from the spiritual experience of the ages. We need to equip ourselves spiritually as well as musically; educate ourselves not only in the works of the masters in the art of music, but in the works of the masters in the art of prayer; bring our musical perceptions into touch with Palestrina, with Bach, with Beethoven, and our devotional perceptions into touch with those geniuses in religion whom we call saints. Not that we need all be saints in order to write, or even understand, church music, but we must have at least some apprehension of sainthood, of what constitutes true spirituality as distinguished from false, even as we distinguish between true and false art-principles. But the laws of music are, comparatively speaking, so easy to learn, and the laws of prayer so hard, that we allow ourselves to be content with the merely beautiful in our church music, and to drift away from the ideal of the appropriate. To this ideal we must return.

I shall henceforth limit myself to a discussion of the music of the Catholic Church, not merely because the present reform movement originated there, and is being worked out systematically under the leadership of that great musician, Pope

Pius X; but more especially because in the Catholic Church we have the problem in its most concrete form. There, the music is not merely an accessory, but an integral part of the ritual; words and music form together a complete artistic whole. The ritual of the Catholic Church is fixed, because the idea is fixed of which ritual is the outward manifestation. Ritual bears as natural and inevitable a relation to faith as the gesture does to feeling; the material manifestation, it is true, but a necessary one to the normal creature, who — being not yet a pure spirit — possesses no other means of expression. As ritual without faith becomes a lie, so faith without ritual is ineffective, a talent buried in the earth. So long as we remain human beings, the spiritual must take an outward form, — of word, of gesture, of action, — that it may be part of our nature. Even God became man that He might be fully apprehensible to his creatures; He translated Himself into terms of the tangible; which is, indeed, the sacramental principle. And so we must have ritual. But this ritual must really express what is behind it; it must bear a very logical relation to faith, even as the gesture does to the thought. We do not express our affection by a blow in the face, nor gesticulate violently when the heart is an icicle. Every ritual-result must be the direct manifestation of a corresponding faith-cause. Herein lies the true importance of church music. For it is not enough that it should not hide the faith; it must reveal it, even interpret it, and, through the outward manifestation of faith, raise the heart to an understanding of its inner meaning; it must, by means of the natural, help the weak human heart to rise to the heights of the supernatural.

This is why the Pope attaches such importance to this reform in music; why he insists that these three hundred million people of his, not all artists by any means, — the tiller of the soil and the worker in the subway, — should listen to a certain type of music, and no other.

What is the music whose use the Pope wishes especially to enforce? The Gregorian Chant. To quote from the Encyclical: "The more closely a composition for the Church approaches in movement, inspiration and savor, the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy it is of the temple."

Thus, in the Pope's judgment, the standard is fixed. This sounds, on the face of it, somewhat arbitrary, like binding ourselves to an antiquated art-form, and clipping the wings of progress. And so it will be interesting to examine the claims of the Gregorian music, and determine where and why it is superior to any more modern form as a setting of liturgical prayer.

The Gregorian is objected to as an antiquated art-form, a musical archaism. But an art-form does not become antiquated through mere lapse of time: Greek architecture and Greek sculpture, which date still farther back, remain the standard in plastic art. The Catholic liturgy is, as we have seen, fixed in its general character and scope; the form that best expresses it, then, need not be the latest fluctuation of popular taste; it need not even be the form which is most interesting, judged from a purely musical standpoint. But the highest art will be the form that best fits the liturgical form. Granting, even, that music, as an art, has advanced and developed since the days of St. Gregory, the question remains, which, for us, is the important one: has it advanced and developed along the lines of prayer, or the reverse, in religious or in secular channels? For if it has not advanced along the lines of prayer, then the earlier form will be the best art for our specific purpose.

One can trace a certain definite sequence in the development of every art. First we have the idea which strives to express itself in form. This form, at first crude, gradually perfects itself, until the point arrives when idea and form become

synonymous. Then we have the classical period. Any further development of form is at the expense of the idea; it is the beginning of decadence, the lowest ebb of which is reached when art has descended to pure matter without idea. When form has thus submerged the idea, the painter uses color for color's sake, the musician revels in mere sound, in "tone color," the orator in "fine words," sonorous phrases, tickling sound, dazzling color, *vox et præterea nihil*, — and art lies dead. Perfection of form is good art, display of form is decadence; and so the psychological moment when idea and form coincide must remain the classical period for all time, the highest expression of that particular idea. A true development in art can only be brought about by the entrance of a new idea. Thus after the vocal idea comes the instrumental; after the melodic idea, the contrapuntal. One succeeds the other, but one does not improve upon the other. Gregorian Chant represents the culmination of the melodic idea, the highest conceivable development of unisonous music, and further development had to take the form of polyphony.

The important question, then, is not whether we ought to go back to antiquity, but whether, by so going, we shall or shall not find the classical period in the art of musical prayer: the moment when the idea — prayer — and the form — music — became identical.

Let us briefly examine the characteristics of liturgical prayer; for Chant, as an art, stands or falls on the basis of its adaptability to this purpose. If it can be proved that the Gregorian form, and that form only, succeeds in translating the liturgy into music, in fitting that particular idea with form, then its value as an art is proved.

The liturgy of the Catholic Church serves a twofold purpose: to pray and to teach. The latter, her teaching function, is defeated by the use of any but unisonous music, because polyphony makes the words, in a greater or less degree,

incomprehensible. In Chant the words are not repeated, twisted, turned upside down, inside out, and hind part before; they are uttered slowly, distinctly, pensively, each syllable lingered over as though with tenderness. It is a "musing," a quiet spiritual breathing. We can hear the Word of God and absorb it. Thus the teaching function of the Church demands the use of Chant.

Her prayer function demands it no less. Structurally, her prayers were conceived in a spirit of Chant and not of music,¹ their very length precluding a more elaborate setting. A single illustration will suffice: during Holy Week the history of the Passion is read in all Catholic churches as the gospel of the day, while the congregation stands. Bach has given the Passion a musical setting, — one of the greatest of all pieces of devotional music. Yet it has one fatal objection: its performance takes no less than five hours, — a somewhat severe test upon the bodily strength of the congregation. Thus the musical structure of the period prevented even the great Bach from clothing his great idea with suitable form. Chant merely enunciates the words, music embroiders on them; one is the principle of concentration, the other that of diffusion. Chant is, therefore, the only form in which the whole liturgy can be sung at all.

So much for the merely structural demands of the liturgy. Its æsthetic demands are no less clear.

Liturgical prayer is not the expression of individual reaching up to God, as in private devotion; it is the Church praying as a Church, officially, as a corporate whole. Her prayer has a fixed form, the outgrowth of the spiritual evolution of the Church, a survival of the fittest in the realm of religion. This prayer has, first

of all, dignity: it is addressed to Almighty God. For this reason our modern rhythm, the outgrowth of the dance movement, is out of place, the form being too trivial to express the idea. I am speaking on purely artistic grounds. Again, prayer must have spontaneity; any insincerity kills prayer as prayer. For, as we have seen, a form attracting attention to itself detracts from the idea, and the idea in this case is God. Thus a prayer in rhyme would so obtrude its form as materially to detract from the idea. In precisely like manner is a prayer in music inferior to a prayer in Chant. Music, with its fixed measure, its regular strong and weak beats, is a formal garden, cut and trimmed into conventional avenues, adorned with hothouse plants. Chant is nature, the beauty of the fields and the forests. The formal garden has indeed its own place, its proper function; but prayer trimmed into a formal garden is an anomaly. The spirit bloweth where it listeth. Music moves with the regular rhythm of poetry; Chant with the free rhythm of prose, the cadence of a fine oratorical period. Chant has feet but no measure, and these feet succeed each other naturally, not artificially, so that there is no conflicting form to obstruct Chant in its effort to take the identical shape of the words and phrases of the prayers.

Modern music has two scales, or *Modes*. Chant has eight. It is evident that eight modes give greater variety of expression than two, — an advantage for which even our modern indiscriminate use of the chromatic does not fully compensate. A mode is a manner. As in speech the speaker's manner shades the meaning of his words, sometimes even alters it, so in music the mode, or manner, determines the character of the composition. The meaning of a triad, for instance, depends entirely upon whether its manner be major or minor: lower the third, and its manner is sad; raise the third, and its manner is gay. Our present musical system is limited, then, to two manners, the major and the minor; and so Chant has

¹ Music is here used in its restricted sense, i. e., figured or harmonized music as distinguished from unisonous Chant; and to denote what the ceremonial of the bishops officially styles *musica*, and what is meant in modern language by "une Messe en musique," "eine musikalische Litanei," "musical vespers," etc.

the advantage of greater scope and variety. But more than this: the character of these two modern scales compels us to choose between a gayety almost frivolous on the one hand, and, on the other, a sorrow savoring of despair; neither of which emotions has any place in the Christian soul at prayer. The eight modes of the ancients, on the contrary, were devised to meet the requirements of prayer in an age when art was exclusively the servant of religion. They enabled the composer of the period to seize the subtle prayer-spirit, that elusive characteristic of Christianity, the rainbow tints of *joy in suffering*. Chant is joyful, but with the joy of the Cross, as distinguished from the joy of the revel. Chant is fervent, but with the passion of asceticism, as distinguished from the passion of the world. Prayer-sorrow is never despair, nor is prayer-joy ever frivolous. Chant is the artistic embodiment of this spirit; the minor idea and the major idea are so interwoven, their relation is so intimate, that to disentangle them is impossible. We are never left in sorrow, yet our joy is never without a cloud. Even in those bursts of ecstatic joy of the Easter Alleluias lurks the memory that we are still a part of earth, still in the valley of tears. Light and shadow play tantalizingly in and out, like the sun shining through a forest; glimpses of heaven caught through rifts in the clouds of the world.

We do not find in the ancient modes the same violent contrasts of mood as in the modern. They combine a solemnity, a grandeur, with the most tender and fervent devotion. Their minor tendency gives not so much the impression of sadness as of great solemnity and awe; their major tendency, not so much the impression of merriment as of a tender and ardent devotion. Thus we have the combination that makes true prayer: reverence and love, — the prayer that, like David's, rises as incense before the altar.

There is something obvious about the two scales of modern music. Christianity is not obvious. It is a philosophy of

seeming contradictions: joy through renunciation, happiness through suffering, triumph through failure, victory through death. These emotions are not commonplace, to be neatly pigeon-holed under the headings "gay" or "sad," "major" or "minor." No, let us use artistic discrimination in this matter: the modern scales, the modern measure, our entire musical system as it at present exists, was devised for secular uses, and is perfectly adapted thereto. But when we try to adapt this modern music to the exigencies of liturgical prayer, we simply spoil two good things: we ruin not only our prayer, but our modern music as well, for we rob this music of its own character and give nothing in its place. Thus modern liturgical music, if it succeeds in being non-scandalous, becomes, at best, negative; which in itself defeats the true purpose of church music. For it is not enough that it be negative; it must be actively spiritual. It is not enough that it should not distract; it must stimulate. For the sole principle upon which the use of art in church is justifiable is this: that, by acting upon the imagination, it interprets and intensifies hidden beauties in the realm of the spirit. Church music must not have less character than secular music, but its character must be different; a difference not of degree but of kind. There is no emotion more intense than religious emotion, but its intensity is along other lines than those of worldly emotion. The same is true of religious music.

This is a distinction which many of the great composers in the past have recognized. Thus Wagner, who is not open to suspicion of partiality for antiquated art forms, frankly borrows the Church's form when wishing to construct a religious drama. By means of one Gregorian progression, a single phrase borrowed from the treasure of the Church, he gives his entire opera a stamp of pseudo-spirituality, of which quality his own far from spiritual development of the theme does not succeed in wholly robbing it. Such

is the force of the Gregorian. Beethoven and Brahms made frequent use of the old modes, instead of the modern scales, when wishing to create an atmosphere of purity and highest mysticism. Indeed, a study of the great composers would seem to bear out the theory that the more lofty the thought, the less adequate becomes the modern scale, and the more intense the emotion, the less adequate becomes the modern measure. The general tendency of modern music is toward greater variety than the present system allows: greater variety of mode and greater variety of movement. Even for secular purposes, we are beginning to feel the cramping effect of the artificially constructed measure, more especially in moments of intense emotion; and we struggle toward freedom by constant use of the syncopation, of alternate double and triple time, and of any device which ingenuity can contrive to bring us nearer to the natural freedom of Chant. The modern composer in search of variety of mode makes pathetic excursions into the music of various nationalities; he borrows the scale of the Hungarian, the Arabian, the Norwegian; he makes use of negro melodies, of Irish melodies, of Indian melodies, and imitates the freedom of rhythm of these peculiar styles. There is a general feeling of unrest in the air, a dissatisfaction with the formalism of our present system. The freedom of mode and freedom of movement, after which we are striving, is the natural property of Chant.

In listening to Chant, we must listen with the ears of faith. We must enter into the atmosphere that created the art; seize, first of all, the idea, that we may understand the form to which it gave birth. Chant must not be listened to *as music*; for music, in our modern sense, suggests that formal arrangement of sound, that conventionalism, to which our ear is accustomed, and does not, therefore, include Chant in its popular use. Chant is a form of declamation, a musical, and very devotional, recitation of the text. It does not attempt to repro-

duce the illusion of the text, as in the theatre. It aims higher: at suggesting the sentiments brought out by prayer in the human soul. In this sense its spirit is subjective rather than objective. It seems like a soul bending back upon, and into, itself; a soul meditating inwardly, not a soul expressing itself outwardly. It suggests a meditative mood, and does not give the impression so much of a giving out, as of a taking in.

If the Gregorian Chant makes great demands upon the understanding and sympathy of the listener, how much greater still must be the demands it makes upon the musical and devotional perception of the singer! It needs art of the highest character to render these melodies; and failure to recognize this fact is directly responsible for their present unpopularity. An impression has prevailed that the Gregorian melodies, on account of the simplicity of their intervals, need no study, no artistic rendering; that all they need, in fact, is to be spelled out; whereas, in reality, they demand not only study and art, but genius. If a piece of modern music can be killed by an incorrect performance, how much more must this be true of Chant, with its exalted aspirations! For this reason the general public could scarcely fail to dislike the Chant in view of the shocking performances by which alone they have been able to hear and judge of its merits; performances on the artistic level of that of a schoolboy spelling out Shakespeare, or an ignorant peasant interpreting Dante. We can now confidently hope for an improvement in this matter. Much of the trouble has been caused by practical difficulties in deciphering the ancient manuscripts, which, owing to the fact that the writers possessed no exact musical notation, and, furthermore, no printing, have come down to us by means of a system of hieroglyphics, something like our modern shorthand, further complicated by the vagaries of the individual copyists. But the last few years have seen the deciphering and arrangement of these

melodies on a scientific basis by the Benedictine monks, and there will be no further excuse for incorrect performances.

Not only has the Gregorian been thus, of necessity, condemned without a hearing, but it is also very often condemned without a clear idea of its aims and true meaning, or even, indeed, of its mere technical construction. A Rip Van Winkle of the twelfth century awaking in the twentieth could be hardly more ignorant of our modern music than we are of the Gregorian, nor could he expect to understand our music fully, and sound its artistic depths, without some little study, and something more than a few cursory hearings, confined, perhaps, to its more elementary forms. I therefore plead with the Rip Van Winkle of the twentieth century for a little more patience in his judgment of the art of the past, and a little better understanding of Chant before he utterly condemns it. At first, indeed, it sounds merely strange; its unfamiliarity alone impresses us, like the sound of a language we do not understand. And, like a new language, its very unfamiliarity lends it a seeming monotony: all the phrases sound alike, because all are equally incomprehensible. But with the key to their meaning this seeming monotony is dispelled, with the clouds of our own ignorance. So it is with this, to us, new art language: the unusual succession of its tones and semitones and the consequent phrases, the unexpected intervals and progressions, are still as unfamiliar idioms. We hear, indeed, but we do not understand. The infinite variety of the modes is, to us, a closed book. But with familiarity and a little study we begin to understand the language, and find ourselves admitted into a new world of artistic possibilities. For Chant is by no means monotonous to trained ears. We have the variety of the eight modes, each one of which corresponds to a separate prayer-mood, and has its own individuality, its own peculiar idioms. We have, furthermore, a variety of form as marked as that which dis-

tinguishes the song-form from the sonata, in our modern music. These melodies follow strictly the spirit of the liturgy: they are simple where it is simple, elaborate where it is elaborate. And so there are the simple or syllabic melodies, which have one note only to a syllable; the melodic, which have several notes, or even a group of notes, to a syllable, and finally the florid, which become almost pure song; as, for example, in the Easter Alleluias: here we have reached the emotional altitude where speech ends and music begins, for, unable to express our Easter joy in language, we shout out the cry "Alleluia," while the melody supplies the meaning.

This art had birth with the birth of the liturgy. The liturgy took its present form under St. Gregory, to whom also is due the solid foundation of Chant as an art. Prayer and music were thus the fruit of a common conception, and together grew to maturity in the centuries that followed; together they reached their full height in the golden epoch of Christianity. When correctly rendered, this music breathes forth a spirit of devotion, pure, ardent, tender, truly characteristic of a period that produced a Gregory, a Bernard, a Bonaventura, an Aquinas, a Dominic, a Francis of Assisi, and inspired a Dante, a Fra Angelico, a Della Robbia, a Palestrina. The great masters of asceticism inspired great masterpieces of ascetic art, as by cause and effect. The highest kind of mysticism found expression in these melodies, the full "out-flowering" of the faith meditated upon; and these flowers of art are truly Christianity's own flowers, not, in any sense, flowers engrafted from a foreign stem. The age of faith produced the art of faith. Then came the Renaissance of the sixteenth century, with its return to the study of pagan art-forms, and introduced a pagan spirit into the art of its time. Not that pagan art-forms lead necessarily to the adoption of pagan ideals, nor that Christian art is inconsistent with classical perfection of form. Christian art, like

other arts, is perfect only through true perfection of form; but Christian art is opposed, more than all others, to *display* of form, and so the student turns, not unnaturally, to subjects wherein he can give free scope to his powers. With the Renaissance begins the gradual but steady secularization of art, the consequent secularization of public taste in art, and, as a result, the final intrusion of purely secular art into the church.¹

In striking contrast to the ascetic ideal is our modern art, the keynote of which is naturalism. Whether it be in literature, in painting, or in music, we are busy portraying and glorifying the purely natural emotions: sorrow is intensified to despair, gayety to ribaldry, love to license. The animating principle of modern art is emotional self-indulgence, a letting down of barriers, rather than a strengthening of the will, which is the Christian ideal. Modern art is a glorification of the line of least resistance: Christian art, the glorification of struggle. The two art tendencies are not antagonistic only, — they are contradictory.

If the Christian ideal in its fullness produced the truly Christian art form, may it not be possible, by an inverse process, to enter into the ideal by means of the art; by studying the effect to arrive at a better understanding of the cause? Familiarity

¹ The spirit of Renaissance was essentially opposed to devotion, self-denial, and the purely religious sentiments. We see this, not only in its partiality to pagan subjects and its worldly treatment of sacred history; but also in the profusion of ornament and the sacrifice of everything to mere display by which it is characterized. Skill supersedes careful labour; science takes the place of feeling; and nowhere is the artist forgotten in his work, but rather every stroke of his brush, and every modulation of his colour is made to sing the praise of his dexterity. The contrast between that humble but inspired endeavor to work out an unattainable ideal which marked some early artists, and the ease with which the masters of the Renaissance interpreted their own gorgeous but less elevated fancies, has been well drawn by Mr. Browning in *Andrea del Sarto*. — JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

with this classic prayer music must reveal something of the prayer ideals which gave it birth, and thus bring about a new era of faith. Does art seem an insignificant approach to such a renaissance of spirituality? Not necessarily, for the language of art is, in a sense, universal, in so far as it touches the subconscious personality, and creates a receptive mood. Art cannot do the work, but it can at least pave the way. Piety is not, it is true, a mere matter of the emotions, but real piety, which lies in the intellect and the will, can often be approached and set in motion by means of the emotions; a permanent result be achieved through a transitory cause. The emotions are simply a motive power, but not on that account to be despised. They are to piety what appetite is to physical life: not the food, but the impetus to take food. They are a means to an end. But it is the food itself, and not merely the appetite, which supports life; the appetite simply makes easy and natural what might otherwise be difficult. To stimulate appetite is not, in itself, unsanitary, nor is to stimulate the emotions necessarily unspiritual. But as the emotions are prone to run away with us along false paths, we strive to stimulate them as much as possible along the lines of true piety, that we may absorb food and not poison. That is the theory of ascetic art as a whole, the test of whose value lies simply in the quality of its stimulus.

One more aspect of this movement, which must not be forgotten, is its democratic character. For the carrying out of the full ideal demands the coöperation of the entire people, who will no longer assist at, but take part in, the liturgy. This may not be accomplished in a day, but the Church works for the future, and already she is sowing the seeds. The little Catholic school child is learning to pray, not only in words, but also in song; not only in the Church's language, Latin, but in her musical language, Chant; and when these children grow up, our choirs will be the whole Catholic world. While

the variable and the more elaborate parts of the liturgy will demand the great genius, the great artist, the simpler parts will be taken up spontaneously by the entire congregation; producing the superb contrast of, on the one hand, the perfection of art, and on the other, the majesty of numbers. This is, indeed, nothing new:

it is thus that the liturgy is intended to be rendered; it is thus that it has been rendered in the past, and is still rendered in a few centres of Catholic life. It is simply a return to the true ideal, a "renewing of all things in Christ," a revitalizing, through art, of the spirit of Catholic democracy and universality.

REED NOTES

BY MADISON CAWEIN

I

WHAT bird is that that sings so long?
 To hear whose song
 Each bashful bud opens its rosy ear,
 Leaning it near:
 While here,
 Under the blossoming button-tree,
 I seem to see
 A shape, a presence look out at me;
 And, clothed in raiment of white and gray,
 Pass on like the Spirit of Easter Day.

II

Deep in the leaves' concealing green
 A wood-thrush flutes,
 The first thrush seen
 Or heard this spring; and straight, meseems,
 Its notes take on the attributes
 Of mythic fancies and of dreams —
 A Faun goes piping o'er the roots
 And mosses; gliding through dim gleams
 And glooms; and while he glides he flutes,
 Though still unseen,
 'Mid thorny berry and wild bean.

III

Come, let us forth and homage her,
 Clothed on with warmth and musk and myrrh,
 The indescribable odor wild that clings
 Around her like a garment: let us sing

Songs to her, glad as grass and all the things
 Exulting in her presence — greenening things
 And airy that have gotten them new wings:
 Come, let us forth and give our praise to Spring.

The smell of tannin in the ozoned air,
 Under the oaks when the woods are green,
 And the scent of the soil and moisture where
 The young leaves dangle and make a screen, —
 Where the hiding Wood Nymph combs her hair, —
 Will breathe us full of the faun again,
 Making us kin to the wind and rain.

IV

The wind goes groping among the trees,
 Telling the bees
 Where the little buds open that no one sees.

At intervals, as softly cool it blows,
 The wild-plum shows
 Its bee-swarmed clusters 'twixt the woods' dark rows.

V

Who is it knows
 How the blueberry grows,
 Blooms and blows? —
 Only the bird that sings and sings,
 Waving its wings,
 Saying, "Come see it where it swings!
 Ruddy green and amber rose
 See, oh, see,
 In honor of Spring,
 Under this tree,
 See how they ring
 Their tiny bells, that cluster out,
 Silvery red, in a rosy rout."

VI

I saw the Spring go by, her mouth a thread
 Of wildrose red,
 Blowing a golden oat:
 And now, a crown of barley on her head,
 The Summer comes, a poppy at her throat.

THE TENTH DECADE OF THE UNITED STATES¹

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

VI. THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS

ON the first Monday in December, 1865, as Senators and Representatives took their seats for the first session of the Thirty-Ninth Congress, they must have felt that a gulf divided it from all its predecessors. The nation had come safely through a fearful passage, but for the future the old charts would not serve. The new legislature could not gather from the experience of earlier congresses precedents to guide it in the extraordinary work it had to do. To ascertain its own powers, it could not turn to any clear pronouncements of the courts, but must go back to the Constitution; and the applicability of the texts it found there was doubtful — so doubtful that no shrewd observer of the human nature of legislative bodies would look to see mere constitutional scruples prevail in the long run against any strong prompting of expediency, against party passion, against the universal tendency of lawmakers to assert all the powers to which they can lay any reasonable claim.

It was a strong congress, on the whole. In a letter to the Duchess of Argyle, Sumner said of the House of Representatives: "In my opinion, it is the best that ever has been since the beginning of the government. It is full of talent and is governed by patriotic purpose." Of talent, indeed, there was no lack in either chamber. Besides the names on the rolls that were already famous, one is struck with the number of new names that were to remain for years in the public eye. The House was unusually strong in young blood. Out of some two hundred members who took their seats on the opening day, a score or more were soon to pass down the long corridor to the quieter and

more distinguished chamber at the other end of the Capitol; others were to sit in the cabinets of future presidents; two members of the same state delegation were to occupy the White House in succession. Two particularly brilliant young members, Roscoe Conkling of New York and James G. Blaine of Maine, already, perhaps, rivals in their own minds for the succession to the leadership of their party in the House, found during the session excellent chances to display their gifts in oratory and their skill in the management of men. Before the adjournment, their rivalry broke into a memorable quarrel. Members who had risen or were rising to prominence by the ordinary course of promotion for competent attention to the business of the House were Morrill of Vermont, Boutwell and Dawes of Massachusetts, Jenckes of Rhode Island, Randall and Kelley of Pennsylvania, Bingham and Shellabarger of Ohio, Voorhees of Indiana, Washburne and Cullom of Illinois, Allison and Wilson of Iowa. Of the new members, Henry J. Raymond, editor of the *New York Times*, Greeley's rival, friend and follower of Seward, seemed the most likely to step at once into leadership by virtue of a reputation elsewhere acquired, and thus break the tradition that influence in the House can be won only by services rendered within its walls. From the various armies came a group of men who now, however well they had proved their metal in soldiership, turned to politics as to their true vocation. Massachusetts sent back Banks, who, before he became a soldier had been congressman, Speaker, and governor of his state. Ohio alone sent three generals — Hayes, Schenck, and Garfield. All

things considered, Ohio's was the strongest delegation on the floor. The West had for some years been steadily gaining ground in national politics, and now bade fair to win an ascendancy at Washington comparable to that the South had maintained there for half a century before its representatives departed to set up a government of their own.

Hardly less noticeable was the lack of conspicuous ability in the narrow section of the chamber assigned to the minority. Weak in numbers, the Democrats were even weaker in leadership. James Brooks of New York, who at the outset put the most spirit into their forlorn opposition, had soon to yield his seat to a Republican contestant. Of the other Democrats admitted to seats, none had records that enabled them to command the country's attention, and only three, Kerr and Voorhees of Indiana and Randall of Pennsylvania, had before them, as it proved, conspicuous careers in the national service.

Notwithstanding Sumner's praise of the Representatives, the Senate enjoyed at least its ordinary superiority to the House in point of the average of ability. A mighty remnant of the old guard of anti-slavery Senators still remained in harness. Seward and Chase had passed to other services, and Hale of New Hampshire, the wit of Abolitionism, had lost his seat; but Wade, Sumner, Fessenden, Trumbull, and Wilson sat still as members of a great majority in the chamber where they had once fought in a seemingly hopeless minority against the old coalition of Southern Bourbons and Northern Conservatives. As usual, the Senate had few really young men on its rolls. Of the Senators young in point of service in the body, none was gaining influence faster than Wade's sane and hardworking colleague, Sherman. The Northwest contributed two strong men in Howe of Wisconsin and Howard of Michigan. On the other side of the Chamber, Hendricks of Indiana, Saulsbury of Delaware, Guthrie of Kentucky, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, perhaps the most eminent lawyer in

a body where legal ability always commands much respect, gave to the opposition a dignity it had not in the House.

In both chambers, notwithstanding the number of new men of mark, the leadership still went to age and experience, but in both to age and experience joined with uncommon gifts and warmed by an ardor surpassing the ordinary enthusiasm of youth. Sumner, at fifty-four, had sat in the Senate longer than any of his fellows but Wade. Stevens had sat only six years continuously in the House; but in 1853, when he retired from his first service there, he was already an old man, and now, at the beginning of the climacteric period of his career, he was seventy-four.

The two men had more in common than their New England birth. Both stood steadfastly — both, let us rather say, fought aggressively — for ideals which Americans always associate with New England. There have not lived two more thorough-going champions of that principle of individual liberty which New England has taken so deep into her intellectual and religious and political life. Neither was ever content with a compromise on any question of human rights, or ever condoned a distinction based on class or creed or race. Stevens, the more practical of the two, would accept half-way measures, but always as contemptuously as Sumner rejected them.

In many respects, their lives, too, had not been dissimilar. Fully as both had given themselves to the chief moral warfare of their times, both had worked and lived, for the most part, alone. Neither met his fellows with the ready comradeship of the men of the West, or the Southerner's fondness for close personal relationships. Neither was married, or dwelt in an atmosphere of domestic affection. Neither, it is also not without pertinence to remark, had ever traveled in the Southern states, or lived in intimacy with Southern men and women, or in anywise sympathetically studied Southern life, with which they both wished to deal so intimately, so drastically.

In culture, in range of sympathies and interests, Sumner surpassed Stevens. He counted as his friends the finest spirits of the age, not in America only, but in England and France. Handsome and stately in person, and of distinguished manners, he had won, while on his travels, the regard of the men and women of those countries who were foremost in letters, in society, and in the higher walks of politics. But to men whom he encountered in the public life of his own country he invariably seemed to lack something that their human nature demanded. They found the apostle of the brotherhood of all men curiously without insight into other men's lives and characters, strangely undesirous or incapable of any touch of elbows. Many thought him overbearing and conceited. His ardors were for causes, not individuals. He had not a good sense of proportion, and he had no sense of humor, but pursued his great ideals for society with an absorption, an Hebraic intensity of fervor, which one is tempted to explain by a Jewish strain he had in his blood. For an American politician, he was extraordinarily doctrinaire, unbending, unregardful of circumstance. No one has ever depicted his character in a better phrase than his own. "The slave of principle," he once exclaimed, "I call no party master."

The character of Stevens was less exalted than Sumner's, but as the years pass the figure of the aged arch-radical — the spare, strong frame, the club foot and limping gait, the strong chin and sarcastic mouth and stern eyes and noble forehead — holds the imagination better than any other of the time. Closer to the earth than Sumner, Stevens was closer also to the ordinary human beings about him; he had a deep insight into men's passions and weaknesses, and knew how to play upon them. A battered world-fighter, turned parliamentary gladiator, sparing neither open foes nor timid party associates, sometimes exhibiting a fairly demoniacal strength and fierceness of purpose, he was nevertheless given to acts of

charity, and he was the greatest humorist that had appeared in Congress since John Randolph of Roanoke. Now with light banter, now with quick repartee, now with biting sarcasm, he shed about him an atmosphere of mirth even in the midst of the most heated contests over the gravest issues. In his private life he was no Puritan like Sumner, but addicted to cards and other pleasures, and he often relaxed into a kind of harsh joviality. The coarser revilers of his memory have not failed to seek in the man's vices and misfortunes the springs of the malignity they attribute to the statesman. It needs, indeed, but the change of a line here, the deepening of a shadow there, to turn his true likeness into the dire portrait of the old man terrible whom the South feared and hated. But to his familiars in politics he was "old Thad," hard, but not unlikable, and to thousands who shared his views he was the greatest of all the "great Commoners" in our history. To the dispassionate judgment of such as now, without favor or prejudice, review his life-work, his errors seem to have been chiefly excesses of a deep sympathy with the oppressed, that too readily turned into merciless hatred of all whom he thought guilty of oppression or of condoning it. He is but one of many men who in warring against injustice have themselves too often forgotten to be just.

The long wrestling of Congress with the chief problem before the country began with the calling of the roll of the House. Of all the circumstances that swayed the judgment of Northern congressmen at the outset, none, probably, was more damaging to the President's policy than the mere presence in Washington of men who, four years earlier, had scornfully taken leave of their Northern associates in the government, and who now reappeared, unabashed, to demand as of right high places among the rulers of the nation. Republican newspapers put to good use the comical aspect of these prodigals' swift return, ridiculing their confident expectation of the fatted calf and the con-

descending tone in which they announced the terms on which they would consent to be "conciliated." Humor apart, this particular outcome of the President's attempt to restore the Union did undeniably give it a look of extraordinary haste.

McPherson, Clerk of the House, obedient to a resolution of a Republican caucus which Stevens had controlled, had left off the roll the names of all claimants from the eleven states that had been in insurrection. Maynard of Tennessee, a Union man throughout the war, tried to get the floor for a protest, and Brooks of New York did get the floor for an attack on the arbitrary course of the majority; but Stevens declined his challenge to a debate, and ignored Maynard as a "mere outsider." The House had no sooner chosen Schuyler Colfax Speaker, and adopted rules, than the Republican leader, disregarding the long-standing custom to listen to the President's message before proceeding to any business, introduced and carried, the rules suspended, a joint resolution providing for a committee of fifteen, nine from the House and six from the Senate, to inquire into the condition of the states in insurrection. The resolution in its first form also forbade either house to seat representatives from those states until Congress should declare them entitled to representation. This, however, the Senate thought a violation of the Constitutional provision that each house should be the judge of its own elections. But the Joint Committee was promptly named, and for six months the country waited for its report.

Sumner, too, had lost no time in attacking the President's policy. Two days before the session began, he and Johnson had had a stormy interview, from which the Senator came away convinced that "by the assassination of Lincoln the Rebellion had vaulted into the Presidential Chair." On the opening day, before the Senate could send the usual first-day messages to the House and to the President, he introduced half a dozen bills and three long series of

resolutions. These last were thoroughly characteristic pronouncements. The first series set forth that although the Thirteenth Amendment had already become a part of the Constitution by the consent of three fourths of the loyal states, no state that had been in insurrection could be considered restored to the Union until its legislature should accept it. The second series laid down five other conditions with which the Southern people must comply, and one of these was that they must somehow prove that they were loyal "without mental reservation or equivocation of any kind." The third series stated the duty of Congress. It must permit only loyal men to take part in the reconstruction, establish the supremacy of national over state laws, and refuse to accept as republican any state government that proscribed loyal men and gave power to rebels.

But Congress, apart from refusing to admit the representatives of the eleven states, showed itself by no means ready to accept the views of its two most advanced leaders. It rejected their contention that the approval of the Thirteenth Amendment by three fourths of the loyal states was sufficient, and the composition of the Committee of Fifteen seemed to augur conservative rather than radical action. Stevens headed the House committee, but with several moderate associates, while the chairmanship of the Senate committee and of the Joint Committee went, not to Sumner, but to his principal rival, Fessenden.

Though less well known to the country than Sumner, Fessenden was the better debater, and his intellect and temperament accorded better with the Senate's traditions and usages. High-minded and dignified, a great lawyer, and eminently lawyer-like in all his ways, he was the last man in Congress to countenance precipitate or violent measures or to pass on any question without a thorough study of both sides. One of his first steps was to wait on the President at the head of a subcommittee and express the earnest hope

that the Executive and the legislature might work in harmony. The President replied that, although he desired expedition, he had it not in mind to do anything that would make harmony impossible.

The committee then proceeded by subcommittees to take a great mass of testimony. It did not spare labor, but fault has been found with its choice of witnesses. While it summoned some well-known and representative Southern men, such as Lee and A. H. Stephens, it had recourse chiefly to Republicans, who in far too many instances were Northern men domiciled but a few months in the South. The testimony concerning Alabama, for instance, was given by four men who had lived in the state before the war, two of them deserters from the Confederate army, and by fourteen Northern men, nearly all officers of the army or of the Freedmen's Bureau. The testimony concerning Mississippi was given by two citizens, both Republicans, three generals and one captain in the Union army, a treasury agent, a revenue agent, and a representative of some New England cotton mills. And witnesses thus chosen were in too many instances examined only by men desirous of eliciting the kind of testimony they were anxious to give; for there were but three Democrats on the entire committee.

The President's message proved a strong and right-tempered statement of his view.¹ Pointing out that he had had to make choice between continuing military rule and setting up some kind of civil order in the South, he tersely argued that to have denied the conquered states civil institutions would have been to concede some validity to their ordinances of secession; but he agreed with Sumner that

it was reasonable to require them to accept the Thirteenth Amendment. Turning then candidly to the question of the status of the freedmen, he declared that for the President to make them voters by a mere executive mandate would have been as unwise as it was unwarranted by the Constitution. A long and unbroken line of precedents left to the states the right to define their own electorates. Yet the general government was bound to protect the negroes in their freedom, and to give them an opportunity to labor as free men labor. "The change in their condition," he observed, "is the substitution of labor by contract for the status of slavery." In the long run, he held, the future of the race would depend on its own capacity for progress, and he urged its friends to be neither too quickly discouraged nor too impatient for the remoter ends of philanthropy. For the exhausted South he predicted a swift recovery, to be followed by such prosperity as it could never have had under slavery. It is hardly unjust to Congress to say that in all the oratory of the session there is not a single speech which so nearly anticipates the opinions of a later generation concerning the deeper, non-political issues involved in Reconstruction.

A fortnight later, in response to a Senate call for more information, Johnson briefly recounted the steps he had taken. Sumner had added to the Senate's resolution a request for the reports of such persons as had gone South on official tours of investigation, and the President accordingly transmitted two documents which have ever since remained conspicuous in the literature of the subject.

One was a brief report by Grant, commendatory of the behavior of the Southern people, who for the most part, he thought, were accepting their defeat in good faith. The other was a much longer report by Major-General Carl Schurz, of a quite contrary tenor, and ending with a plea for suffrage for the freedmen. Grant's name carried more weight than any other with the Northern public, for he

¹ All but the routine parts of it were written by George Bancroft, the historian. The evidence of this fact is in Johnson's papers, now in the Library of Congress, and the credit for discovering it belongs to Professor William A. Dunning, of Columbia University. It is doubtful if Johnson wrote any one of his messages to Congress without help.

had succeeded Lincoln in the first place in the gratitude and trust of the people. His opinions, however, were based on but four days' travel in but three states, while Schurz had unhurriedly traversed most of the lower South and could support his conclusions with a great mass of facts and illustrations. B. C. Truman, whom the President sent South after Schurz, brought back an equal mass of facts, tending to offset Schurz's, but he did not win from Congress or from the country any such attention as they had given to both Schurz and Grant.¹

The debate which now began, nominally over the President's message, was resumed again and again, apropos of various bills and resolutions, until it became the longest, the most involved, the widest ranging in the entire history of Congress. Senators and Representatives did not wait for the report of the joint committee, but addressed themselves at once, as opportunity offered, to the great theme. Lawyers abounded in both chambers, and few resisted the temptation to try their hands at expounding the Constitution in its bearing on the problem, — a rôle which appeals to American statesmen as the rôle of Hamlet appeals to actors. They thus amply justified Lincoln's preference for solving the problem first and searching for the correct theory afterwards. If one attends only to the literature of this side of the controversy, one is reminded of the congress of German revolutionists who split hairs over the theory of a free constitution until their revolution evaporated beneath them. But the American Congress did not resolve itself into an academic senate. Dialectical subtleties did not divert the leaders from their practical purposes. Through an atmosphere opaque with theory it rained for weeks bills and resolutions

and amendments to the Constitution. If among these Congress was slow to choose which it would enact, that hesitation was in itself a very practical deference to an equally hesitant public opinion.

The two men who knew their own minds best did not fail to follow up the blow at the President's policy which they had struck on the opening day. December 18, in committee of the whole House on the state of the Union, Stevens opened the debate on the message with a speech of extraordinary directness, candor, and force. He chose still to treat the President respectfully, but coolly interpreted the message as an invitation to the legislature to take control. For the authority of Congress to do what it would, he went straight to the clause of the Constitution which permits new states to be brought into the Union. The eleven states of the Confederacy, he declared, were outside of the Union, "to all intents and purposes for which the conqueror might choose so to consider them." With a homely illustration he ridiculed the "dreaming theorists" who held that no state had seceded, because no state has a constitutional right to secede. A supporter of that theory, he related, having paused in an argument for it long enough to describe a recent atrocious murder, a listener had interrupted him and declared he was mistaken; there had been no murder. "How so?" he asked; "I saw it with my own eyes." But the other rejoined: "You are wrong. No murder was or could be committed, for the law forbids it."

If, however, — Stevens went on, — instead of treating these eleven states as conquered provinces without the Union, members preferred to treat them as dead carcasses lying within the Union, Congress could still proceed freely under the clause requiring the United States to guarantee a republican form of government to every state; for he brushed contemptuously aside the notion that the President alone could act for "the United States" in a business so plainly demanding distinctly legislative action. On either

¹ H. M. Watterson went South in June, and seems to have acted, from that time until October, as Johnson's personal representative. He visited several of the state capitals while their conventions were in session, making confidential reports, which have never been published.

theory, Congress had full powers, and it must not stop with halfway measures. It must hold the rebel states in a firm grip as mere territories until they should do all that justice to the negro and the future safety of the Union required, and until an amendment to the Constitution, which he had already proposed, should force them either to enfranchise the freedmen or to give up their representation in Congress based on negro population. He would thus secure perpetual ascendancy to "the party of the Union." What the President had already accomplished he entirely disregarded. The Southern legislatures, then busy with their "black codes," he described as "an aggregation of whitewashed rebels." One searches the speech in vain for a single gleam of mercy or forgiveness for the conquered, a single expression of concern about the future of the white people of the South.

Three days later, Sumner in the Senate, speaking on a bill introduced by his colleague, Wilson, to secure the freedmen in their civil rights, showed as little respect for the President's handiwork and much less respect for the President himself. The speech sounded like an echo of the famous oration on "The Crime against Kansas." Sumner had already accused Johnson of sending in a "whitewashing message," like Pierce's message about Kansas, and now, to prove the charge, he read to the Senate statement after statement, mainly from his private correspondence, all to the effect that the Southern people remained contumacious and disloyal, and story after story of cruelties to negroes, — a method of inflaming the North which he continued to employ. Here, he exclaimed, was a region vaster than Kansas, given over, as Kansas had once been, to the tyranny of the slave barons; and he quoted with good effect Burke's maxim that laws made by masters to protect slaves always lack "an executory principle." But he did not in his peroration strike as successfully as in his earlier speeches the note of passionate indignation. "Pass the bill under consid-

eration," he ended, — "pass any bill, — but do not let this crying injustice rage any longer. An avenging God cannot sleep while such things find countenance. If you are not ready to be the Moses of an oppressed people, do not be its Pharaoh." The entire speech suffers by comparison with the inornate trenchancy, the harsh candor, of Stevens.

The real struggle between the President and the radicals was for the support of the moderate Republicans. The Democrats had at once taken sides with the President. They could accept all he had done without departing widely from their stand on the Crittenden Resolution of 1861, and their thin ranks hungered for the recruits that would cross the thresholds of both houses the day Congress should declare the eleven states of the Confederacy entitled to representation. Finding it extremely inconvenient, as Lowell remarked, "to be so long dead," they made their support only too vigorous. Democratic approval of the President's policy did not commend it to Republicans, who remembered his own Democratic antecedents, and called to mind what had happened when Tyler, another Democratic and Southern Vice-President, had succeeded Harrison, a Northern Whig. Raymond, who now, coming forward as the leader of the President's Republican supporters in the House, undertook to answer Stevens, showed plainly his vexation with the over-eager championship of his principal by the opposition. When he rose, an Ohio Democrat, a follower of the discredited Vallandigham, had just sat down, and Raymond began by sarcastically congratulating the opposition on its belated zeal to help restore the Union.

Turning then to Stevens, When and how — Raymond asked — had the insurgent states ever succeeded in taking themselves out of the Union? Not by their secession ordinances, surely, for the war had been fought on the theory that these were null and void; they merely announced an intention which could be carried out only by force, and in the appeal to force

the South had not won, but lost. Nor would he accept the doctrine that without really withdrawing from the Union these states had lost their statehood. He held, with Lincoln, that men, not states, had been guilty of the crime of rebellion, and on men, not states, the penalty should fall. If, as Stevens seemed to hold, we had been at war with an independent republic, then what right had members to talk of "traitors," or of "loyalty,"—unless, indeed, those terms were applied as the Southerners applied them? On that theory, was not the nation bound by international law to assume the debts of the Confederacy?

It was reasonable, he conceded, that the President, as Commander-in-Chief, should exact from the conquered insurgents certain guaranties for the future. It was reasonable to require them, in reorganizing their state governments, to abjure the heresy of state sovereignty, to prohibit slavery, to confiscate state debts incurred in aid of the insurrection. The nation ought also to protect the Freedmen in their new rights, and both houses of Congress ought to hold every man who could not prove his loyalty to the Union disqualified for membership. But he would support no sweeping confiscation, no measure of mere hatred and revenge. He condemned, not the theory alone, but the vindictive spirit, the narrow-mindedness, the unwisdom, of the radical policy.

Jenckes of Rhode Island, rising immediately after Raymond, remarked truly enough that the practically important difference between him and Stevens was not so much a difference of theory as a difference of purpose and spirit. Both held that the nation could exact guaranties from the conquered; it mattered little that one would deal with them as men, while the other would deal with them as states.

The next day Congress adjourned over the Christmas holidays, and at the end of the recess the opposition to the President seemed to have gained confidence and heat. First Bingham of Ohio and

then his colleague Shellabarger set upon Raymond and his uncertain following. Shellabarger's speech has a place of its own in the discussion, for at the outset, in a single prodigious sentence, he advanced one of the four general theories under which later students have grouped the various views men took of the problem. The rebellion, he held, had not taken any state out of the Union, but it had so far overthrown the loyal governments of eleven states that they had lost their rights and powers as members of the Union; the United States, by Congress, might, therefore, exercise for the time being all local functions of the overthrown governments, and name whatever conditions of restoration it pleased. This theory, which has come to be called the theory of "forfeited rights," is hardly distinguishable from the "state-suicide" theory of Sumner, and had the same practical corollaries with the "conquered-province" theory of Stevens. Only the presidential and the Democratic or Southern theories would have set any limits to the power of the conqueror over the conquered. To Raymond's inquiry for the "specific act" by which the insurrectionary states had ceased to be states in the Union, Shellabarger made a reply which, if not entirely cogent as constitutional law, served a more practical purpose: he threw into stirring rhetoric the entire grievance of the nation against the Confederate South. The "specific act," he declared, was a great civil war, waged by the mass of the Southern people, as states, against the nation's life. Recounting the contumacious steps by which the Southerners had come to their final complete rebellion, he reached his climax with a recital of the worst enormities ever charged against them. "They framed iniquity and universal murder into law. They besieged, for years, your capital, and sent your bleeding armies, in rout, back here upon the very sanctuary of your national power. Their pirates burned your unarmed commerce upon every sea. They carved the bones of your unburied heroes into

ornaments, and drank from goblets made out of their skulls. They poisoned your fountains, put mines under your soldiers' prisons, organized bands whose leaders were concealed in your homes, and whose commissions ordered the torch and yellow fever to be carried to your cities, and to your women and children. They planned one universal bonfire of the North from Lake Ontario to the Missouri." Students may be wrong in holding that out of all the theories Congress made conscious choice of Shellabarger's, and shaped by it the policy finally adopted; but the passion expressed in such sentences as these successfully combated the moderation of Republicans like Raymond and Seward.

The very next day came a division that tested the President's strength with the Republicans of the House. Unfortunately for his supporters, the question was on some resolutions proposed by Voorhees, — a Democrat, and one whom Republicans regarded as a Copperhead, — endorsing the doctrine of the message and thanking the President for his efforts to restore civil institutions in the South. Bingham offered as a substitute a vague expression of trust in Johnson, but the majority, at a word from Stevens, pigeonholed both proposals by referring them to a standing committee. The House thus practically refused the President a vote of confidence, and Raymond, opposing the reference, found himself with but one Republican supporter. The division can hardly be held to have marked an open breach between the President and the House majority, but it did mark the failure of the attempt to commit the moderate Republicans to the support of Johnson and Seward. Raymond afterwards declared that he would have succeeded if the Democrats had only kept quiet, or had taken sides against the President.

In the Senate, three Republicans, Cowan of Pennsylvania, Dixon of Connecticut, and Doolittle of Wisconsin, had from the first fully accepted the President's programme. A little later, Norton of Minnesota joined them. Three others,

Lane of Kansas, Stewart of Nevada, and Morgan of New York, seemed also to incline that way, while the two Senators from West Virginia took an independent and uncertain attitude. As the Democrats, however, numbered but eleven, the President would have far less than a majority, even if he should win over all the doubtful men. But in the Senate debates he had abler champions than in the House. So long as the discussion concerned itself with theory, so long as Senators merely set one general scheme against another and tested them by the Constitution and the laws, Reverdy Johnson, in particular, could hold his own with Fessenden and Trumbull, he could more than hold his own with Sumner, who was never strong on Constitutional or legal questions. Moreover, the Republican leaders, Sumner and Wade excepted, were very loath to break with the President, though they held that Congress, and not he, should control Reconstruction, and though they indicated clearly enough that they disrelished some of the too swift results of his policy. But all saw the imminence of a breach. The political atmosphere was charged with the fear and expectation of a crisis. While the South waited, more and more anxiously, to learn whether the North would endorse the mild terms Lincoln and Johnson had offered, and while the North waited on Congress, Congress waited on its committee; and the committee itself, it is now known, underwent much hesitation, watching the conduct of the South and studying public opinion in the North.

But Northern public opinion at this time is still a difficult study. If it had veered since the summer, when it seemed, on the whole, to favor the President, the newspapers and other organs did not clearly indicate the change. Lowell, who as early as April of 1865 had in a thoughtful essay reached the conclusion that nothing but the ballot would secure the negro in his freedom, and who a little later had remarked, "There must be a right somewhere to enforce what all see to be

essential," may have merely anticipated the movement of many slower minds. The "black codes" which one Southern legislature after another enacted during the winter caused more and more uneasiness among men inclined to moderation. Correspondents of newspapers, Bureau agents, soldiers, and other Northern men in the South, finding, naturally enough, no cordial welcome there, wrote home letters of a kind to stir up fresh indignation against the Southern people, whom they for the most part described as unsubdued in spirit, malignant as ever toward the North, and more malignant than ever toward the blacks. But no clear public sentiment urged Congress on to a breach with the President, or to a severe course with the South. Congress, on the contrary, jealous of its prerogatives, heated with its own debates, moved faster than the country. Having, however, no programme of its own, it felt its way forward, after the wont of English and American legislatures, with measures that dealt only with particular features of the situation. By the end of January, out of the countless proposals submitted to the two houses, three had taken shape in bills, gone through committees, and were following the usual course toward enactment. January 11, Lyman Trumbull, whose prestige in the Senate was less only than Sumner's and Fessenden's, reported from the Senate Committee on the Judiciary a new Freedmen's Bureau bill, and a bill to secure all American citizens in their civil rights. Eleven days later, the Joint Committee presented as a partial report a new amendment to the Constitution, which aimed to reduce the representation in Congress of any state which denied the ballot to any class of its citizens. The House, meanwhile, debated and passed a bill to enfranchise negroes in the District of Columbia, but the Senate, knowing that the President would veto it, never brought it to a vote.

The Freedmen's Bureau Bill, gaining the right of way, became the first great measure of the session. Trumbull, who

managed it, was no follower of Sumner and Stevens, but one of those Republicans who were striving to keep the President and Congress from drifting into a quarrel. Independent but not radical in his habit of thought, he had come by his anti-slavery convictions gradually, and had never lost in his zeal for that or any other cause his sense of proportion or his respect for law and precedent. Sumner's precipitancy, violence, and wildness on Constitutional questions irritated him, as they did Fessenden. He now offered his bill, not as a rebuke to the President, but to correct obvious faults of the existing law. The sting of it was in its tail, for the last enacting clause gave Bureau agents jurisdiction over all cases of denial of civil rights to negroes, and made every such discrimination a misdemeanor. This was a plain response to the black codes.

But nothing in the spirited but dignified debate in the Senate indicated that any one regarded the bill as essentially contrary to the President's policy. Hendricks attacked it vehemently, but for specific reasons, as that it would prolong military rule in time of peace, that it increased executive powers which ought rather to be curtailed, and that it entailed extravagant expenditures. The House substituted for it a similar bill of its own, and this, being accepted by the Senate with a few changes, went to the President on February 9, with the approval of every Republican who had voted on it.

Johnson had observed the usage that keeps a President politely ignorant of the progress of measures in Congress until they come to him for his signature, and many Republicans did not begin to fear that he would veto the bill until the ten days which the law allowed him to consider it had nearly passed. By approving it, he might, without incurring any serious charge of inconsistency, have placated Republicans who already antagonized him and lessened the distrust of him in the minds of others. But not even Andrew Jackson had less fondness for compromise than this other Tennessean who

now sat in the White House. It is no wonder that those who knew Johnson's pugnacious temper gave Seward credit for the restraint in his conduct and his messages since the beginning of the session.

At the end of the ten days, Johnson vetoed the bill. His veto message kept the level tone of the others, but he softened none of his decided objections. He could see, he declared, no necessity for haste, since the existing law would remain in force at least a year longer. But he opposed the new measure mainly on Constitutional grounds. He objected to it because it granted judicial powers to Bureau agents, who as a rule, moreover, were ignorant of law and strangers to the South, and permitted them to try criminal cases without juries; because it provided for the support of indigent persons out of the national treasury, and for taking land — in some cases, from minors, from insane persons, and from persons perfectly loyal to the Union — without due process of law. He also felt it to be unwise to strengthen the expectation of gratuities from the government which the first Bureau Act had planted in the minds of the negroes. He ended by pointing out that Congress was here legislating for eleven states to which it denied representation.

With this, his first veto, Johnson won a momentary triumph. The next day, Trumbull answered well his objections to the bill, but on the motion to pass it over the veto five Republicans who had originally voted for it, and three who had been absent, voted against it. The majority for overriding the veto was but thirty to eighteen, two short of the necessary two thirds, Senators Foote of Vermont and Wright of New Jersey being ill and absent. The House, having no occasion to act on the veto, could express its dissatisfaction only by passing again the resolution pledging both houses to seat no representatives from the eleven states until they should be readmitted to the Union; and this time the Senate concurred. But from the day of the veto the House, in all

its relations with the President, utterly discarded the usual observances of courtesy. Stevens never again alluded to him otherwise than in a tone of contemptuous raillery. As the majority against him in the House was much more than two thirds, nothing but the doubtful margin of two or three votes more than one third in the Senate stood between him and the loss of his negative on legislation. The situation demanded of him, above all things, caution. But his blood was up. On the evening of Washington's birthday, three days after the veto, temptation beset him in the shape of a crowd assembled in front of the White House, calling for a speech, and he delivered himself into the hands of his enemies.

Secretary McCulloch, fearing what happened, had urged his chief not to make a speech, and Johnson had declared that he would make none. He would only appear before the crowd, thank them for their visit, and bid them good-night. That would doubtless have been his wisest course; but he would have done no harm by speaking if he had only made such a speech as Seward was making that same evening in Cooper Union in New York; for Seward was a past master in the oratory that damages opponents without exasperating them to a more determined opposition. With a good-natured, stingless humor, he made fun of the President's critics in Congress. They had got the Union restored, he said, and restored without slavery, without state sovereignty, without payment for slaves, without the rebel debts. They had got, in fact, all that the war was fought for, and more. They did not really know themselves what else they wanted; at least, they could not agree among themselves as to what they wanted. Yet they were discontent. Like the nervous man in the play of *The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve*, they would not take what they had got because they had not had their own way of getting it.

But Johnson could not be silent when the crowd pressed him to speak, nor keep

his head when he had begun. Encouraged by the sympathy of his hearers, excited by their applause, shouts, and approving interruptions, he went on from a defense of "my policy" to a reckless and savage attack on his assailants. He called the Joint Committee an "irresponsible directory," and began to compare the leading radicals in and out of Congress to the leaders of the rebellion. As he had once fought the Davises and Toombses and Slidells, he said, so now he stood ready to fight others who opposed the union of the states. The crowd called out, "Give us the names!" and he was so incredibly indiscreet as to respond, "I look upon, as being opposed to the fundamental principles of this government, and as now laboring to destroy them, Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips of Massachusetts." Stevens had said of a certain utterance of the President that "if a British king had made it to Parliament, it would have cost him his head," and Wendell Phillips had spoken of Johnson as an obstacle to be removed. He answered by accusing them of advocating his assassination, and declaring that he had no fear.

He had undone in two or three minutes all that he had accomplished in behalf of his policy by his statesmanlike messages. He had practically declared war on the majority in Congress. He had thrown away every advantage he might have drawn from the dignity of his high office. The speech remains to this day the most inept and unfortunate utterance ever made by any president, unless we except certain later speeches of Johnson himself.

Nevertheless, the leaders of Congress had now themselves to take anxious thought. To override the President's resistance, they must make sure of a two-thirds majority in the Senate, and there might be one consequence of defying him which as practical politicians they were exceedingly loath to incur. Hitherto, contrary to many fears, Johnson had made little use of the patronage to strengthen

himself either with Congress or the country. Petroleum V. Nasby, writing in the character of a Democrat with his eyes on a post office, had for months been wondering what the President was about that he took so little thought of his friends. "In what particular," he asked, "hez Andrew Johnson showed hisself to be a Dimokrat? In the name uv Dimokrisy, let me ask, 'Where are the offices?'" The Washington's Birthday Speech gave him hopes, but a week later he groaned, "Andrew Johnson may be worthy of Dimocratic support, but he hez a queer way uv showin' it." So, too, no doubt, thought many Republican office-holders and their friends in Congress. More statesmanlike misgivings prompted others to exhaust all the means of conciliation. Eminent Republicans outside of Congress, growing deeply concerned, tried to act as mediators. John Sherman defended the President, pointing out to his irate fellow members that, in all but the unfortunate speech of February 22, Johnson had followed in the footsteps of Lincoln, — a judgment to which, after many years, Sherman returned. But the leaders grew firmer and drew closer together in the face of the blast from the White House. Few threw caution to the winds as Stevens did, when, in his second set speech of the session, he met the President's coarse assault with ridicule hardly more elevated, but infinitely more effective; but they pressed the Civil Rights Bill to its passage, and they took high-handed measures to secure a two-thirds majority in the Senate.

The second of the two bills which had issued from the Senate Judiciary Committee on January 11 was the first attempt by the Federal government to establish a citizenship of the United States. It declared all persons born in the United States, and not subjects of any foreign jurisdiction, excluding Indians not taxed, to be citizens, and therefore entitled to the same civil rights, and subject only to the same penalties, with all other citizens; privileged to sue and be sued, to give

evidence in the courts, to acquire, hold, and convey property, to make and enforce contracts. To deprive any such inhabitant of such rights, even under color of state law or usage, was made a felony. For the machinery with which to enforce these provisions the committee, by a clever inspiration, had gone to the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850.

The debate in both houses turned largely on the right of Congress to confer citizenship. The opposition contended that the privilege belonged exclusively to the states, which had always exercised it. The supporters of the bill found a doubtful precedent in the case of the inhabitants of Louisiana and of the territory acquired from Mexico, and of certain Indians, whom the general government had made citizens by treaty. Shellabarger called the raising of the freedmen to citizenship "naturalization." Wilson of Iowa, House manager of the bill, justified it by a new doctrine, to which, a few years later, the Supreme Court, in adjudicating a different question, gave its adhesion. "I assert," he said, "that we possess the power to do those things that governments are organized to do." The enforcing clauses came in for a different set of objections. Hendricks, in the Senate, moved without success to strike out one which empowered the President to use the land and naval forces in executing the act. Bingham and others protested in vain against the penal clause, which would make a felon of a state judge for merely obeying the Constitution or the laws of his own state, if these should discriminate against negroes. Save for a verbal alteration to make it clear that "civil rights" did not include the suffrage, the bill passed both houses, substantially unchanged.

Trumbull afterwards declared that up to the time of its passage he had no fear of its being vetoed. Before introducing it, he had submitted it to the President, asking him to state whatever objections he might have to it, and Johnson had offered none. Nevertheless, the rumor of a sec-

ond veto was soon in the air, and the leaders of Congress hastened their preparations to override it. If they could not win over enough of the waverers, there were two other ways of gaining votes in the Senate: to admit new states into the Union, and to unseat Democrats. They tried both.

In 1864, the voters of the territory of Colorado had rejected a constitution regularly submitted to them under an enabling act; but the next summer, without any authority from Congress, they held a convention, framed a new constitution, ratified it by a narrow majority, and elected a legislature, which in turn chose two Republican Senators. A bill to admit the territory to statehood, introduced earlier in the session, was now taken up and pressed in the Senate; but Sumner, much as he desired the two additional votes, which, it was presumed, would be cast against the President, could not stomach the word "white" in the suffrage clause of the constitution. He opposed the bill fiercely. It was defeated, and the project was put aside for a time, while the Senate majority turned to the second expedient, which did not require the concurrence of the House or the approval of the President.

The Democratic Senator whose title to his seat seemed most vulnerable was Richard Stockton of New Jersey, who had succeeded Ten Eyck, a Republican, in December. In the legislature which elected him, the Democrats had a majority of five in the Senate, while the House was evenly divided; and for a time, although Stockton had received the nomination of his party caucus, nine Democrats refused to vote for him. During the deadlock, the joint assembly of the two houses, which the state constitution recognized as "the legislature in joint meeting," changed its rules, under which a majority of the votes cast had been sufficient to elect, so as to require a majority of the entire membership of both houses. At a later meeting, however, the rules were again changed, to permit a plurality to elect; and this

step many Republicans favored, thinking that their candidate would have more votes than Stockton, until they perceived that Stockton's friends were voting for it. On the ballot that followed, Stockton received a plurality, but not a majority. He was declared elected, and no question of the validity of his election was raised in the joint meeting or in either of the houses. But after his admission to the Senate a protest was presented, signed by all the Republicans in the legislature. The Senate Judiciary Committee, strongly Republican, considered the case, and Trumbull reported a resolution declaring Stockton entitled to his seat. The report was signed by every member of the Committee except Clark of New Hampshire, and he at the time made no minority report. But on March 22, while the President had the Civil Rights Bill under consideration, New Jersey having in the meantime chosen a new legislature, in which the Republicans had a majority, Clark called up the resolution and moved a substitute which would unseat Stockton.

In the debate that followed, Fessenden made an acute legal argument against Stockton's claim, on the ground that it requires a distinct "legislative act," impossible otherwise than by consent of a majority of both houses of a legislature, to elect a Senator. But Hendricks found ample law and usage to sustain the right of the majority in the joint session of the New Jersey legislature to validate beforehand an election by a plurality. It is impossible to believe that a mere change of mind about the law of the case had moved the Senate to reconsider its practical acquiescence in Stockton's claim. Sumner, who did not stickle over points of legality in a fight for principle, doubtless expressed correctly the feeling of many Republicans by quoting from Hoyle, "When in doubt, take the trick."

Wright, Stockton's colleague, and a Democrat, was ill at Trenton; Foote of Vermont, a Republican, lay at the point of death; Dixon, a Johnson-Republican,

completed the list of absentees from illness. Morrill of Maine was paired with Wright, and a count of heads showed that without his vote Clark's motion would be beaten. The Republican leaders pressed Morrill to free himself from the pair, and he warned Stockton that after allowing Wright a reasonable time to get to Washington he would feel at liberty to vote. Wright, receiving this word from Stockton, telegraphed back that he could not come to Washington for some days, and that he trusted Morrill, from whom he had received no direct communication, would respect the agreement.

The question being put on Clark's motion, Morrill did keep his word, and the motion was lost. The roll was then called on the original resolution seating Stockton, and the vote stood twenty-one to twenty, Morrill and Stockton not voting. Senators gathered about the perplexed and unhappy Morrill, and urged him to vote. Cries of "Vote! vote!" came from all parts of the chamber, Sumner's voice rising hoarsely above the others. Morrill yielded, asked that his name be called, and voted, making a tie. Instantly, amid intense excitement, Stockton was on his feet, read the telegram from Wright, demanded that his name be called, and voted aye. The President *pro tempore* declared the resolution passed.

But on Monday, the 26th, Sumner offered a resolution that Stockton had no right to vote in his own case. It appearing that this was the sense of the Senate, Stockton consented to withdraw his vote. On the 27th, the case was reconsidered.

Morrill, finding his situation unbearable, had made another pair and vanished. Stewart, one of the waverers, had also disappeared. Wright telegraphed that if the Senate would postpone the division three days he would be present. But the New Jersey legislature, having finished its ordinary business, was waiting to elect a Senator so soon as it should get word of a vacancy. The veto of the Civil Rights Bill lay on the table. "Dis-

ease," said Sumner, "has made a pair between the absent Senator from New Jersey and the absent Senator from Vermont," — forgetting that disease had neglected to secure a pair for Dixon. The Senate would not wait. By a majority of one vote, Stockton was unseated. Another telegram from Wright, promising to be present the next day, being read, and a Democrat changing his vote in order to be able to move a reconsideration, Clark himself moved to reconsider, the motion was voted down, and the case thus finally disposed of.

Stockton's successor, however, did not appear at once, as had been planned. One Scovel, president of the New Jersey Senate, in which he had the casting vote, went over to Johnson, — lured, it was charged, with the control of the Federal patronage of the state, — and would not permit the chamber to meet in joint session with the House of Representatives. Stockton's chair remained vacant to the end of the session. But the day after he was unseated Foote died, and on April 6, the second day of the debate over the veto of the Civil Rights Bill, his successor, George F. Edmunds, appeared. Meanwhile, Stewart had practically abandoned his independent stand.

In the veto message, Johnson returned to the dignity which he had so fatally abandoned in his speech to the mob. Such legislation, he once more observed, ought not to be passed while the eleven states which it particularly affected were without voice in Congress. He gravely questioned the wisdom of granting citizenship at once to four million people who but yesterday were slaves. He could see no reason why it was necessary to make them citizens in order to endow them with civil rights, when thousands of foreign-born Americans enjoyed civil rights without citizenship. Surely, there was the same need of a period of probation in the one case as in the other. Nor could he find for the measure any warrant in the Constitution. If Congress could annul state laws which discriminated between whites

and blacks in the ways mentioned in the bill, why could it not annul those which prohibited intermarriage between whites and blacks? He objected particularly to the penalizing of state officials for obeying the laws of their states, and to the unwise transfer of jurisdiction from state courts to Federal courts. He disagreed entirely with Congress as to the scope of the second clause of the Thirteenth Amendment, holding that it would apply only if an attempt to revive slavery were made. On the ground of policy, he again protested that Congress would wrong both races in the South if it persisted in thrusting between them men whose interest it would be to foment strife. Yet he stood ready, he declared, to defend the freedmen, and to coöperate with Congress in defending them, against any attempt to deprive them of their liberty.

Trumbull, meeting the President on the plane of statesmanship, answered well his Constitutional objections, and then, descending lower, made an apt *ad captandum* quotation from a speech in which Johnson, as Senator, had protested against a veto of President Buchanan. Reverdy Johnson and Cowan followed in defense of the veto. But the time when serious argument would count with the Senate was past. The President had set himself against the will of Congress. He had again refused to yield when he might have yielded without any surrender of principle. The temper of the legislature rose high against his stubbornness. Senators, instead of listening to the speeches, were studying the rolls and eagerly discussing the probable vote for and against the veto. Wright had at last returned to Washington. If he and Dixon could both attend, there would be sixteen for the veto out of a total of forty-nine, and no one knew how either Morgan of New York or Willey of West Virginia would vote. In order to facilitate the attendance of the two invalids, the Democrats asked that a particular hour the next day be fixed upon for the division. But Wade

passionately exclaimed, "If God Almighty has stricken any member so that he cannot be here to uphold the dictation of a despot, I thank Him for His interposition," — whereupon MacDougal of California, a brilliant but dissipated Senator, whom his fellows had thought hopelessly intoxicated, rose and dramatically compared the God whom Wade had invoked to Ahriman, the evil deity of Persian mythology, whose angels were suffering and disease. The next day, Lane and Wade continued the controversy, one hotly defending Johnson, the other openly accusing him of treachery.

With the putting of the question came the crisis in the longest and fiercest of all the struggles between Congress and the Executive. Wright, pale and ill, was in his seat. Only two seats were empty, — Stockton's and Dixon's. Dixon was close at hand, ready to be carried into the chamber if his vote would save the veto. The suspense lasted to the very end of the roll call. When Morgan voted aye, Senate and galleries broke into applause, quickly subdued into a breathless silence until Willey's name was reached, and he, too, voted aye. The ayes were thirty-three, — one more than a two-thirds majority, even if Dixon should appear. The House, suspending its rules, made shorter work of its share in the business.

Whatever one may think of the wisdom or the righteousness of the course of the majority, one is bound to admire its boldness. Finding the prestige of the Executive greater than it had ever been before, the new Congress had assaulted it as no other Congress ever did. From the beginning of the government only six bills had been passed over the veto, one in Tyler's time, and five in the time of Pierce, and they were all unimportant, routine measures. Never before had Congress enacted a general and deep-reaching law without the President's consent. Nor had any other President ever been humiliated before the country as Johnson was. "He resembleth Jaxon muchly," wrote Nasby, still sighing vain-

ly for the post office at Confedrit X Roads, "in thet Jaxon hed a polisy which he carried out, while our Moses hez a polisy which he can't carry out."

But the execution of the law lay with the President, and even thus early the leaders of the majority began to consider that in order to gain complete control they might have to make use of another power of Congress never used before. If the President remained stubborn, they might have to remove him from office by impeachment. For that drastic course, however, they would again need a two-thirds majority in the Senate, and their margin of one vote was too narrow. April 17, Wilson, who had voted against the bill to admit Colorado, called it up for reconsideration. Sumner still stood firm, attacking not only the suffrage clause of the Constitution, but the legality of the convention that framed it and the election at which it was ratified. "It is whispered," he said candidly, "that you need two more votes on this floor. Sir, there is something you need more than two votes." This time, however, the bill passed. But in neither Senate nor House did it have an impressive majority, and when Johnson sent it back with his third veto of the session, pointing out the injustice of allowing one Representative and two Senators to a dwindling population of perhaps thirty thousand, the Senate took no further action.

A bill to admit Nebraska was also passed, but so near to the end of the session that a pocket veto sufficed to dispose of it. The majority could gain no recruits otherwise than by winning over waverers or members of the opposition.

Nevertheless, Congress went on with the measures it had most at heart. The chief of these was the proposal of an amendment to the Constitution, which in the course of the session underwent many changes.

The original resolution, offered by Stevens on December 5, dealt only with representation in the House, and would have made the number of legal voters

in each state the basis of apportionment. Early in January, Spalding of Ohio proposed to keep population as the basis, but to exclude negroes, except in states that permitted them to vote. Blaine, offering a plan not very different from Spalding's, pointed out that, as the ratio of voters to population varied widely in different states, an apportionment based on voters alone would work much inequality among the states of the North. Conkling followed with two alternative wordings. The Joint Committee, in the draft of an amendment which constituted its first recommendation, stuck to the old basis of population, excluding Indians not taxed and all persons whom any state might disfranchise on account of race or color.

All the plans aimed to deprive the South of representation for the negroes unless it enfranchised them. In 1860, under the old, iniquitous compromise which permitted three-fifths of the slaves to be counted in the apportionment, the eleven states which seceded had elected sixty-one members of the House. Let them count all their negroes, and they would have seventy members. Forbid them to count any negroes, and they would have but forty-five. Early in the discussion, Jenckes of Rhode Island, again logical and far-sighted, pointed out that by requiring some qualification for voters not forbidden by the amendment the South might disfranchise the mass of the negroes and yet escape the penalty. But the majority was not ready, while so many Northern states still declined to let negroes vote, to solve the problem by putting into the Constitution an outright manhood-suffrage provision. Besides, the chances were that such an article would not get the approval of a majority even of the Northern states. Nevertheless, Sumner and a group of radicals were ready for the step. They denounced the committee plan as an infamous compromise, and Sumner discharged against it one great and several lesser orations, full of stately passion and of his peculiarly

VOL. 97 - NO. 4

violent invective. To pass it, he said, would be to drop a "political obscenity" into the text of the Constitution. Fessenden, in reply, showed a clearer understanding of the actual force and working of the very principles Sumner championed, and ridiculed keenly his labored objurgations and the cloudy indefiniteness of his counter-proposals. Stevens, also, who stood in no awe of Sumner, thought his objections "puerile and pedantic." But Sumner carried with him enough Republicans to keep the majority in the Senate far below two-thirds, and the amendment therefore failed.

This was between the first two vetoes. On April 30, three days after the final passage of the Civil Rights Bill, the Joint Committee submitted, as its scheme of Reconstruction, three measures: the constitutional amendment changed and enlarged; a bill giving to the eleven waiting Southern commonwealths the hope that, if they ratified the amendment, and the same should become a part of the Constitution, they would be restored to their places in the Union; and a bill to disqualify for Federal offices all who had held high places under the Confederacy and all who had maltreated captured Union soldiers.

The amendment now had five sections. The first took under Federal protection the privileges and immunities of citizenship. The second dealt with the basis of representation, providing that if any state disfranchised any class of its citizens its representation in the House should be reduced in the proportion the number of disfranchised males of voting age bore to all other males of voting age. The third withheld, until 1870, from all who had voluntarily adhered to the insurrection, the right to vote in Federal elections. The fourth forbade the payment by either the national or the state governments of any part of the Confederate debt. The fifth empowered Congress to enforce the other four by "appropriate legislation."

When the committee submitted its programme, its chairman was ill, and the report that should have accompanied the

three measures did not appear until the middle of June. Written by Fessenden, it was a good statement of a view and policy midway between the inclination of the more moderate Republicans opposed to the President and the desire of men like Sumner. Granting, as a "profitless abstraction," the contention that the rebellious states had never been out of the Union, the committee held that the insurgents "had destroyed their state constitutions in respect to the vital principles which connected their states with the Union and secured their federal relations," — to which difficult version of what had happened the minority replied by asking what practical difference it made whether these states had rightfully seceded or had ceased to be states by the illegal conduct of their citizens. When the majority denied the President any warrant in the Constitution for his course, it spoke more convincingly than when it tried to find there any clear sanction for its own specific recommendations. It was most convincing when it appealed to common sense. If — it contended — these eleven states had lost none of their rights by the attempt at secession, and were now allowed full representation for all the blacks, "then is the government of the United States powerless for its own protection, and flagrant rebellion, carried to the extreme of civil war, is a pastime which any state may play at, not only certain it can lose nothing in any case, but may even be the gainer by defeat."

In the House, where the enlarged amendment was first considered, no serious change was made in any section. But when it emerged from the Senate's critical scrutiny it was sweepingly altered. The first section now contained the essential provisions of the Civil Rights Bill. The second was differently and more carefully worded. The third obviated the necessity of passing the first of the Joint Committee's accompanying bills, for, instead of disfranchising all Confederates until 1870, it disqualified for office all who, having once taken an office-

holder's oath to support the Constitution, had afterwards joined in the insurrection. Congress was, however, empowered to remove by a two-thirds vote of both houses the disabilities thus incurred. The fourth section, besides forbidding the payment of any Confederate debt, forbade the questioning the validity of any part of the national debt. Only the fifth section remained as it had been. Democrats, and some Republicans as well, objected strongly to the third section as an invasion of the President's power to grant pardons, as even voiding the pardons he had already granted; while others questioned the wisdom of forbidding the Southern people to choose their natural leaders to office. Reverdy Johnson truthfully observed that the clause disqualified "nine tenths of the gentlemen of the South." On the other hand, the radical Republicans were still discontent with the first section because it permitted the withholding of the ballot from negroes. But the more moderate Republicans, led by Fessenden and Trumbull, still had control. The amendment in its final form received the approval of three fourths of the Senate, even Sumner consenting, and on June 13 the House, concurring in all the Senate's amendments, sent it to the states for their approval.

It was the intention of the Joint Committee to offer the amendment to the eleven waiting Southern states as the sole condition of their restoration to the Union; but the bill which conveyed the promise of restoration was never passed. Instead, Congress ended the labors of its first session on Reconstruction by passing over Johnson's fourth veto a Freedmen's Bureau bill, to hold for but two years, and differing in several other provisions from the one that had failed.

It is doubtful, however, if the clearest of promises of restoration to the Union would have induced any but one of the eleven waiting commonwealths to accept the plan of Congress. In Tennessee, it is true, the party in control, composed of men who had always been out of sympa-

thy with the mass of the Southern people, welcomed it eagerly. Brownlow, the governor, had already abandoned Johnson as a traitor, and allied himself with the most radical faction of the Republicans in Congress. He at once called the legislature together. The opponents of ratification in the House of Representatives tried to prevent action by staying away and breaking a quorum, but two of the recalcitrants were seized by the Sergeant-at-Arms, dragged into a room adjoining the Representatives' Hall, and counted as present but not voting. The amendment being in this fashion approved, Brownlow telegraphed the Secretary of the Senate at Washington that Tennessee had ratified, and begged to present his respects to "the dead dog in the White House." Congress, thereupon, in a resolution with a long preamble, declared Tennessee entitled to representation. Johnson signed the resolution, but in a special message refused to endorse the language of the preamble, denying that his own state needed to be "readmitted" into the Union. As it happened, both the Representatives and the two Senators from Tennessee, who had been waiting so long in Washington, were evenly divided between the support of the President and of his opponents. The Senate hesitated over the case of one of the Senators, who was Johnson's son-in-law; but all were permitted to take their seats before Congress adjourned.

It is easy now to see that the other ten states would have been wise to follow Tennessee's lead. After admitting Tennessee, Congress would, no doubt, have hesitated to dishonor the claims of the others based on a like compliance with its will. But it is unjust to represent the others as insanely and wickedly rejecting reasonable terms, accompanied by a promise of restoration, and thus forcing Congress to make the terms much harder. Inability to read the future is not madness, nor is it a crime for the conquered to try to profit by a division among the conquerors. Following the debates in

Congress, one easily loses sight of the actual state of the people of the South; one does not see the situation with their eyes. Having complied with the terms of peace held out to them by one department of the national government, and finding themselves in bad enough case as it was, they saw neither mercy nor justice in the attempt of another department to impose on them other and harder conditions. On the contrary, they saw in it only hatred and revenge. It would have been remarkable indeed, if, as between Congress and the President, they had not taken sides with the President. When Northern men as astute as Seward, as devoted to human rights as Andrew and Beecher, could see their way to follow Johnson, Southern men, struggling desperately to gain their feet after an immeasurable disaster, humiliated by military rule, exasperated by the peering and intrusive agents of the Treasury and the Freedmen's Bureau, and catching from his words and acts the first gleam of the hope of deliverance, would have been wise and self-restrained beyond human nature if they had not trusted him rather than his assailants. Moreover, it is again necessary to remember that the radicals, so far from being driven to severity by the obstinacy either of Johnson or of the South, had favored severity from the first, and now probably welcomed an opportunity to go before the country with the claim that moderation had been tried in vain.

Nor had Johnson, by any sign of weakening, given the South an excuse for deserting him. A week after the passage of the Civil Rights Bill over his veto, he proclaimed the insurrection at an end. A fortnight later, addressing a delegation of soldiers and sailors, he hurled another defiance at the radicals. "The President," wrote Sumner, on April 3, "is angry and brutal." Vetoing the second Freedmen's Bureau Bill of the session, he announced that he would faithfully execute the Civil Rights Act while it remained the law, but he stuck firmly to all his old

contentions. Having no opportunity to oppose the Fourteenth Amendment, he nevertheless, in a special message, protested against any attempt to alter the Constitution while eleven states had no voice in Congress. He had fallen into Tyler's error, and believed that he could either build up a new party or reinvigorate and lead to victory the old party to which he had once belonged. Unshaken by his defeats at the hands of Congress, he faced without shrinking disaffection in his own political household. Four of the seven members of the Cabinet had disagreed with him about the Civil Rights Bill, but their opposition had counted as nothing. First Dennison and Harlan, and then Speed, resigned, and he filled their places with men who accepted his views. Stanton, though he sided with Congress, and was in the closest touch with men who were daily assailing his chief, kept his place in the Cabinet. The little that can be learned of his motives indicates that a peculiar sense of responsibility outweighed in his mind considerations of honor and of loyalty that would have controlled almost any other public man in his position. McCulloch, who condemned Stanton for not resigning, held Johnson guilty of a culpable want of spirit in retaining him. The relations of the two soon became difficult in the extreme, yet Johnson kept his disloyal adviser until Congress had passed a law to take away the President's power of removal, — and then removed him.

Congress adjourned on July 28, and at last the issue between the two plans of Reconstruction, and with it the issue between the legislature and the executive, went to the country. The President asked the people of the North, by their choice of representatives in the next Congress, not only to accept "my policy," but to restore him the share in legislation of which Congress had virtually deprived him. The majority in Congress asked not merely for approval of the measures it had passed, but for complete control. To win its fight, it must retain a two-thirds majority in

both houses. Should the Democrats and Johnson-Republicans united carry one third of the Congress districts, or enough state legislatures to give them one third of the Senate, the President, though still unable to get the ten Southern commonwealths restored to the Union, could hold Congress at bay with the veto, he would continue, by his merely executive authority, to control the actual course of affairs in the South, and he might, by the immense patronage at his disposal, gradually win over enough of the weaker-hearted and the venal among his opponents to bend Congress to his will. Time would be fighting on his side. The North's bitterness would gradually lessen, as would its fears, and its ardor of sympathy with the freedmen would cool. True, the Thirty-Ninth Congress might, at its short second session, go on passing bills over the veto; but a rebuke at the polls would doubtless make an end of that extraordinary method of legislation. Had Johnson known how to keep the South on its good behavior, to reassure the hesitators in the North, to inspire confidence among his supporters, to throw Congress on the defensive, and yet avoid, on his own part, all appearance of aggression, — in a word, had he possessed Lincoln's skill with public opinion, — he might still have saved the cause he had at heart, and perhaps in a measure reestablished his own sadly damaged prestige. But by a series of mishaps and blunders he quickly lost whatever advantage he had in this peculiar contest.

Two days after the adjournment of Congress, there occurred at New Orleans the most sanguinary of all those "Southern outrages" which filled Northern papers for years after the war. The trouble, it afterwards appeared, had grown out of an extraordinary move of a group of radicals in Louisiana, not improbably inspired from Washington. An attempt had been made to resurrect the convention which had met and adjourned in 1864, in order that it might now enfranchise the freedmen. A procession of negroes, on

its way to the convention hall, was set upon by a crowd of whites, who later invaded the hall itself, led by the police, and violently dispersed the convention. The reassembling of that body after two years was a preposterous proceeding, instituted by men who hoped, once they could get an ordinance permitting negroes to vote, to overthrow the existing state government and take control themselves, relying on Congress to sustain them. But Northern people were not disposed to consider explanations and excuses when they learned that the mob and the police had shot down one hundred and fifty-six negroes and twenty white men concerned in the movement, and that both the mob and the police force were made up chiefly of Confederate veterans. The whole affair looked more like a massacre than a riot, and seemed a confirmation of the stories of brutality and injustice to negroes which Sumner and others had for months been spreading before the country. True or false, the accounts of this and other riots in the South proved excellent material for the campaign against the President and his policy.

They went far, no doubt, to counteract the opening move of his friends, — a "National Union" convention, held at Philadelphia in mid-August. In this gathering, the first of four great conventions which marked the unusual character of the canvass, Democrats and Republicans, soldiers of the North and soldiers of the South, mingled in a harmony at which the partisans of Congress jeered, to celebrate a reconciliation of the sections which was likewise ridiculed as premature, precipitate, and insincere. The spectacle of the delegates from the North and the South, Massachusetts and South Carolina in the lead, marching down the aisle in pairs, signified much in which all Americans could rejoice; but to the other side it suggested a nickname for the assemblage, — "the arm-in-arm convention," — and a ludicrous comparison with the procession of animals into Noah's

Ark. The proceedings were, in fact, dignified; the resolutions and the address to the country were excellent. But the convention committed a blunder when it appointed a committee, representing all the states, to wait upon the President. He took the occasion to make a brief but utterly infelicitous speech. Every sentence in it was an indiscretion, but the worst impropriety was a plain implication that, so long as ten states were excluded from representation at the Capitol, he questioned whether the body recently in session there had any right to call itself the Congress. Some even interpreted his words as a threat that he might refuse to recognize Congress as it was constituted, and set up in its stead a body composed of the claimants from the ten excluded states and such Representatives and Senators from other states as might be willing to unite with them.

A fortnight after the National Union convention adjourned, a convention of "Southern Loyalists" assembled at Philadelphia, and was welcomed there by a convention of Northern Republicans. The first assemblage represented but a small part of the white population of the Southern States. Its most striking figure was "Parson" Brownlow, trembling with a palsy, but implacable as ever in his hatred of the Southern Bourbons, and surpassing all rivals in the fierceness of his invective against Johnson. Speed, in the principal speech of the meeting, also made a dramatic attack upon "the tyrant in the White House," of whose cabinet he had so recently been a member. The convention appealed to the North to protect the loyal men of the South against the President and the unsubdued rebels into whose hands he had delivered them. Instead of punishing traitors, as he had promised, he had, it was declared, established them in power, deserting and ostracizing the faithful adherents of the Union, of whom more than one thousand had been murdered in cold blood since the surrender of Lee. In the Northern convention sat an impressive

array of governors, Senators, and other Republican leaders, among them Senator Morgan of New York and Morton, the war governor of Indiana, who had both for a time supported Johnson. There followed two gatherings of men who had fought for the Union, a Johnson convention at Cleveland, made up chiefly of Democrats, but attended by some Republicans of national reputation, and a larger and doubtless more representative convention, opposed to the President's policy, at Pittsburgh, in which the moving spirit was General B. F. Butler, who thus began, as a violently partisan Republican, a fresh chapter in a career unparalleled for the number and completeness of its political tergiversations. Meanwhile, in every Congressional district in the Northern and the Border states, the contest was waged with a warmth and an intensity of interest surpassing that of most years when a President, as well as a Congress, is to be chosen.

Nor had Johnson, for his part, been idle. The adjournment of Congress had been the signal for a wholesale removal of office-holders known to oppose his policy. "At last, I hev it," wrote Nasby, early in August; "finally it come." And whenever thereafter he was tempted to doubt the greatness of Andrew Johnson he needed but to cast a glance at his commission as postmaster at Confedrit X Roads. During the campaign, more than twelve hundred Republican postmasters — many of them, as Republican newspapers did not fail to note, maimed veterans of the Union — lost their official heads. In this, Johnson did not exceed the license allowed him by the laws of political warfare recognized by his generation. He did, however, soon egregiously violate the well-established usage which forbids a President to engage in ordinary electioneering, and thereby contributed to the canvass its most extraordinary feature.

At the end of August, he left Washington on what was announced as a pilgrimage to attend the laying of the corner-

stone of a monument to Stephen A. Douglas at Chicago, but which he converted into a stumping tour after the fashion of his earlier wrestlings with public opinion in Tennessee. Newspapers humorists, seizing on a phrase of his own, called it a "swinging round the circle." Severer critics called it a disgraceful orgy. All accounts of the campaign agree that for the damage it did the cause it was intended to advance, it surpassed all the efforts of his adversaries.

Seward, Welles, Randall, the new postmaster-general, and General Grant and Admiral Farragut were of the President's party. Stanton, though invited, had refused to go. Besides Chicago, the itinerary included Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis, and Indianapolis, with pauses for speech-making at many smaller places. Wherever opportunity offered, Johnson spoke, and wherever he spoke he dismayed his friends and delighted his enemies. From egoistic defense of his own acts and motives to personal abuse of his opponents, from tiresomely iterated allusions to "my policy" to utterly undignified controversies with individuals in his audiences, he ran the entire gamut of bad taste, bad judgment, and bad temper in public speech. At Cleveland, where many thought him intoxicated, a crowd he was addressing from a hotel balcony baited him with cries of "How about New Orleans?" "Hang Jeff Davis!" "Traitor!" "Three cheers for Congress!" and the like, to which he responded with equal coarseness. His conduct at St. Louis was even more discreditable, and at Indianapolis the mob actually hooted him into silence. The presence of Grant, whom he had, in fact, forced to accompany him, so far from placating public sentiment, proved a cardinal blunder. "'Grant!' 'Grant!' they yelled," wrote Nasby, describing one of the meetings, "and the more the President showed hisself, the more they yelled 'Grant!'" And again: "The train was off amid loud shouts of 'Grant!' 'Grant!' to wich the President

responded by wavin' his hat." The pen of Nasby and the pencil of Nast, unsparingly as they portrayed the ludicrous and humiliating failure of the tour, hardly exaggerated the effect of it on the public mind. The disgust of the country with a President who had so little sense of the demeanor his great office required of him was immeasurable. That the North should deny its confidence to a man so incapable of self-control was not unreasonable, and may not have been unjust. But the distrust and dislike of the President extended to all who stood with him and to all that he and they stood for. Seward never recovered while he lived the popularity he lost by his part in the business. A heightening impatience with the South displayed itself in various signs of a growth of the sentiment in favor of forcing the grant of suffrage to the freedmen. The President's hope of forming a new party swiftly evaporated. He was left alone with the Democrats and a handful of Republicans who could not desert him without self-stultification, while within the Republican party the drift was unmistakably toward the radical leaders and programme.

Maine and Vermont, the two "September states," both went heavily Republican. After the second Tuesday in October, when Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa, the four "October states," all likewise gave majorities against the Democratic and Johnson-Republican candidates, no one could be in doubt of the outcome. In November, such of the former Confederate states as held any elections went Democratic, as did Maryland, Delaware, and Kentucky; but the entire North, with West Virginia and Missouri, voted an approval of Congress and a rebuke to the President. Republicans opposed to "my policy" carried one hundred and forty-three out of one hundred and ninety-two seats in the House of Representatives, and it was seen that they would have a safe two-thirds majority in the Senate.

The verdict was as decisive as the issue

had been clear. The North declined, as Congress had declined, to ratify the terms which Lincoln and Johnson had offered to the South. As the South, on the other hand, Tennessee apart, had refused to comply with the conditions imposed by Congress, — a course which Johnson, even after the election, stubbornly continued to advise, — nothing hindered Congress at its second session from undoing all the two presidents had done and beginning afresh with the entire problem. The two men to whom the election brought the fullest sense of triumph were, therefore, not Fessenden and Trumbull, the chief sponsors for the acts of the first session, but Sumner and Stevens.

Once more, in the long wrestling of the nation with the burden of the fate of the African, the spirit of Abolitionism, the spirit of "thorough," was to prevail over the spirit of moderation and compromise. The South lay at the mercy of the radical Republicans in Congress, — men who could find no remedy for the injustices of her social system short of giving the political power into the hands of an ignorant horde of newly-freed slaves. It is no wonder that at the prospect the Southern people sank into dejection even deeper than that which had followed Appomattox. They had known for a year the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, and now came that hope's denial. The failure of the year's crops added immediate distress to the gloom of the outlook.

But in the illogical and confusing course of human affairs we may sometimes note curiously coincidental balancing of forces, pairing of tendencies, parallelisms of trains of events. During the summer and autumn of 1865, while the white South watched the overthrow of its blundering champion, and the black South saw the day swiftly approaching when the "bottom rail" should be "on top," the negroes of a certain neighborhood in Tennessee — a state in which the whites of the ruling class already endured, under

Brownlow, such contumelies as were in store for their brethren in other states — began to be troubled with apparitions. By the time the Thirty-Ninth Congress had assembled and set to work on the measures that should make an end of all inequality between the races, the area of these ghostly visitations had greatly widened. Strange stories began to be

circulated among the blacks about a new kind of ghouls or demons called “Ku Klux.” Before the day came when political power was reft from the white citizens of all the states from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, the more dauntlessly masterful among them, meeting force with guile, had already found refuge in an invisible empire.

THE LODGE

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

ENTER in the late evening a country town or a small city. Street lamps have become dim; store fronts are dark; the windows of the fifteen-cent restaurants are faintly outlined; here and there a weary horse whinnies in longing for its stable. It is a picture of lonesomeness, save for one inevitable bright spot. Over a stairway leading to a second story hall shines a triangular transparency sending its gleam far into the night. On its painted glass sides facing the main thoroughfares are pictured two hands clasped in token of brotherhood, and this message greets you: “Hiram Chapter No. 673, A. O. of T. K. Meets Wednesday evening. Visitors welcome.”

If you possess the sign and password, and seek entrance to the haven of the followers of Trustful Knighthood, you will find gathered there above the hardware store most of the men of the village who do things. Doctors, lawyers, politicians, laborers, editors, teachers, farmers, railroad agents, are engaged in the exciting diversion of “work in the second degree,” or are debating earnestly with keen argument the “good of the order,” which may be almost anything from the fining of an absent-minded brother who at the last meeting wore home his official decorations, to a protest against an increase in the lodge dues.

If you wait long enough, there may come “an alarm at the door,” and with much solemnity the outside watchman (a bank cashier) will inform the inside watchman (a lumberman), who will inform the Exalted Worthy Patron (a carpenter), that the members of the ‘ladies’ auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Trustful Knights are without, and the Exalted Worthy Patron will declare the lodge closed and the visitors given entrance. Headed by the Exalted Worthy Matron (the wife of the dry-goods merchant), the auxiliary will bring in baskets of sandwiches, pots of steaming coffee, and heaps of doughnuts and apples. The whole company will resolve itself into a merry social gathering; dancing will follow the feast; and when the Exalted Worthy Scribe sends a report to the lodge paper he will say that “all went home in the wee sma’ hours, feeling that a good time had been had.”

The lodge has become the social focus of many a town. It is so to a greater degree, perhaps, in the West than in the East. On the plains distances between population centres are greater; the ties of old family acquaintance are lacking; the fraternal order is the one thing that knows no barrier of wealth or position. The fact that many of the orders admit men and women to their membership on

the same terms adds to the strength of the social claim, — it also brings about odd situations.

"I am going down town to-night," remarked a country town banker one evening to his wife. "The lodge meets this evening."

"That will leave me alone," was the response, "for Anna" (their one servant) "is going to lodge, too."

"Yes," agreed the husband. "We belong to the same lodge."

This very equality brings about a comradeship that in the newer communities makes easier the ways of life. You have an employee in your office or store. He works with his coat off, and through the day you consider him but little. You do not ask his opinion nor defer to his judgment. But on lodge night, when you enter the portals, — a lodge door, though it may admit only to the second floor of an unpainted frame building, is always a "portal," — you make your obeisance and mystic signs before a dignified potentate in robes of red and yellow whom you recognize as your employee.

You are surprised to see that he is completely master of the situation. To be sure, most of his work is written down in the ritual, but he rises to the occasion; and if you would sit in his place you must serve a long apprenticeship through the "chairs" until you are worthy. He gains thus a training, not possible elsewhere, in dealing with men. Somehow you have a greater respect for him the next day; he holds himself a little straighter. The democracy that politics does not give, that the church scarcely accomplishes to the same degree, comes through the mutual knowledge of the secret work of a fraternal order to whose tenets both have sworn allegiance.

What the old-fashioned "literary" or lyceum did in making its attendants ready debaters, capable of thinking on their feet, the lodge does in these days. The many matters of more or less moment that come before the order, the certainty of diversity of views, insure to

all an opportunity for taking part in free-and-easy discussion under parliamentary rules. It is a school not to be despised, and for many it is the only one in which can be acquired this sort of knowledge.

Versatility is engendered by the rivalry of orders, and it is natural for the leader in one to take a commanding place in the management of others, for a broad similarity runs through the lodge ritualism, and there is a temptation to shine in many ceremonies that becomes often almost a passion. In every town are "joiners," who pride themselves on their many degrees and their multitude of grips and signs.

The candidate for a county office in a Western community who cannot wear a half-dozen different lodge pins on his waistcoat feels handicapped. The traveler who does not display on his lapel some fanciful design of dagger, scimitar, or battle-axe is a rarity. The book agent comes into your office and gives you the hailing signal before asking your subscription for a new-fangled encyclopædia in twenty-two volumes. The fellow passenger in the smoking-room of the Pullman glances meaningfully at your emblem, which matches his own, and with "Where do you belong?" begins a friendly conversation.

Sometimes the recognition is merely preliminary to working a graft; sometimes the conductor is besought to pass the ticketless traveler because of a claim of brotherhood in the order, — but this is rare. The great mass of the lodge members hold their fraternal relations higher, and condemn the one who trades on knowledge thus obtained. It is a vast-knit sympathy that has grown to proportions unrealized save by those who know the people in the smaller communities and understand the comprehensiveness of the lodge membership network.

Take a typical Western town, a county-seat community of 4000 population, whose directory, issued a few months ago, lies before me. It has sixteen churches, with a membership of about 1500. But

there are twenty-eight lodges, with a membership of 2400. There is, however, this difference: a person may belong to many lodges; he can join but one church. The lodges are in no sense rivals of the sanctuary; they inculcate similar principles of manliness and good citizenship and morality, but they do not undertake the regenerative work that is the province of the church. Yet many sects consider the lodge antagonistic to their ideals, and refuse to allow their members the privilege of belonging to secret orders.

In the minds of some the accomplishments of church and lodge are confused, perhaps naturally so. I remember an instance: a farmer living on a rather lonely road became ill, and after some weeks died, leaving his family with a mortgaged bit of land, many debts, barely furniture enough for its daily needs and a life insurance benefit due from one of the fraternal orders. An evangelist holding meetings in the neighboring schoolhouse, accompanied by two of his elders, came to the widow.

"It is unfortunate that your husband did not belong to the church instead of to the lodge," said the preacher.

The widow, loyal to her husband, and remembering the bitterness of long days of suffering and poverty, resented the insinuation.

"No, it is not," she declared. "We have lived in this neighborhood two years, but not an elder of the church came to help us when he was sick or offered me help when he was gone. The members of the lodge came here two at a time and stayed with him every night; they brought to me and the children things we needed, and they have paid me two thousand dollars, every cent I have in the world, and which will give me a little start to make a home for the children. I am glad he belonged to the lodge."

While she was perhaps not clear as to the ethics of the situation, and overlooked the business basis of the fraternal order, her view is shared by tens of thousands to whom the material welfare brought by

the union of forces in secret affiliations brings a frank admiration of the outward expression of fraternity, shown in the friendliness engendered by association within lodge-room walls.

Indeed, the question often arises, might not some of the methods that make lodges successful be adapted to the needs of the church, to bring the material advantages of coöperation closer home to the members, holding them with firmer grasp? Even in orders that have no business basis, existing solely as promoters of the benefits of fraternity and for the care of those members to whom come affliction or penury, there is a loyalty that any church might envy. The privilege of fellowship is a strong incentive to every member to lead an upright life, — for not only is any other course certain to bring upon him the reprobation of his lodge brothers, but, if continued, it will end in disgraceful expulsion.

Assessment life insurance is the foundation of the larger number of fraternal orders. Be the members called knights, pilgrims, workmen, foresters, or patri-cians, they are engaged merely in a business venture, paying at given periods certain assessments to meet death claims as brother after brother is called away. The report of a "congress" of fraternal orders gives some startling statistics. For instance, ten years ago there were thirty-four societies in the organization; now there are over sixty. The insurance represented by the outstanding certificates is almost \$5,600,000,000; the annual distribution of benefits \$55,000,000. This is but one combination of orders. Another has as large a membership, and many orders are outside of both. Fraternal insurance includes something like one third of all that is written in this country, and at a cost not one twentieth of that necessary in the management of old-line companies, because it is so largely a free-will offering of time and effort on the part of the men and women in the union of coöperation.

Does the membership of the Trustful

Knights show sign of lethargy, there comes an immediate response to the crisis. On some meeting night two brothers, standing at opposite stations in the hall, choose sides until the entire membership is divided into rival parties. Then begins a campaign for new members, and the community is ransacked for available material. A deputy from the grand lodge may assist in the work, utilizing his well-trained arts of persuasion and argument. Each member receives credit for the application cards on which his name is found, and a prize of worth is awarded to the one having the largest number of candidates on his record.

But the real fun comes when the harvest is ended and all the innocent joiners have been ridden on the lodge goat. Then it is that the Exalted Worthy Patron decides which group has made the greatest gains for the order, and assesses as the penalty of the opposition the furnishing of an oyster supper for the whole lodge. The entire gathering is at once transformed into a social company, wives and daughters and sweethearts appear, and there is merry-making long after the lamp in the triangular sign above the hallway has flickered and gone out.

What can stand against such effort as that? While such is the sentiment of sociability and loyalty, how can there come an end to the lodge as a typical American institution? Little wonder that it exerts so strong an influence. Here and there come failures because the assessments are not sufficient to meet the obligations, but new orders are all the time arising, and the spirit of the lodge survives with increasing strength.

While the death benefit to be received from a single order seldom exceeds \$3000, hence making it the insurance of the moderately well-to-do, the multi-membership of the average citizen gives him a full complement of protection. Sagacious business men are found who carry large amounts of fraternal insurance, believing that in the end they are gainers over those who invest in old-line policies. Others

make a judicious combination of both kinds, and so are preparing for their families along more than one line, as well as acquiring the social benefits that accrue from the possession of many secret signs and passwords.

A story is told of the most conspicuous joiner in a thriving Western city noted for its many lodge members. Indeed, it is said that everybody belongs to at least one lodge and nearly everybody to two or three. Recently a new family came to town, and located just across the street from the past master of all the organizations. One day, a week later, he caught the five-year-old son of the neighbor as the lad was passing, and with a few preliminary remarks led up to:—

"Say, my boy, is your father a Mason?"

"No, sir," was the sharp reply.

"Probably, then, he is an Odd Fellow?"

"No, sir, he ain't."

"Knight of Pythias? Woodman? Workman? Pyramid? Forester? Macabee?"

The boy shook his head.

"Is n't your father a member of any lodge?" demanded the questioner in a puzzled tone.

"Not a one," replied the boy.

"Then why on earth does he make all those signs when he comes out in the front yard every morning?"

"Oh, that ain't lodge," cheerfully explained the lad. "Pa's got St. Vitus's dance."

The social influence of the lodge is by no means confined to the lodge room. It extends to the intimate life of the community in many of the recreative and serious affairs of mankind. Perhaps you would not care to have the Ancient Order of Trustful Knights storm your home some winter evening just as you had settled beside the fireplace with a good book; but that sort of "surprise" is the height of enjoyment for the small town. The laughing, happy group of members, having gathered at Sir Knight Smith's, marches in close order to the door of the

victim's home. If possible, the brother has been inveigled from the house, and is brought back to find his dwelling in the hands of his friends. It is probably a birthday or wedding anniversary, and a gaudy red plush rocker stands in the middle of the parlor, a mute testimonial of the esteem in which the members hold the host.

After the lunch brought by the callers has been served, the Exalted Worthy Patron makes a few appropriate remarks, extolling the virtues and standing of the recipient, and presents the chair, hoping for many prosperous returns of the day. And when they are gone, when the last "good-night" has died out, the honored brother rests in red plush luxury and is glad he joined the Trustful Knights.

Sometimes the venture is a larger one, and a whole lodge visits the castle of the order in a neighboring village. That is a gala occasion for both visitors and guests. Everybody turns out, and the hall is crowded. "Work" in the most hair-raising degree is "put on" by the team of the visiting lodge. Dignity and impressiveness mark the initiation, and the interested audience watches the proceedings closely, — part with pride and part with critical eyes. When the ability of the team has been exhibited in the exemplification of the "work," come speeches, recitations, and songs.

Perhaps one of the grand officers will be there. Now the Grand Exalted Worthy Patron may be when at home only a dry-goods clerk or a mender of shoes, but on his round of official visitation he takes on a prominence scarcely exceeded by the governor of the state. He is received with the honors of a potentate; salaams and genuflections mark his progress through the lodge room; and the robes he wears are dazzling in their beauty. But he brings something of the outside world to his fellows, and his address following the formal ceremonies is usually helpful both to the lodge life and to the individual.

Supper — or perhaps a banquet at the principal hotel of the town, with flurried

waiters, many courses, and toast responses — follows, and dancing ends the evening. The gathering has done more to foster intercommunity friendliness than could a whole volume of resolutions by the respective city councils.

At stated times the grand lodge meets, and to it travel several delegates and Past Exalted Worthy Patrons from the various subordinate branches. The multiplicity of titles here becomes rather confusing, and the proceedings assume something of the nature of a conference on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. However, it gives the visitors a state-wide acquaintance that they otherwise might not attain, and introduces them into a broader life than they would find in their home towns. Then there is the supreme lodge. To the average lowly lodge member who does not hold official position this august body ranks with the United States Senate and the English Parliament. The titles dwarf the imagination. To members of the order the pomp is awe-inspiring; others are likely to smile a little at it all, — but that may be because they belong to a rival organization whose supreme lodge meets a month later.

Once a year, at least, in most lodges comes a pilgrimage to some church to listen to a sermon especially prepared for the order. It is impressive to see a hundred men, all good citizens, all carrying themselves with the feeling that they must do nothing to discredit the society, march into the meeting-house and take pews for the service.

So is it inspiring to see two members chosen by the lodge tramp sturdily to a sick brother's dwelling and remain with the family in its time of need; or to see the generous response when some one tells the assembly of trouble and want in any home. These good deeds do not reach the public; they are not enforced actions by the rules of the order; they are the outflowing of charity and everyday good will on the part of the members. No credit is claimed therefor; it is a mutual helpfulness in which all are united.

When death comes to a brother there arises a new opportunity for the lodge's kind offices. Many a family has met multiplied sadness in its new frontier home. Neighbors were few and acquaintances rare. But the father wore a tiny button or pin that told of his affiliation with a leading order, and more than one evidence of its significance came to them. There were offers of assistance, flowers, carriages. At the hour of the funeral, coming down the street two by two, each man with a band of crape on his coat sleeve, appears the entire membership. Like a guard of honor the lodge lines a pathway for the family as the home is left for the lonesome drive to the cemetery. Behind the hearse the members march to God's acre, and in solemn circle surround the open grave as the dead is laid to his final rest. They walk slowly past the gash in the green sod, with tender symbolism throwing upon the coffin sprigs of evergreen, that are for remembrance. As their ritual follows that of the church, it is difficult to see where in the relation of form to humanity's earthly needs one greatly surpasses the other.

And who shall say that grief is not assuaged when the family proudly reads in the country paper the following week "resolutions of respect" inspired by the sad event? Beginning with, "Whereas, the Supreme Exalted Trustful Knight of the Universe has in His omnipotent wisdom seen fit to call Knight Jones from his earthly labors to the Great Lodge above; and, whereas, Hiram Chapter has lost a noble brother and the community a useful citizen," and so on, to "Resolved, that these resolutions be spread on the records of the lodge and a copy be given to the afflicted family," they make a public testimonial of worth not to be despised. Naturally, in the card of thanks, along with "the kind friends and neighbors who assisted us in our late bereavement," are mentioned directly and specifically the "brothers of Hiram Chapter" as worthy of recognition by the grateful widow and children.

There be those who profess to see something ridiculous in the wearing of robes and plumes. They sneer at the sight of lodge parade, each participant adorned in a conventionalized mediæval armament, or sporting semi-military gorgeousness. They say it is silly for grown men to refer to each other in grandiose terms, and to assume dignities that are neither of state nor church. And sometimes this side of it does appeal even to the most hardened joiner. The average man grows weary of too much gold lace and fancy dress, hence there is a tendency to-day toward simpler uniforms and less ostentatious display. The stronger the order, the less is it likely to seek undue adornment.

After all, it is not the ritual nor the robes that make a lodge strong; it is the teaching that is behind it. In even the avowedly beneficiary orders is taught something higher than paying monthly assessments. The underlying principles of charity, hope, and brotherhood are linked with protection in a way that cannot fail to make an impression upon the candidate for lodge honors. Here and there is a touch of fun; some of the degrees have trials that test men's good nature to the utmost, but they are usually taken "on the side," or as separate functions from the regular initiation, and have nothing to do with the real work of the lodge. The horse-play of the college fraternity finds little encouragement in the modern idea of good lodge management. It is realized that an order to be successful must appeal to men's reason and intelligence rather than to their love of amusement.

The past seven years have been a time of remarkable growth in lodge membership. Prosperity influences this as other things. To many the price of a lodge membership is a luxury; in hard times the assessments often become a burden. Not to mention the various brotherhoods of workers, which are properly labor unions rather than secret societies, the increase in strength has been notable. More frequent than ever before has been

the call to "work" in initiation of petitioners for degrees. With an abundance of funds, the citizen is a much more willing subject for the solicitor of the lodge, and he finds more time to enjoy whatever benefits may be derived. Wealth pours into the coffers of the organizations. Costly temples, owned by the orders and equipped with every appliance for the conduct of the sessions as well as for the comfort of the members, have been erected in the larger cities.

To the far Western farms, where the dwellers were a few years ago working out their material destiny through trial and tribulation, the lodge has reached, and thousands of prosperous husbandmen drive into the nearest town once a week, or every fortnight, to mingle with the village residents in a society's halls. Efforts to conduct permanently lodges exclusively for farmers have not been generally successful, though in parts of the country such orders have met with considerable prosperity.

From the president of the nation down to the humblest citizen the fascination of grip and password enthalls. It is not that the lodge is a secret organization, although that is a part; it is not that its membership is chosen with caution, although such exclusiveness undoubtedly makes it more eagerly sought; it is not that it gives direct benefits or that it offers protection to the family when the bread earner has departed, — not these things alone make the lodge popular. Greater than they is the desire for social companionship, the love of fellowship, the power of community of interest. Not a substitute for club or church, yet filling a place in men's lives that neither occupies, the lodge has developed the old-time guild idea and fitted it to modern conditions, and is an institution that exerts a tremendous power in business, in politics, and in society. So rapidly does it increase in popularity that it shows little indication of ever wielding less power over men's destinies than it does to-day.

CALEB JONES

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

THERE's a good many different kinds of foreigners in a small factory town like this, — Irish and Swedes and Poles and Cannucks that put tallow in their hair, — but the first nigger I ever seen here was Caleb Jones. Seems as if I could see him now just as I seen him the first time, one day when I'd gone up home after the six o'clock whistle. The night had come tumbling into the valley just like it was poured out of a basket, and there was a November sleet, slantin' with the wind.

Annie, my wife, was getting dinner spry and happy, for I'd been made foreman of the upper leather room the week before, and little Mike had a new suit, — his first pants they were, and each leg

would just fit over my wrist, — and we'd bought a bookcase that we used to stand and look at, my arm around Annie and our heads kind of tilted, we were that proud of it. I guess our bread was buttered on both sides, and it was warm and stretchy in the front room, and I could hear something frying on the kitchen stove, with its crickle-crackle, and I could smell it, too. And then there comes a knock on the door, and Annie turns the knob with her apron in her hand, and she gives a little scream.

Well, sir, there he stood, — big and black, — as ugly a looking nigger as you'd like to see more 'n once a month. A gun would have felt good in my fist, but just

the minute he let out a word or two you'd know you'd kind of been mistaken. His voice sounded as warm and smooth and pleasant as it feels to a dog when you rub his ears, — did n't sound like a nigger at all, but just like regular talk, and nothing about it to laugh at.

"I'm selling a book," he says, and his teeth looked white like the top of a can of milk, but I could n't tell whether he was smiling or whether it was because he was that cold with his wet clothes. "It's called the *Chronicle of the Country*," says he; "it ought to be in every house. I'd like to show you a copy whether you'd like to buy it or not." At that he begun to cough hard and hollow, as if death had pitched two strikes to him.

"Come in," says I, for the wind was nearly rattling the pictures off the wall in the hall; and I pulls the curtains down in the front room so's nobody passing would think there was anything queer happening, and when he came into the light I sized him up again. He was about twenty-six, as near as I could tell, and his clothes looked well enough, even wet, and he wore the kind of collar that would make him look like a parson if he'd been white. And there he stood, with his teeth beating time to the chills that shook him, and the water squeaking in his big shoes.

"This is the book," says he, pulling a fat one with a blue and gilt cover out of his little bag. "It's two dollars. Plenty of illustrations, — excites the interest of children." And he goes on pinning medals onto the book, polite and smiling, and shifting his feet and handing it over to me. You know how it is when somebody passes you something that don't interest you any, — maybe it's an agent or maybe it's some mother handing you a lump of a bald-headed kid; you've got to take it and look it over, to be perlitte, and yet somehow or other you feel as if you've been stealing sheep.

So I was pretendin' to be interested when I heard the nigger give a kind of

choke, and then I seen him settling on the floor, collapsed, and twitching like a man in the ring taking the ten count. I can remember now how one big black hand spread out over a rose in the pattern of the carpet.

I'd have known what to do for a white man in a second, but I stood there looking down at him like a feller that's dropped a basket of eggs, and not knowing how to move him any more than if he'd been a bar of red-hot merchant iron, until Annie stood in the door there and says, "What's happened, Jim?" and I says, "Don't be frightened; I guess he's sick;" and she says, sharp, "Lift him up and get him in the kitchen here where it's warm." So I put hands to him to get him on his feet, and he gave a sigh the way a machine does when it starts up, and opened his eyes till the white part showed like a couple of butter plates sitting on a stove, and got up grabbing at the chairs, and blinks at the light, and says, "Where's my hat?" which set him coughing again enough to shake the buttons off his clothes.

When we got him on a soap box by the stove, he sat there with his head on his chest, just as limp as boiled beet tops; and, homely and big as he was, it would make a pirate sorry for him, and my Annie moved all the pans and things onto the other side of the stove from where he sat, and poured him out some coffee.

"Poor feller," says she, looking at me; "I wish we had some whiskey. Poor feller, — sick in the body."

"What's the matter with you, man?" says I; and with that he made a shove into the air like he was pushing something away that we could n't see. "I'm sick in the mind," says he. And I caught Annie crossing herself out of the corner of my eye, for I guess she thought, like me, the nigger was crazy. It was a kind of relief to hear him go on talking sense.

"There's no use to keep this up," he says, as if he was speaking to himself. "I've made ten sales from the city up to here, — a hundred and forty miles on

foot; and I'd never got the agency if the firm had known. I have n't made money, — I've lost it."

"How's that?" says I, hoping he'd go on. I'd most rather hear that nigger's voice than a band of twenty pieces playing a cakewalk, and when he talked you'd pay more attention to the sound of it than the words he was speaking. He did n't answer, but he just sat there with his fingers drumming on the front of the soap box, until Annie, who had n't got over her timid feeling, asked him where he came from.

He had a story, all right, and I've always believed it was on the level, because he did n't seem falling all over himself to tell it, like a feller does who's got a hand-me-down song and dance. And what's more, it was so natural you could see the place in Alabama where he was born, with the river down at the bottom of the meadow, and whip-poor-wills singing at night, and sandy roads where he'd go along to the school that was started up by some man in New York; and everything ran along from one thing to another, the way it would do if it was happening to yourself.

Then when he got going, he told us how he'd got the notion to get a regular education so's to be somebody, and make a place somewhere, and how he'd finally got into some college up North here, and had a year in a room that did n't have any window, blacking boots and taking care of furnaces to pay his way, until I began to believe he had n't had any hard luck at all. But the trouble was he'd got sick that summer and spent all he had, and it had come along time for his college to open up and no money, and he tried the book-selling game to get a little, but it was no go. Any fool could see what was the matter, — people living out, kind of lonesome, in the country mistrusted him, — he looked so well-dressed for a coon, and the books were n't much good anyhow, as he said himself. And he'd caught cold, and he'd got up against it good and plenty.

That's about what he told us, and then he sort of screws his face around as if he was trying to grin, and he folds his hands over his knees, and says, kind of jerky: "It's funny how I told it to you, — I don't know why myself. You don't understand anything about it, — do you? But I'm Jones, — Caleb Jones."

"Well," says I, — not knowing whether to call him Caleb or Mr. Jones, but sorry for the feller, even though he was most too big to be sorry for, — "I guess you'll get back to your school all right, — they treat a man well, don't they?"

"Why should n't they?" he says, so loud, and sitting up so quick, it made Annie jump back; and then he wilted all down in his chair again, and says, "Yes, yes, they're more than kind; they overdo it, — that's all."

It was one of those funny breaks I often heard him get off later, but right then I had n't even a guess of what he was driving at, although I learned it little by little afterwards.

We'd spied along till dinner was cold, because the nigger talked so good he most had you in a trance, and when I come to think about it, I did n't have no idea of what to do with him; but Annie was standing there thinking, with her arms on her hips, and finally she says, "What about Mrs. Ladeau's?" And I says, "They'll take him in there." Jones looked up kind of quick. "Where is it? I'm going," he says, snapping his thick lips together.

"What if he has no money?" says Annie, nodding to me; but he give a wave of his arm, and said he guessed he had enough, even if it was the last, and stood up, coughing and shaking out his wet coat, and looking mean.

"You'd better stop in to the doctor's," says I, and hardly got the words out of my system when a funny thing happened. The door opened, and in come my little Michael, spry as a June bug. It was a sight to see that nigger's face all bust out in smiles, and he put both his hands out toward the kid just as if he'd come across somebody he'd been wanting to see; but

the boy gives a scream just like a rabbit gives when he feels a dog's breath on his tail, and went out the door sprawling. Well, the nigger just stumbles back into a chair and buries his face in his hands, and there was something about it that would take away a coal-heaver's appetite.

None of us said anything more, there being nothing to say, and no cause for saying it, and Jones pulls himself up slow as if it hurt him, and goes out into the front room picking up his book and his hat, and then he opens the door, letting in a slice of weather, and the minute he stepped out into the dark you could n't see nothing of him but his white collar. I stood there looking at the door after it shut, trying to make out just what was askew with the nigger, besides being a nigger, and feeling just as if something was crooked with me, too. And Annie, — she knew what I was thinking about, for she says to me, nibbling the corner of her mouth, "Well, Jim, what else could we do?" — and there it was.

Well, the nigger stayed in town. Two days later he turned up at the factory, and the first I seen of him was the boss coming into my room looking like a feller who'd been caught with the goods. And Jones stepping along behind him, and all the men staring and staring till you'd think their eyes hung out on their cheeks. He was the first colored feller that had ever come looking for a job, and when he and the boss came up to me the men kind of stood back as if they were waiting for a blast to go off.

"Jim," says the boss, twirling his watch chain, "here's a new man. Put him on the skiving job Henderson left last week."

The men were a pretty square lot as men go, but I knew — just by instinct, I guess — there'd be trouble about Caleb Jones; but I nods, and the boss goes out, stopping to finger some new leather as he went, and I was left facing the big nigger.

"Staying in town?" says I; and he looks at me sort of queer and scared and rattled.

VOL. 97 · NO. 4

"Yes," he says; "I just saw the doctor' and there's trouble here, in the lungs. I've got to stay up here in the hills, or go back to Alabama. And I have n't got the money to go back there, and it don't seem as if I could go back, anyhow. I don't see how I could go back."

Well, that meant a hot box for us, all right. Why, it was n't over two hours before I was down in the office, and I says to the boss, "Mr. Bent, Dave Pierson is kicking against working at the next bench."

The boss did n't have to ask any questions. "He is, is he?" says he. "Well, you tell Dave that we're up here in the North, where we know democracy on all six sides, and that Jones may be colored, but he's got twice the brains of anybody in the room, and four times the education, and that he's got more culture than I've got;" and on he went, shaking his head and smacking one fist into the palm of the other. "And," says he, "if it comes to a question of who moves, — Dave or the nigger, — it's Dave!"

Of course, I felt just as if I was tickling the edge of a buzz saw, but it was up to me to stop trouble. So I says, "You'll excuse me, but if I understand it, people in the North are dead to rights in love with the colored race, but they'd rather rub elbows with the cholera than with any one particular nigger. Dave ain't no exception. And you would n't go into business with one or go on a hunting trip with one on any share-and-share-alike game. As I say, I don't believe you're any exception, any more than Dave."

The boss scratched his head a bit, and wiggles around in his chair, and rolls a pencil around in his fingers. "Jim," he says, "that's hot shot! It ain't nice, and I wish it were n't true. It's a problem, but I guess you'd better put Jones in the corner cutting bindings. I have n't got the heart to refuse him some sort of job."

"Heart!" says I. "Why, there ain't a man in the room that wants harm to him. It's long-distance sympathy, that's all."

A man working with a nigger gets rattled, like he would if you put him on a job with the President — or with a ghost."

"This business makes a man feel like six cents' worth of Heaven-help-us," says the boss, or words to that effect; and I went upstairs and told Jones to change his job. He did n't say nothing, but I seen the look he give Dave Pierson out of the corner of his eyes. The nigger were n't no fool.

There were n't any change as time slid by, but it turned out that Caleb were n't any whale for work. He meant all right, but he'd get to dreaming, and looking out the window, and reciting poetry to himself; for I take it, a man who gets too much into his mind, with fancy notions and so on, loses a heap of energy out of his hands. And that feller used to eat up knowledge. He was the only man in town that had ever took Darwin's books out of the library, or at least that's what Miss Burns, the schoolteacher, said, and the only dime novel I ever seen him reading was a thing called *Confessions of an Opium Fiend*, or something like that.

I useter wonder if he were n't lonesome, never having no one to sit down and smoke a pipe with and get some of the conversation out of his system. Sundays he'd wander off onto the hills all by himself, and perhaps Monday I'd say to him, "Hello, Caleb, whatcher do yesterday?" And he'd say, kind of queer, the way he often spoke, "I thought."

As I think of it now, I guess none of us understood him much, but every man in the factory was as sure as straight-flushes of one thing, — we'd been more comfortable — the whole town would been more comfortable — without the nigger. It was this way. You'd feel sorry for Jones, but what ailed him was the want of being somebody among other folks, and none of us wanted to be the other folks; but you would n't know why you felt that way any more than a dog knows what's the matter with him when he's got the distemper. And perhaps you'd meet him, when you was out driving

Sunday, walking along the road, and kicking up the dust with his big feet, and you'd brace up and say, "Good-morning, Jones;" and the very words that came out of your own mouth seemed like a bunch of dirty lies. Then at some other time you'd get next to the fact that the nigger knew about twice what you did, and had you beaten to a custard for being good-hearted and decent; and it would make you feel — just shows what a fool a man is — that he had no darn business being better or knowing more than you did. So you were down and out every time you even thought about the nigger; and it did n't make a sliver of difference how kind you wanted to be to him, it seemed as if a hand you could n't see was always turning you back.

I never used to feel that way more than some evening when I'd be walking up from the factory over the hill and I'd hear Jones going along the road by that stretch of woods you see there, and singing, big and full. You'd never miss it, for there were n't a voice like that this side of the Junction. It was like a thrush's voice, — eagle size! There was a funny thing about it, too, — it did n't make no difference how cheerful and catchy and fling-your-feet-around the tune was, it always had something stirred up in it sort of sad, — something that would have given you a lonesome feeling, even if you had been standing in the middle of a thousand people.

It was his voice that got him into a queer mix-up at the Protestant church. Somebody got the nigger to sing there one Sunday. I were n't there, of course, but Davis the barber told me what happened, and it was this way. Nobody knew Jones was going to sing, and things went along till it came time for a solo, and, as I understand it, the singers stand up in a little balcony at the back of the church and the people are facing the other way. The barber says the piece the nigger sang was a bird for music, running along kind of small and soft, and rising up hearty and kind of muscular, and then lifting

out with a big bust, and the organ rolling like a thunderstorm. I guess you know the kind.

Well, the nigger's voice, it did n't do a thing to those who were there, — it set 'em up off the cushions and made 'em grab their own hands; and even the hook-nosed old skinflints that lived here before the place was a factory town stood there with their chests caved in and the tears hurdling the wrinkles in their faces, — anyhow, that's how the barber says, and he got so excited telling it I don't believe he was lying as much as usual.

Then in about a second they all began to look around to see who was doing that kind of triple-ply singing, and they seen it was a nigger. And, as the barber says, it seemed to change the whole business. Just as soon as anybody'd look around it was just as if they'd seen a phonograph, and they'd begin whispering to each other; but Caleb Jones kept right on looking down at 'em, and singing, until everybody had looked up sort of surprised and pop-eyed, and then, the barber says, the nigger's voice just wilted away like the sound of a parade when it turns the corner, till in a second there was n't any left; and then Jones put his fingers down between his white collar and his black neck and stood there a moment, — just so, — and then he slid away down the stairs, and out of the church.

Just as I told you, I were n't the only one. Every man in town that got into it was left wondering whether something was the matter with Jones or with himself, and I guess there were n't four people in the factory would say which. But ask any man of 'em, — they'll tell about it, — they remember him.

Something happened besides his being a coon to make us remember Caleb Jones. I've worked around and traveled around a good deal, and I've seen rough, tough, and ratty, but I want to state right here, and be cross-examined on it, that I never see the beat of what that nigger did.

If I don't make a mistake, it was January, and we were having one of those

cussed days of thawing, when the snow runs to water, and down into the valley, and the top of the river melts into slush, and the mist is so thick you can't see the bowl of your own pipe. My Annie had come down to the factory to get the key to the back door I'd taken away with me by mistake, and she was standing side of me. The little girls who go to school mornings and work afternoons in the stitching rooms were in after the noon hour, and one of 'em — a mite of a thing for thirteen years old — Kitty Norton was her name — come a-runnin' into my room to get a pile of vamps from the cutting bench.

There's a big pattern machine right side of the bench, as you remember, and Jones was running it. Well, little Kitty dodged around him, and, just like a kid, reached through the loop of the big belt that was running up to the shafting. The two ends of the belt are joined together with steel clamp hooks, and they caught into the sleeves of her woolen dress as quick as a fish-bite.

The first thing I knew was the youngster's yell, and the cry my wife gave, and I jumped toward the bench. I seen the girl all scrambling with legs and arms, trying to pull herself loose, and the strain on the tough woolen of her dress that would n't give way. Then, — it was all done in a shave of a second, — when the belt that was flying up toward the shafting had drawn her arm — which looked thin and white, like a chalk mark, against the leather — almost to the top, I held my lungs to see it go over under the belt. But instead of that, I seen a black thing shoot out — quick as a frog's tongue — between her little wrist and the iron pulley, and it went up into the pinch, taking the punishment of the belt that burned and smoked and squeaked as if it was whining about being stopped before it slowed down. The hooks pulled out of the girl's dress, and dropped her back to the floor, and the men all started forward, crying out, so's it sounded like a kind of chant.

"It's the nigger! It's the nigger's arm! Jones did it!"

"He's hurt!" says my Annie, close behind me, and her voice sounded as if all the color had gone out of her face.

"Go away," I yells, not looking around. "Get the women out of here; we'll take him to Mrs. Ladeau's!"

"No," says she behind me, loud and clear. "Who'll care for him there? Bring him home, Jim."

I thinks quick of just what that means, and then I says, "We'll not." But when I seen my wife's face, — them tight lips and big gray eyes, — the same old look that cured me of the drink a good many years ago, — I kind of guessed she'd have her way, and I says, "Somebody go for the doctor! We'll take Jones up to my house."

That's how he went through my door the second time. And he was there six weeks, lying out on the bed in the room over the parlor, blacker 'n ever against the sheets.

But it did n't seem to make any difference that he was there so long, or that he had turned the neatest trick I ever seen a man do, — somehow or other he was still Jones, and I seemed to be the same old Jim Hands; and I guess he was just as lonesome as ever, and I guess we felt just as mean. Annie never hedged, but I knew without talking about it that he nerved her all up, and perhaps she could have gone on nursing the nigger for fifty years without feeling any different. Then there was the rest of the people in town and those at the factory, — they'd all say the nigger was a wonder-bird, and things like that, and he deserved a heap of kindness, and I'd done just the right thing to have him at my place. But then most everybody'd seem sorry for me for some reason or other, and that useter make me nearly fighting mad without knowing why.

Just one person in town had a snap because Jones was laid up, and that was my boy Michael, who'd begun by being so scared of the nigger. He got kind of nosey

and familiar after a while, like a puppy is scared to death of a hop-toad till he finds it don't do no harm; and at last you could n't get the little rascal away from Jones without using a derrick. The nigger useter sit up against the pillows, and tell my youngster things that would 'a' been worth hearing by most anybody, about a certain King Arthur and his gang, and about how some feller in France was trying to invent a glaze for crockery, and stuck to it though he had to burn up the furniture; and he'd tell it so true you'd forget you was n't carrying a sword or inventing something, instead of being a foreman in a factory. Besides that, he'd cut soldiers and things out of a piece of wrapping paper with his black hand that looked so big and clumsy, — the one that was all right. It was a cinch for the boy.

Then finally Jones got to coughing more and more and telling more and more things about his home and his sisters, and how the air would be soft and pleasant down in Alabama, and it set a feller thinking he had the fever to be back with his own kind again. It comes on a man sudden, even a white man. So one day after I'd eaten my lunch I steps upstairs, and finds him lying with his face to the wall.

"Jones," says I, and he flops over, "were you happy in the South, — in your home?"

He looks at me kind of curious, and he says, "Yes — happy like a dog. Did n't know enough not to be happy."

That's the way he'd speak sometimes, — kind of puzzling and snappy; but I thought I could see underneath it all that he wanted to go back so bad it ached like the rheumatism. So I passed the hat, as you say, at the factory, and in two hours there was ninety-six dollars in it, — from workingmen, too, barring the twenty-five the boss put in. Everybody felt fine toward the nigger, but you could see they were n't sorry he was going. But they could n't tell you why. I knew. It was because he'd been up before 'em every

day like a big, soggy chunk of lonesomeness, and none of 'em had the kind of yeast to make it rise.

Anyway, I took the money to Jones, and I says, "The boys are all for you, Caleb, and they've chipped in so's you can go back. It'll be better for your cough;" and then I waits, because I could n't never tell just what the feller would think next. He lay there, thinking and thinking, and then he says another funny thing.

"It'll be sunny down there now," he says, looking up at the ceiling; and then, "I'll go," he says, nodding to me.

A couple of weeks later he went, and somehow when he stood there in the door and put out his hand kind of quick, — the good one — his left hand — the first time I'd ever shaken hands with a nigger, — I did n't feel the curious feeling I'd had all along. He seemed like anybody. I remember it was the noon hour, and I stood on the steps and watched him go over the hill. "This nigger business beats me," thinks I; "it seems as if there ain't no answer." And I thinks and wonders, as I've wondered this many a time. "Was the trouble with us or with him? Ain't he civilized enough, or ain't we?"

And there was one thing more. It happened about a month or two ago, and sometimes I think it shows something or other.

Dave Pierson ain't the sort of feller that ever'll shine at anything. He ain't dishonest, and he'll never serve any time in jail, but he's been in my room these four years, and I know him pretty well. He's small, — that's what ails him; he's the kind of man that will tease a cat, and never treated or did anything for anybody. Somebody threw alum on his soul, I useter think.

Well, about a month ago the train from the Junction was pulling into the station, and a little kid stepped off onto the tracks. Yells and screams was cheap and plenty, but one feller gives a jump and just skins out in front of the engine with the kid in his arms. It was Dave Pierson.

There were n't much to it, but Dave stood on the platform, shivering in his legs a bit and dazed in the eyes, and the people crowded round, and somebody says, "How'd you make up your mind to do it so quick?" And Dave looks kind of stupid and solemn, and what do you think he says? He says, "I guess it was Jones, — Jones, the nigger."

CRIMINAL LAW REFORM

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

Down in the Cherokee nation they tell a story. The Cherokee nation is in the division of territory which is known to the Federal authorities as the Western District of Arkansas and which includes the Indian Territory. It is a fairly lawless country with a good many bad Indians and outlaws in it. It takes a man to be a law officer there, a brave man, a strong man, and one "quick on the trigger," for it is a dangerous job. Back in the early nineties, a deputy marshal and an Indian were sent in the name of the law after an escaped convict, and they went out into the bad lands after him. About nightfall they came to a house, where they stopped and went to bed. At midnight two men galloped up to the house. One was a convicted murderer and fugitive from justice, but not the man whom the marshal was after, and the other was a "bad man" named Brown. They shouted until this marshal and his comrade came out, shot them both deliberately in cold blood, killed them, and rode away. The convict was killed later, resisting arrest. Brown, the other man, was caught and brought to trial for murder. My story relates a conversation about this murder trial which is said to have taken place in a law office in the Territory, between another deputy Marshal—a friend of the murdered man—and a Cherokee Strip lawyer. The talk took place shortly after the Supreme Court of the United States had for the third time reversed Brown's conviction for murder.

"Jake," said the marshal, "why does n't the court down in Washington let us hang Brown?" "There was an error in the judge's charge," said the lawyer. "Did n't we prove Brown murdered Tommy Whitehead?" demanded the marshal. "Yes," said the lawyer, "they

said on the first appeal years ago that the evidence was strong." "Did they say it was n't cold-blooded murder, premeditation, and all that?" "No," said the lawyer, "they did n't make any point about that." "Then why have they robbed the gallows of that man three times running?" "Well," said the lawyer, "as I told you before, they found there was error in the judge's charge. You would n't understand it. It was reversed on the law, not on the facts. The judge made an error in trying the case." The marshal was silent for a few minutes. "Jake," he said finally, "that error you say I would n't understand was n't the first error in Brown's case. I reckon I understand it now. The first error in Brown's case was partly mine. When Brown was gathered in six years ago, there was some talk about lynching him. I let on that they could n't do it; that we would stand by the law; and that if they tried lynching, we would shoot to kill. That was the first error in Brown's case. I don't know what kind of law they need in Washington. Down here in the Indian Territory they need the kind that has blood and bones to it,—and the next time I won't stand in its way."

This is not a paper on lynch law. But as the existence and increase of the lynching evil affords one of the clearest, if not the greatest, arguments for the reform of our criminal law, this story is repeated here. It is given because it illustrates clearly the two essential conditions by virtue of which lynch law has become the great peculiar American disgrace.

A lynching in its ordinary aspect is not an individual but a community crime. It has two factors. The brutal animal passion for quick revenge, the lust for blood, found among many men in whom im-

pulse is stronger than reason, is the sensational, the obvious, but not the more essential factor. The men controlled by these lawless passions and instincts are comparatively few in number, negligible in influence. The bottom factor in the community spirit by which lynch-law is made possible is not the brutal passion of this riotous minority, — it is the attitude of the majority of the community, toward the law. They will not hold the rope or fire the faggot, but like this old marshal of the bad lands, they have lost faith in the criminal law, — they will not stand by it and protect it, — they will not fight for it.

Social wrongs are corrected, not by exposing their results, but by searching for and removing their causes. We have preached against lynch law for a decade, but it increases. The wisest of American statesmen and public men are to-day recognizing the fact that this preaching law and order will not make it, that there is no stopping this fever in our blood until respect and love for law has taken the place of apathy. Law, to be respected, must be made respectable. To get for it the active support of moral men and women, to make them willing to fight to protect its dignity from outrage, it must have vitality, — must, as the old deputy marshal said, have "blood and bones."

It is because the importance of vitalizing our criminal law is being recognized as one of the pressing reforms which the country needs, that men like President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft are preaching it and urging it on.

We are none of us desirous of destroying the humane and ancient safeguards which in our country are the just protections of the innocent. But, as a Southern jurist has aptly said, "We have long since passed the period when it is possible to punish an innocent man. We are now struggling with the problem whether it is any longer possible to punish the guilty." Law which lacks grip and vitality, which is slow and uncertain, full of technical avenues of escape for the guilty, cannot

be respected, for it is not respectable. The support of law-abiding citizens cannot be had for the law of courts which reverse convictions of criminals found guilty on clear and indisputable evidence, for reasons which revolt the rudimentary sense of justice, — which grant new trials to convicted murderers, solely because the trial judge was absent for three minutes from the bench during the trial; because the words "on his oath" were omitted from a paper which accused a murderer of crime; because the man who summoned the jury panel to try the murderer had not been sworn in; because on the trial of a murderer the trial judge had failed to put his instructions in writing; because on the trial in which was convicted a murderer, guilty beyond peradventure, among the seventeen propositions of law with which the trial judge had charged the jury, one too abstruse for their comprehension had been incorrect; because, among the thousand questions asked in a long, hard-fought trial, "error" had crept into two; — which reverse on a quibble the conviction of a murderer who had almost been lynched at the time of his arrest, although "the evidence as a whole warranted conviction;" which reverse the conviction for grand larceny of a notorious thief caught with his booty in his possession, because the proof failed to show whether the money stolen was in cash or bills. All these decisions are taken from the highest courts of states notoriously disgraced by the lynching evil. Further multiplication of illustrations of the same kind might readily be made, but would add nothing but cumulative evidence of conditions crying for change.

In many of these states a criminal trial means two things. It means not only the sifting of the evidence of guilt or innocence of an accused person, — it means also a rigid schoolboy's examination of the trial judge on the law. If the accused be found guilty on sufficient evidence, but the judge has not passed a perfect examination, there must be a new trial.

The counsel for the accused prepares, after long deliberation before the trial, propositions of law, voluminous, intricate, carefully studied, which have some theoretic or, possibly, some practical application to the case to be tried. When the trial comes, and after the evidence of the witnesses has all been taken and the judge has given his charge to the jury, the lawyer brings out these "propositions" and unfolds them. He says, "I request the court further to instruct the jury as follows." He reads his first proposition. The judge must then decide at once, with little opportunity for deliberation, on the correctness and applicability of this law proposition. He must either add it to his charge to the jury, or refuse to do so. If he refuses, the prisoner's lawyer says, "I except," and proceeds to his next proposition, and then on through the list. In case his client is found guilty, these propositions which were refused are argued as "errors" on appeal. On the appeal in the higher court, the testimony taken and the proceedings of the trial are printed, and those alleged "errors" argued before judges having the same abundant leisure and opportunity for reflection upon these propositions which the lawyer enjoyed who prepared them, but which the judge who passed on them at the trial did not have. The Appellate Court, examining solemnly each of these propositions (and there are sometimes fifteen or twenty of them in a single case), finds one which should have been charged. It may have been one which, as a matter of fact, the jury would never have understood. But that makes no difference. The guilt of the convicted man may be clear, but he gets a new trial. He keeps on getting a new trial until the lower court judge can pass a perfect examination on every material proposition of law put before him on the trial, and has correctly decided every squabble between the opposing lawyers over any matter of imaginable substance. Then, the law being satisfied, justice can be done. As the mass of technical rulings and decisions

of the higher courts increases, the more difficult it becomes for the lower court judge, who must follow them as precedents, to know them all, to pass his perfect examination, and avoid these legal pitfalls which mean the delay of public justice by interminable new trials.

There is little comfort to be found, moreover, in the fact that the vast majority of criminal cases are disposed of without such appeals. For every technical decision which sacrifices or disregards the substantial rights of a law-abiding community, and permits the escape or reprieve of some convicted rascal, makes a precedent which affords like comfort to every other rascal who can bring his case within its protection.

In many of these states in which the criminal is more important than the community, the position which the law compels the trial judge to occupy is almost pitiful. He seems shorn of all positive authority, of all power to direct and control the machinery of justice. He is more like an umpire or referee in the game, — a passive figure whose sole function is to enforce or apply rules; only there are more rules in the law-game, and the legal umpire's decision, if wrong, is not final, but means that a new game must be played.

Just why, in a country in which the vast majority of judges are elected by popular vote, there should be expressed in law such a superstitious terror lest a judge should give any expression of his own personality, is puzzling in the extreme. In many states, and particularly in those in which a firm and vigorous administration of justice is of urgent importance, the judge who presides at a criminal trial is not permitted by law to be a judge in any real or vital sense. He must not comment on the evidence, he must not review the facts and set them in coherent order before the jury, he must not sift the testimony and separate the material from the immaterial, he must, above all things, refrain from expressing in any wise a personal opinion on any-

thing, from the start of the trial to its close. He must deal out abstract rules of law, and leave the jury to their own devices, with such blind guidance in endeavoring to apply that law to the facts. If he sees them swayed by misleading eloquence, he must not set them in the path of reason for justice's sake. He is a pilot who must not touch the wheel. The vigorous, commanding figure of the English judge is by law excluded from the great majority of our criminal courts. For example, the summary of facts in the charge which Justice Bigham gave a few years ago to an English jury in the sensational case of Whittaker Wright, the swindling promoter, would have meant an inevitable reversal and new trial for "error" in any lynch law state in this country.

The critics whom conditions of this kind have aroused are not solely among the laity. The demand for reform comes from an increasing number of law experts, who see in the criminal law itself the great wrong reason for the growth of American lawlessness. "Respect for the constitution is one thing, and respect for substantial fairness of procedure is commendable; but the exaltation of technicalities merely because they are raised on behalf of an accused person is a different and very reprehensible thing. There seems to be a constant neglect of the pitiful cause of the injured victim and the solid claims of law and order. All the sentiment is thrown to weight the scales for the criminal, — that is, not for the mere accused who may be assumed innocent, but for the man who upon the record plainly appears to be the villain the jury have pronounced him to be."

This balancing the scales for the criminal, which Professor Wigmore deplors in the caustic sentences just quoted, is also appreciated by the criminal classes. A negro arrested for a murder in the Indian Territory told his captor very coolly that "there was a man shot in Oswego, and nothing was done about it." This quotation is from the record of the United States Supreme Court, to which this ne-

gro's case had to be appealed three times before his conviction was affirmed, showing that the murderer's confidence in the law was at least partially justified.

The jurist who dissented from each of the reversals of this negro's conviction for murder, who protested vainly against the reversals of the conviction of the Cherokee Strip murderer, by which that murderer finally escaped the gallows, believes in the abolition of the right of appeal in criminal cases. This is the English system. But when Judge Brewer announced this as his remedy for the intolerable condition of our criminal law some years ago, it found little favor. It did not impress our people as the American remedy for what is an American disease. The right of appeal is an integral part of the American ideal of justice. We look askance at the English system, under which the innocent Becker was twice convicted and punished for two separate crimes, neither of which he committed. We hesitate to adopt in America a system under which such injustice is possible. The right of appeal has legitimate uses. Without that right, Caleb Powers in Kentucky would have been hanged four years ago.

Our criminal law is essentially American, and not English. We must not tear the fabric in removing the spots. We must not in despair seize a desperate remedy.

With all its defects American criminal law represents in its spirit, as does perhaps no other branch of our law, the great, original American ideal of individual liberty, — the rights of the individual as against the state, — on which our government is founded. When our forefathers first began American government, they adopted the English common law covering civil cases, but they did not adopt to the same extent English criminal law. When we declared our independence and began the work of founding a government of our own, England was living under a criminal law in which the state was everything and the individual nothing, and under which the

liberty of the press was a theory and a name. It was a system under which one hundred and sixty crimes were punishable by death; under which a man on trial for his life on any charge except treason could not have counsel to address the jury in his behalf, could not testify for himself, or have his witnesses sworn, could not subpoena witnesses for his defense; under which the jury could be punished if they brought in a false verdict against the crown, but not if that verdict was against the miserable prisoner in the dock. We refused to adopt the barbarous and bloody legal shambles of that criminal law. We reacted against it. We established a system by which the individual was surrounded by mighty bulwarks of legal protection against any possibility of wrong or oppression from the state. We created a criminal law the most humane in the world; but it had and has the defect, of its virtues. Instead of a system which over-protected the state, we erected one which overprotects the individual.

While we did not adopt the barbarous penal statutes of the old country, we did adopt a mass of technical rules of law which were invented by humane English judges to avoid the necessity of imposing barbarous punishments. We had not adopted the barbarous punishments, and we should not have adopted the humane technicalities which those punishments alone excused or justified. The present trouble in our criminal law lies not only in what we have created, but largely in what we have thus adopted. The humanity which, by those technicalities, made justice in spite of law a century ago in England, makes law in spite of justice in America to-day. The vermiform appendix of old English law must be cut away.

There are two reasons why criminal law reform is a pressing problem to-day. One is the repression by that reform of lynch law. The other is not less important. We need that reform because the social condition of our day imperatively demands a substantial increase in the

scope and power of the criminal law, a system strong enough to meet the new and increasing requirements of our civilization for corrective and repressive criminal law.

A system too complicated to deal out certain justice to common offenders, ignorant and brutal, poor in purse and influence, can never adequately deal with our new class of big business criminals, with the men who get rich by fraud, the corporation inflaters and wreckers, the faithless trustees and grafting directors, the exploiters of municipalities, the magnates who give bribes and the bosses who take them, the trust operators who sin against honesty in business, who break the law against monopolies, who give and take forbidden rebates. How can predatory wealth, powerful, influential, often intrenched in office, be punished by a system which creaks, groans, and often breaks down, in bringing a border ruffian to justice?

President Roosevelt is not alone in his disgust at his inability to get at what he aptly described on his recent Southern trip as his "own particular scoundrels," the thieves in federal officialdom. His experience is not an unusual one. It represents the rule rather than the exception. The frightful disclosures of the corruption of the Police Department in New York made by the Lexow investigation are not yet forgotten, nor the almost complete absence of convictions obtained from the criminal courts of those whose blackmail operations filled hundreds of the sickening pages of that committee's testimony. The more recent experience of Mr. Folk is worth noting. He convicted the St. Louis boodlers, Faulkner, Lehman, Schneller, and big "Ed" Butler, the boss of St. Louis, for bribery, and one of them for perjury. These cases made a sensation all over the country. A great city was being cleaned. The big boodlers were being brought to justice, — civic righteousness was triumphing, the newspapers told us from one end of the land to the other.

Does the country know that all these convictions were subsequently reversed? Does it know that the decision that reversed the conviction of Butler himself ordered his discharge from the custody of the law on so narrow a construction of the statute against bribery on which he was convicted that, if it is followed, bribery is as safe in St. Louis as directing an insurance company in New York?

Space will not permit a discussion of those cases separately. One brief citation must suffice to indicate the spirit in which the highest court of Missouri met its responsibility when men guilty of the highest crimes against the very existence of the state were brought to its bar.

This is from Faulkner's case:—

"This record contains so much uncontradicted evidence of venality that it is little wonder that decent people of all classes are appalled at its extent. The sole consideration of this court has been to determine whether the defendant was convicted *in compliance with the laws of the state*. If guilty the defendant should be punished, but it is the high and solemn duty of this court, from which it shall not shrink, to require and exact that, *however guilty he may be*, he shall be punished only after having been accorded every right and guarantee which the organic law of the state secures to him."

The court then reverses the conviction for bribery of a man clearly found guilty on a record "reeking with venality," for two minor errors in the rules of evidence, and a quibble about a "variance" between the indictment and an instruction!

As I write, the afternoon paper at my elbow contains a notice of the third indictment of Senator Burton of Kansas. The public will remember the charges made against him two years ago as a part of the post-office scandal. He was tried and convicted in 1903 for taking a so-called retainer of \$500 a month while senator, for using his influence with the Post-Office Department in favor of a concern called the "Rialto Grain and Securities Company," which feared that

the Post-Office Department would issue a fraud order against it. Burton's conviction was reversed on appeal because of a "variance" between the indictment and the proof as to where he got this money. The indictment said he got it in Washington, and the proof showed that he got it in St. Louis. After this reversal, a new indictment was found against him in St. Louis in March, 1905. Thereupon Burton's lawyer successfully raised technical objections against it, and it was "quashed." The Grand Jury has now been hastily called together, and a new indictment found, and the newspaper says that if this latest indictment is found defective, Burton will escape trial altogether, as, through the lapse of time, the statute of limitations will prevent a new indictment being found against him.

It is this spirit in the courts which makes for lawlessness among the people, gives confidence to the criminal, encouraging him to continue in his career.

In most American states, the person accused of crime has thrown around him by law not only extraordinary protections against injustice, but also opportunities of escape more numerous than exist in any other jurisprudence in the world. Consider a few of them. When the accused person is arrested, he is brought before a magistrate, who examines his accusers and hears their evidence to see whether there are reasonable grounds for believing that a crime has been committed, and by him. If the magistrate thinks that this evidence is insufficient to warrant such a belief, the prisoner goes free. If he thinks it sufficient, the case goes to a grand jury. There again the witnesses are heard, their testimony scrutinized and weighed. If the grand jury finds the evidence insufficient, it refuses to indict, and the prisoner goes free. If it indicts him, the district attorney or prosecuting official next scrutinizes and studies this evidence of the crime charged. If he thinks it is not sufficient to secure a conviction, he recommends that the indictment be dismissed,

and the prisoner goes free. If he thinks it sufficient, and the indictment is brought to trial, the lawyer for the accused may induce the court, after hearing the evidence, to dismiss the charge, and the prisoner goes free. If the judge does not dismiss the indictment, or direct the jury to acquit the prisoner, the jury deliberates on the evidence, and if it finds for the accused, he goes free. If it finds against him, the prisoner has one and sometimes two or three successive appeals which he may take to a higher court.

At what a disadvantage does organized society struggle for justice to obtain the punishment of the guilty! In every criminal law suit, on one side is a living, visible, concrete personality, — the man or woman accused of crime. On the other is nothing but an invisible abstraction, — the ideal of justice. It has no voice; if wronged or outraged, it has no appeal, for under the American system the state, the people, cannot appeal from the verdict of acquittal, and with that verdict the prisoner must go free. When a jury, led away by the eloquence of a gifted lawyer, or by mawkish sentiment, brings in a verdict which acquits a criminal of a clearly proven crime, the ideal of justice, wronged by that verdict, suffers. But how few are those who see and feel that wrong, in comparison with those who daily plead for unmerited freedom for wrong-doers who have sinned against the law! Against what odds — what great difficulties overcome — does organized society in our country to-day win its triumphs in our criminal courts! As we study its struggles for vindication by law, the ideal of justice which punishes wrong, which protects by that punishment the rights of the innocent, seems at times not only an abstraction, but a friendless abstraction. When the laws of trade prove themselves weak or inefficient, the commercial world, directly touched and interested, demands and obtains their correction. Its associations plead for statutory amendments to correct and strengthen the commercial

code. But among the hundreds of associations organized wholly or in part for the enactment of more efficient laws, where is the association whose special purpose is to make society stronger to punish the guilty, to vindicate the majesty of justice by criminal law?

It is because such associations do not exist, because this great question of criminal law reform has no active organization behind it and depends for its success on the occasional efforts of associations of lawyers, that a public discussion of the necessity of that reform is needed. It may be said that this subject is a dull one, and that the problems which this reform presents are expert questions for the jurist, the bar associations, and through them the legislatures. To a certain point this is, of course, true, but there is need that these bodies of experts and the legislatures should feel upon them the pressure of an enlightened popular demand, or this reform so much needed will be slow. It is not a matter for experts alone to observe that of all the great civilized countries of the world, America is the one in which crime increases, while it diminishes in the others. It is not for the law experts alone to note that four times as many murders were committed in our country last year as were committed here twenty years ago, and that other felonies tend to increase in like proportion.

The subject which this essay has considered is in this sense a great public question, on which an enlightened, earnest, widespread public sentiment cannot too soon be aroused. When that public opinion has been so aroused, and its just demand has been felt, then, and not till then, will be done the work of restoring strength to our criminal law, — of giving it certainty and speed to equal its justice, — then, and not till then, will we be cleansed of the shame of lynch law, and become once more a law-abiding people, under a law which protects the innocent and punishes the guilty.

PAN IS NOT DEAD

BY TORQUIL MACDONALD

PAN is not dead. When Phœbus takes his way
Towards Capricorn, by darkening vale and hill,
And by the streams he loves, his flute is still;
Lone are the glades where nymphs danced yesterday;
And but to grace child's tale or lover's lay
Is Arcady. Yet even as you fill
The air with lamentation, breaks the rill
Its icy fetters; lambs begin to play;
And beautiful things, piercing the tender green,
Arise from death and darkness. Then among
The wakening woods ethereal shapes are seen;
Faint footfalls heard, earth's ruder sounds between;
And once again Pan's pipe hath found a tongue,
Joyous and sweet as when the world was young.

A PLEA FOR THE ENCLOSED GARDEN

BY SUSAN S. WAINWRIGHT

THERE are two ways of getting outdoor privacy at home. If your house is placed on a hillside, you may build a retaining wall, and so provide yourself with a terrace which lifts you above the surrounding country, and which, if well planted, affords charming vistas, breezes, sunlight, and shade, and a privacy that only the skies can give; but such roofless outdoor rooms will be few, compared with those obtained by building a wall or planting a hedge on the level ground.

I suppose there are quite as many persons occupying houses to-day who want to add gardens, as there are of those about to build who can place their houses with a view to the garden; and such places, often very dear to the occupants, may be so treated as to include something very delightful for an outdoor room.

The mere mention of a wall disturbs

the equilibrium of many Americans; one or two actual walls have stimulated the pen to action, and fears of the "revival of feudalism" have appeared to warn us that such treatment of our grounds would place us in a most precarious condition; but there is the hedge, and if the difference between mineral and vegetable matter will produce such a calamity as "feudalism," let us by all means keep to the vegetable, and have the hedge. If your hedge is properly planted, with the trees not more than one foot apart, your boundary will, in time, be almost as protecting as a wall. The evergreen is preferable, for then you may have a winter garden. Nothing can exceed in beauty the deep green hemlock in spring; there appears, almost before you are aware what beauty nature holds in store for you, a dainty pale green spring gown for your hemlock;

during many weeks that tender green waves in the spring breezes, and you are amazed that your hedge alone, your mere fence, as it were, can have such wondrous beauty. When the first soft snows fall, and often throughout the winter, you rejoice in another beauty, — the snow-laden boughs. Before we enter an enclosed garden, there is a word to be said about landscape gardening.

Many a person, when speaking to you of the new home-garden work, asks: "What shall we call it? Landscape gardening?" It is not landscape gardening. The development of the enclosed garden at the rear of the house, or the terraced garden at the doorsteps, is quite different from landscape gardening. Since the word "formal" is so often accepted as meaning stiff, it seems to me that neither "formal" nor "landscape" need be used.

An English architect tells us: "The word garden itself means an enclosed space, a garth or yard, surrounded by walls, as opposed to unenclosed fields and woods. The formal garden, with its insistence on strong bounding lines, is, strictly speaking, the only garden possible; and it was not until the decay of architecture, which began in the middle of the eighteenth century, that any other method of dealing with a garden was entertained." Therefore, as soon as you enclose your garden, lay out your paths, and arrange your grounds systematically, you have the beginnings of a formal garden, small and simple though it may be. The word "formal" simply implies method, or the harmony that is attained by having the house and grounds attuned.

I suppose that some of the rapidly increasing popularity of the formal garden is due to the fact that it lends itself kindly to the development of small places, whereas greater space is required for landscape treatment. There was a time in England when the formal garden became absurdly artificial, which state was as abhorrent to true garden-lovers as it would be to-day, and which brought forth Bacon's criticism: "As for Knots or Fig-

ures, with Divers Coloured earths, that may lie under the window of the House, on that side which the Garden stands, they be but toys, you may see as good sights many times in Tarts." Then landscape gardening became popular, heralded by the pen of certain writers who saw it in fancy rather than in reality. Many of the best old gardens of England fell under the iconoclastic axe of the landscape gardener. Long, straight avenues were destroyed, for they claimed that nature abhorred a straight line. Splendid old walls were overthrown, and boundaries torn down. England woke sad and sore from the abuse of the landscape men of those days. Until then art had guided nature to create a beauty consistent with the object that she should adorn. John Sedding, an English architect, writes: "Certain it is that along with the girdle of high hedge or wall has gone that air of inviting mystery and homely reserve that our forefathers loved, and which is to me one of the pleasantest traits of an old English Garden."

When, in this country, we found time to plant anything besides corn and potatoes, we usually followed the type of gardening then prevailing in England, although we have a few enclosed gardens in different parts of our country, and long, delightful avenues of ancient trees, due to the influence of the traditions of old England. So, for many decades, we have lived either under the sway of landscape gardeners, who have given us beautiful parks and have skillfully treated the rolling landscape of many of our American homes, or we have been dominated by the horticulturist; yet in all these years neither of them has satisfied the great yearning for a garden, which has at last burst forth in various parts of the country. The desire for a garden is too old, even though comparatively new in our country, to be called a "fad." The sincerity of those struggling with our garden problems, and building their outdoor nests, is too apparent for this delicious need to become a transient hobby.

In the country it is possible to have a garden without wall or hedge, but in the town, where there are neighbors and passers-by, the wall is a necessity, if you would enjoy your garden. On your unenclosed land you would be as much surprised to see the public plucking your flowers, lying on your grass, swinging in your hammocks, and enjoying what is strictly yours, as you would be if it had leaped the wall; therefore, the share you give the public is an imaginary one, for it is simply expected to look at your possession from a proper distance. You can leave a part of your grounds open to the public gaze, and there indulge in a lawn, and such flowers as will give education and pleasure. Some of the loveliest homes in England are quite as open at the front as ours.

An outdoor room "filled with flowers, with rich colors, dulcet perfumes, and songs of birds," where you may feel the safety of the enclosing wall or hedge, within which at night you may delight in the skies, as in the day you have rejoiced in your bit of earth, grass, and flowers, seems to me a happy possession.

At every hand we hear: "I have a very small piece of ground, hardly large enough to make a garden, but I should like to improve it, for now it serves only as a clothes-yard." That piece of ground often contains more feet of precious earth than the house covers, the floor of which is divided into several rooms. Possibly the loss of the clothes-yard, if it has to be sacrificed to the small garden, may provoke the ingenuity of the Yankee to provide something to take the place of "wash-day;" however, it is quite possible, often, to provide a small enclosure for the clothes apart from the garden. In the beautiful Penshurst Garden, the most important modern garden in England, there is a small square, bounded by a hedge, for the clothes, and, unless you look through the doorway of the hedge, you never see that part of the family privacy. I recall a certain country town, — and of such there are thousands, — where the washer-

woman's home is on the very roadway; when we drive abroad we see ourselves hanging from her lines, sometimes unhappily inverted, and gusts of playful wind steal round the house corners, leap into the lingerie, and present enlarged and distorted proportions that we resent.

If you want a garden to live in and enjoy, and not to show to the world as a rare exotic, the first thing to do is to enclose your space. Set the boundaries as you would the outer walls of your house; then the divisions, if such are possible, and all the rest that is to make you happy in an outdoor retreat will come, increasing in beauty, and becoming, from year to year, more personal and intimate, as your house does. No one can tell you just what chair you want here, what desk there, what shade of tapestry, what kind of a rug; that is usually for the homebuilder to decide, always governing himself by the amount he has to spend, and the establishment he is able to maintain. The garden should be quite as personal an affair as the house. As there are most interesting shops, where all kinds of house furnishings are found, so there are seed and plant catalogues, giving everything that will grow in America, with color, time of blooming, height, and a list of plants as well as seeds that have been tested before they are put on the market. There is little need of importing, except for personal pleasure. If you leave your town house for the summer, there are all the early flowers and shrubs, and again a delightful list of fall flowers, and that little town garden gives a bit of beauty and color that, once we have owned, we find it hard to live without. It is the personal attention to the development of the garden that gives it a place in the heart of the owner. It is a pity that a garden ever has to be perfectly new. A new garden seems to me like a young baby; only the most extraordinarily generous can attribute beauty to another's new baby; but there is a wonderful fascination in its promise, and it requires little imagination to see the delightful possession, either baby or

garden, in its full-fledged beauty, captivating us by its charms.

The Italian, French, Japanese gardens, and the old Pleasure Gardens of England, have been copied in our land; but for a practical garden there is something better than all these,—although to our country, with its varying scenery, any type of garden can be adapted,—and that is the small home garden, which with its abundance of flowers is a part of every English home to-day; for, after all, what better can a small garden do, when placed in happy conformity to its house, than produce an abundance of flowers? These gardens we may study, adopt, and live in; the English type is sufficiently elastic to fit all needs.

By all means, let us have the most beautiful gardens that our pocket-books can build and maintain. There is a restraint and refinement of taste in the old Italian garden that seldom appears in the gardens of our country that bear the name; but then, the old masters died a good many hundred years ago. Whether that is sufficient reason for the heavy hand that is too often evident with such legacies as the old masters have left us is a question; which recalls Bacon again, for, you remember, he said, “Men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection.” Such a type, even were it well copied, could never be our national type; it is too expensive, and at any price has not the quality of home. It is England’s small garden that makes her nationally beautiful.

Although we have an abundance of health, wealth, and happiness, and a great increase of art treasures housed by beautiful architecture, splendid great parks, and a country abounding in the most glorious natural beauty, yet throughout immense areas where man has made his home we are abominably ugly. In our present state of civilization there is nothing uglier than the unsightly and unadorned houses in the crowded regions of our factory towns,—even the savage

cliff-dwellers’ home was not an excrescence on the face of the earth,—yet there is no town but could and should be rich in its quiet beauty. Who has not closed his eyes to shut out the frightful squalor along the railroads? I know a little town, and it is not in Utopia, where all the houses are so arranged that not one stands back to the railroad. I am aware that an American must perform a mental somersault to adjust his point of view to such conditions. In England even the factory town has its garden. Whatever improvements may exist in such a town, the garden is the crowning glory; for the architect may build well, the engineer may work under the influence of the gods, the plumber may lay aside precedent and work for a possible halo,—yet if the garden is not in the town there are heights yet to be attained. In such a garden, as in many a one of greater pretention, utility and beauty go hand in hand, for not only are there fruits and vegetables, but again and again the story of the year is written in the flower borders that bound the garden walks. The tall hollyhocks and delphiniums stand back to make room for the many beautiful flowers that adorn these delectable old-fashioned borders where the sweet perennials delight the passers-by. Here you find the snowdrop, the crocuses, the daffodils, the blue monkshood, the foxglove, the evening primrose, the best of all the roses. In looking over the catalogues, with a view to our spring and fall planting, we may be sure that the most expensive is by no means the most beautiful or the most desirable plant. The enormous masses of rhododendrons, that are provided at great cost, are often most unsatisfactory, and frequently the colors are not harmonious. Of course we need not banish them, but there are a few other things! The parks, city and town public squares and gardens, are off the road I have chosen, unless by way of them we reach the home gardens, which seems quite possible. Our home gardens would increase much more rapidly if the public planting consisted oftener of the

delightful perennials, and even annuals, that make the private garden a long summer delight, so making the breathing-spaces not only a pleasure to the eye, but an education.

There is a joyous time ahead of us. We have passed through our Dark Ages, and now throughout the country there is a wondrous awakening to the value and necessity of outdoor art; and as the Italians copied their gardens from the ancients, so, while we are developing our national type, we must turn to those who have gardened before we were born, and use results they have attained for our models, always bearing in mind that it is the smaller garden that gives the most intimate pleasure, just as the small house, filled with the warmth of home, gives us a thrill of comfort that the great, roomy palace never can.

We have an abundant indigenous flora, a long list of hardy exotics; we have taste, cultivation, leisure, and we love the beautiful; why should we not have as charming a garden as ever graced any country? Either a terraced garden on the hillside, or an enclosed garden on the level ground; for the garden, that it may give us its best, and that it may serve as it has in other lands during a long and honorable past, must be private, so providing us with a delicious outdoor room

VOL. 97 - NO. 4

at home, teeming with the delights of outdoor life.

Think for a moment what the garden means, — the delight, the refreshment of it. The leaven of true garden love is such that we rejoice with the poet who says: —

"I wish the sun should shine,
On all men's fruits and flowers as well as
mine."

Even before the Sun lifts his smiling face to greet our drowsy mother Earth, we yield to the charm of the garden, and in fancy follow the happy proprietor as he takes his brisk morning walk among the flowers and vegetables of his little garden; we exult with him as he catches his first morning glimpse of the rose unfolding her dewy petals, of the pale green of the tender-leaved lettuce or the greener parsley; with him we toss a smile to the radiant hollyhock, or bend in gratitude over the ripening strawberry; we share with him the pungent red radish, fresh from the cool earth; we carry off to the factory a charming handful of sweet peas and sturdy carnations to gladden the long summer day within the factory walls. When the day's work is done, every man and maid, every mother and child, may smile in the face of the sweet evening primrose as she vies in color with the long yellow twilight.

THE TESTIMONY OF BIOLOGY TO RELIGION

BY C. W. SALEEBY

THE doctrine called materialism, current thirty years ago, was the product of imperfect science, and it has been the duty of a science less imperfect to crack the clay feet of that unpleasing image. Similarly, it was held by many, not long ago, that science had finally disposed of the validity of religion, which must henceforth be styled superstition; but the advance of science has entailed grave criticism of this view, and is gradually substituting for it another view still in need of exact formulation. In making the attempt to contribute to this desirable end, it is obviously necessary for a professed student of science to begin by recognizing the rational demand that he define his terms.

Now it may easily be demonstrated, as by reference to the breasts of any sub-human mammal, that morality is older than what we commonly understand by religion; and as easily, by reference to not a few brutal and immoral religions, that morality is not a necessary ingredient of all religions. A perfect definition of religion is very difficult to obtain, and, at a recent meeting of the Sociological Society of Great Britain, the collected opinions of many distinguished British and Continental thinkers showed much agreement in the view that such a definition cannot be framed. Nevertheless, it is unquestioned that morality does enter into all the higher religions, without exception, — a fact upon which we must later ponder, — whilst it is agreed by nearly all scientific students of religion that this great fact in the history of man is not essentially an assertion of any dogmas whatever, but is rather a psychic tone or quality, — in other words, a state of emotion.

Now the occurrence in this connection of these two words, morality and emo-

tion, suggests one of the most famous of all the many definitions of religion. In his remarkable book, *Literature and Dogma*, Matthew Arnold coined two memorable phrases. He spoke of the "power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," and he defined religion as "morality touched by emotion." Certainly all the higher religions, all those that have helped to make human history, answer in some measure to this latter definition. At least, they issue in a system of "morality touched by emotion." In considering the manner in which the cardinal truths of biological science, as revealed by Darwin and Spencer, bear upon the function and destiny of religion, I propose to accept this definition of Matthew Arnold. Bearing it in mind, let us endeavor to consider the outstanding facts of the history of life upon our planet.

The writer of the first chapter of Genesis perceived a cardinal truth when he put into the mouth of his God the command, "Be fruitful and multiply." The more we contemplate life as a whole, seeking to discover its main tendency, the more certain does it appear that the chief concern of life is to multiply and magnify itself. I would insist upon the distinction between these two verbs. Many writers have noted the fact that life tends ever toward multiplication. In gratifying its consistent tendency to increase and endure, life has tried innumerable experiments, — the biologist calls them variations, — has ruthlessly cast aside its failures or fed them upon its successes, careless of everything but their *survival-value*. But the mere multiplication of life, were that the completest means of achieving the greatest amount of life, would have led toward the production of bacteria and lice, and the like, alone. Every effort — so

to speak — would have been concentrated upon the production of species of bacteria and lice yet more fertile than their predecessors. But this kind of experiment, as we may say, on the part of life, did not actually satisfy its end. As Spencer put it, life must increase not merely in length, but also in breadth. It must be magnified, as I have said, as well as multiplied. The command in Genesis does not express the whole fact. To it must be added the words of Tennyson, “‘Tis life whereof our nerves are scant, *more life and fuller* that we want.” Life must be not only multiplied, but also magnified, if Nature is to attain her supreme want, which is indeed ever “more life and fuller.” “To prepare us for complete living” (not *long* living), says Spencer, “is the function which education has to discharge.” Hence, Nature has ever been seeking for living forms in which not only would life last longer, but into which more life could be crowded, even though its mere multiplication might be less rapid.

In fact, as has been said by my friend, Mr. Curtis Brown, to whom I owe the utmost help in the preparation of this essay, Nature seems, at some point of evolution, to have come to a parting of the ways over this question of quality or quantity. She could make progress toward her end by two routes, — the development of species whose individuals would display a full but relatively less prolific life, or of species which would multiply with extreme rapidity, though their individuals, *in consequence*, would each display a smaller amount of life. This thought of my friend is abundantly verified by Herbert Spencer’s great discovery of the “law of multiplication,” which asserts that there is an “antagonism between individuation and genesis,” so that, as life ascends in quality or fullness, the rate of reproduction falls. This is a truth of the first importance, and serves to show how Nature has tended ever toward the sacrifice of mere numerical quantity, if thereby she might gain fullness and higher quality of life.

We have been speaking largely in metaphor, regarding Nature as a person with conscious designs. Let us now translate our statements into rigidly scientific language, such as the biologist would approve. The chief tendency of living matter is a tendency to live. That sounds like a truism, but it is a leading truth. Every race and every individual seeks to *live* or to survive; every new organism, microbe or man, inherits the necessity to “struggle for life,” as Darwin said, or “struggle for existence,” as Wallace said; “there is no discharge in that war.” The individual survives and reproduces itself *if it can*; there are no other terms. It must be master of its environment, lifeless and living. The wind and the dust and the lightning care nothing for it. Its fellows are fighting, each for its own hand: there is only a finite quantity of food; and the little fishes are a most nutritious diet for the big. Each must fight for himself, and the devil or death will assuredly take the hindmost. Up to a certain point in the history of living matter these statements are true and adequate. Hence we observe that, of any physical, mental, or moral character possessed by any organism, — of any limb or eye or emotion or creed or claw, — there is but one final criterion from which is no appeal: *has it survival-value?* If it has not survival-value, it and its possessor must go. If it has survival-value, it and its possessor will survive thereby, and will survive in exact proportion to the measure of that value. Life has one consistent purpose, which is to have life and have it more abundantly. Never does it swerve from this purpose. In the last resort every character of every living organism, past, present, or to come, is judged and dealt with according as it does or does not serve this supreme and exclusive end, — according as it does or does not possess survival-value.

Nature has no prejudices, so to say. Her purpose being abundance of life, she will accept whatever means serve that purpose. If there be evolved a new muscle

which makes for speed, and thereby for skill in escaping enemies, or in gaining food, — Nature welcomes that muscle. It has survival-value, and so it may endure. The creature in which this variation has arisen is more likely than its neighbors to live and to reproduce itself, transmitting the new muscle to its progeny. Or if there be evolved some measure of intelligence, some power of discrimination or memory, Nature will sanction this variation as she sanctions anything that makes for survival and for abundance of life. Unquestionably the human intellect has been evolved "by and for converse with phenomena," and has survived because it enables its possessor to appreciate and control and predict the course of phenomena, — in other words, because it has *survival-value*. Obviously its value will be greater in proportion as its beliefs approximate more and more nearly to the truth. "Magna est Veritas, et prevalebit," said the Roman; and where is the servant of truth who does not hold this noble creed? But why will truth always prevail at the last? Why but because *it is the true belief that has the greatest survival-value*? Truth must ever prevail at last, because it is the true belief that aids and extends and magnifies the life of the believer. Whatever has survival-value "will prevail" in proportion to its value, and thus the ultimate victory of Truth is a necessary inference from the first law of living Nature. If nowadays she shows signs of preferring truth or intellectual development to muscle or physical development, this is simply and solely because she finds intellect to be more precious than muscle in relation to her supreme end.

If these things be admitted, we are now prepared to return to our subject, which some readers may perhaps accuse me of having forgotten. We have accepted, for our present purpose, at any rate, Matthew Arnold's definition of religion as "morality touched by emotion." Let us now consider morality and emotion in the light of our doctrine that abundance of life is

the first object of living Nature, and that survival-value, or *value for life*, is the sole and final criterion of every character and appanage of life.

It is but a few decades since dogmatic theology found itself confronted by the theory of organic evolution. There became necessary what Nietzsche would call a "transvaluation." Everything had to be reconsidered and rejudged. Dogmatic theology claimed morality as a creation of its own, having no sanction save in divine revelation. Hence it was inevitable that, during the reconstruction or reinterpretation of dogma, some should hold that morality was merely a superstition. Nietzsche, indeed, declared that the law of natural selection ran counter to morality and the law of love, and that, if man was to advance, he must leave this childish weakness behind him. Others said that morality — as its name historically implies — is merely a matter of custom, and that it has, and has had, and can have, no sanction but convention, — the poorest and least sanctified of all sanctions that I, for one, can conceive. The evolutionary psychology rapidly transformed the science of mind, and showed that what was called the "intuitionist theory of ethics" is utterly untenable. The whole character of man is the product of ages of evolution, and he has an intuition of duty no more than he has an intuition of the existence of Deity. There thus remained only one theory of morality, which we call the "utilitarian ethics." It asserts that the sanction and origin and object of morality are to be found in its utility, — that very utility which Nietzsche, seeing but one half of the truth, sought to deny. Now what is meant by utility? *What, indeed, but survival-value, value for life?* Every system of morality, except the pessimistic system of Buddhism, which declares that life is a curse, has accepted, implicitly, at least, the principle that life is worth living, or may be made worth living. We must accept this view, else, as I have said elsewhere, murder is a virtue, and Napoleon, the incomparable

murderer of eight millions of lives, is the supreme saint of history. Morality, then, has its sanction in the services which it renders to life, — to the multiplication, preservation, and amplification of life. In the study of this dictum let us observe the main facts of the origin, history, and progress of morality, as these have been revealed by the author of the theory of universal evolution.

If we consider morality from the lowest standpoint of mere physical utility, without any reference to its spiritual value, to the nobility it evokes, to the supreme achievements of love or heroism, we may see that the evolution and persistence of morality is explicable by some such theory as the survival of the fittest. All the conditions of the environment, despite the more obvious and plausible advantages of pure selfishness, have favored the survival of this most fit and noble thing. To put it on the lowest ground, morality *pays*, — “honesty is the best policy,” — because union is strength, and without morality there can be no union. This principle may be illustrated even in a somewhat paradoxical way; for the burglar is more likely to succeed, and will prefer to work, with a fellow whom he can trust, showing the value of a moral element even in the conduct of an immoral enterprise. When rogues *fall out*, honest men come by their own.

As we trace upwards the history of life, at every succeeding stage we find the scope and the “mere utilitarian” importance of self-sacrifice increasing, — in the worker bee, in the vertebrate kingdom, with ever-increasing emphasis, until we arrive at man, not one solitary example of whom has ever lived for seven days without the indispensable aid of morality. Thus I not merely deny that morality is a product of man, but assert that *man is the highest product of morality*. In consideration of the facts of infancy, who will dispute this proposition, *No morals, no man?* In the breasts of the mammalian mother, which serve no purpose of her own, and, indeed, are the common site

of cancer which kills her in tens of thousands, we see the development of organs which are outward and visible signs of Nature’s demand for morality. Natural selection, as Nietzsche chose not to see, *actually selects morality*.

In other words, Nature is still consistent in her demand for fullness of life. What has survival-value, that she selects. If muscles were of higher survival-value than morality, Nature would select them. But morality, implying the strength which is in union, has supreme survival-value, and so Nature is ever more and more giving it her favor. There is a “power, not ourselves,” said Matthew Arnold, “that makes for righteousness,” — that is to say, for morality. But this power is, indeed, none other than an expression of the life-force of Nature. Fullness of life is her demand, and since righteousness makes for fullness of life, Nature’s demand for life is the explanation of the power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness. The struggle for life is sanctioned by Nature, but so also is what Drummond called the “struggle for the life of others,” since thereby her supreme purpose is served. Morality has taken origin, and has increased, because it has survival-value.

Morality *touched by emotion* is the definition of religion that we have accepted for our present purpose; and we must consider this emotion which is thus related to morality. The living unit which has merely the inherent desire to struggle for itself will not lend help to others unless there be established the possibility of some immediate reward. In the last analysis, every action has its egoistic side, — even the most heroic and suicidal act of self-sacrifice is determined by a motive which suffices for the noble soul. In order that we may not fail to eat, there has been evolved the sensation of pleasure which accompanies that act; and it is so with morality. The reward of morality is the emotion that arises from self-denial for the sake of others. If self-denial engendered a painful emotion, there

would be no self-sacrifice. Nature, indeed, went further, — to continue the use of a convenient metaphor, she evolved penalties for the failure to alter the inherited tendency to struggle for self alone, and to gratify every selfish instinct without thought of others.

The combination of morality and emotion is thus sanctioned by Nature: it has survival-value, value for life and its amplification; and since it serves Nature's supreme end supremely well, she has set upon it the mark of her supreme approval. What, then, of religion and religions? They have intellectual, emotional, and moral elements. Each and all of these will endure exactly in so far as it possesses survival-value. The intellectual elements, the dogmas of the various religions, will survive or disappear according to the principles laid down when we were discussing the evolution of the intellect and the inherent necessity that Truth — having the greater survival-value — must prevail. The emotional and moral elements must follow the same law. I have said that there are and have been brutal and immoral religions. Once possessed, as might easily be shown, of some poor survival-value as means of discipline and social integration and stability, they have yielded, and will continue to yield, to those higher religions whose survival-value is greater because they inculcate a truer morality. Indeed, we are now possessed, it seems to me, of a criterion of all religions. They are all products, or characters, or appanages, of living creatures, living men. Like every other character of every living thing, Nature judges them according to their worth for her supreme purpose, — fullness of life. Many she has already judged, — those entailing human sacrifice, whether upon a bloody altar, or in the form of a meaningless asceticism, are already decadent. They run directly counter to her supreme purpose, and she will have none of them. In consonance with our view is the recent study of religion by a young English anthropologist, — Mr. Ernest

Crawley, a distinguished pupil of Dr. J. G. Frazer of Cambridge, author of the *Golden Bough*. He argues that the common element, both in primitive religions and in the higher religions, is the working of the primary instinct of human nature, the vital feeling, or what has sometimes been called the *will to life*. He thinks that the distinctive psychic state called religious is a product of this instinct, and that it induces, perhaps as its most essential character, an attitude of seriousness toward the great facts of existence. He believes that religion is a permanent growth from human nature, consecrating life and the living of life, and helping us to live. In the light of what we have been saying concerning survival-value, it is plain, then, that religion is sanctioned by Nature.

Finally, we should now be able, I think, to forecast the future of religion. In time to come, as to-day and in the past, Nature will continue to demand of every product of life, such as religion, that it possess survival-value. The religion of the future will be that religion the dogmatic assertions of which are true (being therefore dogmas of science as well as of religion), and the morality inculcated by which is such as best serves Nature's unswerving desire, — fullness of life. It is evident, for instance, that Buddhism cannot be the religion of the future, since it preaches the worthlessness of life, and thus is possessed of very low survival-value. It is evident, also, that the religion of the future, following the general tendency of religion to-day, will concern itself more and more with this present, sublunary, indisputable life of ours, and ever less with what lies beyond the human ken. It is evident that selfish asceticism, seeking the eternal salvation of its own petty soul, will not enter into the religion of the future. It has scarcely any survival-value, and Nature will have none of it. But I need not multiply examples. If the principle I have advanced be sound, we are now free to study all the religions of the past and present, and to predict the

characters of the religion of the future, by the help of the two unfailing guides, — Nature's consistent desire for fullness and ever greater fullness of life; and her

consequent demand of every character of living things, and every product of their minds, that it possess survival-value, which is none other than value for life.

WHEN THE RACE WAS TO THE SWIFT

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

THE war scare was first heard of in the summer of 1913. Then everybody talked about it and nobody seriously believed in it. Even the market, after one acute attack of the ague, regained its normal steadiness. People had talked before and Washington had safely tided the matter over. All through the hot months the corridors of the State, War, and Navy Building hummed with unusual business; in September the perspiring clerks shared the general optimism. The State would hold in leash war dogs and sea lions. Diplomacy would win. Nevertheless, all due precautions were taken. While the Secretary of State smiled urbanely and wrote notes, he of the War Department quietly strengthened the coast defenses, and he of the Navy ordered rush work on the new battleships. In the event of war, the navy would bear the brunt, declared newspaper oracles. Those editors who had formerly preached from the text, *Economy and a Small Navy*, now congratulated the country on its possession of a magnificent body of up-to-date fighters. They even went so far as to point out the advisability of sounding the Italian government in regard to a possible sale of its four new submarines.

Early in December the battleship *Virginia* was launched; the old *Virginia* had met with a disabling accident three years before. By that time the entire East was confident of peace. Only California, persuading itself that it might wake any morning to find a hostile fleet dropping anchor off the Golden Gate, still cla-

mored for more adequate protection. The Navy Department tacitly acknowledged that in case of war the first blow would in all likelihood be struck from the Far East; it ordered the strengthening of the Pacific fleet. Four of the newest battleships in the Atlantic Squadron coaled for the long trip around Cape Horn. The *Virginia* received orders to follow as soon as she could be made ready to put to sea. Later, Admiral Dowling himself left Washington by rail for San Francisco to take command of the enlarged fleet. Before starting he announced that the *Virginia* would be his flagship.

All the while work was being rushed on the Panama Canal. Already that gigantic enterprise had cost more than the entire appropriation and it was not yet half done. Already the "creeping Johnny" had tucked Americans and half-breeds alike into thousands of narrow beds, and medical science had not yet found its conqueror. Hitherto it had been thought advisable to slacken work from May to December, but this year the rainy season saw no rest for engineer or workman. "War," chorused the editors at home, "may become inevitable in the course of a few years, but if it can be staved off until the Isthmian Canal is completed, that, in its turn, will have wide influence in still further removing the event of conflict. A nation will hesitate long to make war on the United States when her eastern and her western coastlines are more closely connected than by Cape Horn."

So the work at the front went on, and the deadly miasma, that in the wet season rises like a white ghost from turned earth on the Isthmus, found no gaps in the ranks of the toilers. Americans, engineers, clerks, draughtsmen, common diggers, crowded to fill vacant places. The mail of the Canal Commission grew heavy with applications for positions. Into the feeling of men generally there had entered an element of patriotism. It had come to be esteemed as honorable to hold an appointment for work on the Isthmian Canal as to have one's name on the roll of a regiment in war time. It was an enterprise as hazardous. And the young man leaving his home for Panama was sent off with much the same adulation and honor that is wont to attend the soldier going to the front. As in the case of the soldier, the odds were against his coming back; but, like the soldier, he would have done his country service.

In the midst of this apotheosis of labor, in the thick of these ante-bellum preparations, Professor Ithuriel Pennypacker, Ph. D., S. D., made ready his kit, and himself engaged passage for Panama. Not that he was urged on by the motives that swelled out the chests of younger men.

"If we had spent half the energy that has already been sunk in this canal project," said the professor, inadvertently grasping his own instead of the hand held out to him, "in studying how to harness the forces of Nature, to the end that she should do our work for us, all this waste might have been prevented."

"But, sir," cried the embryo geologist earnestly, "we are not equal to that yet. And think, when it is done, this, the greatest engineering feat of the world, greater than" —

"Too small, too small," interrupted the professor. "In ten years it will be found to be too small. And then what will it amount to?"

"It will have prevented war, or at least greatly diminished its chances," glibly recited the neophyte.

A gleam lightened the density of Professor Pennypacker's usual abstraction.

"War, young man," he said solemnly, "war will be at our doors before ever that canal is dug through."

"Then why go now, professor?"

"I see no reason," returned Professor Pennypacker calmly, "why wars or rumors of wars should interfere with my researches into the tertiary fossils of the Isthmus of Panama. The scientist who allows ephemeral considerations to hinder his pursuit of eternal truth, whether that truth open her books to him in limestone rock or in colorless vapor, is unworthy of his calling."

But before he reached the scene of his intended labors, Professor Pennypacker found himself called upon to begin researches in a more lively field than tertiary fossils offer. Miss Helen Bowles, for reasons neither patriotic nor scientific, announced her intention of taking the trip to Panama.

"I have made up my mind," said that young woman, forestalling an expostulatory chorus of relatives. "Of course, you may say all you like and I'll be polite about it. I'll listen. But I'll advise you not to waste your breath. If you argued till Doomsday, it would n't make any difference with my plans. Jim is not well, I'm sure. I'll confess I'm worried about him. And when one's only brother is in Panama, and does n't write very frankly about his health, and one is worried, why, the only thing to do is to go down there and see for one's self. Besides, the rainy season is over now, so there's no danger."

After much vain remonstrance, the relatives subsided. They always did. Miss Bowles declared they reminded her of the ancient Hebrews, so devoted were they to a regularly recurring formula of action.

"It runs like this," said the girl wickedly: "surprise; expostulation; weakening; acquiescence; lamentation."

Discovering the date of Professor Pennypacker's sailing, the relatives, singly and in couples, took him aside and tear-

fully or cheerfully, according to their temperaments, commended their niece to his patriarchal protection.

"Just keep an eye on her, Pennypacker, will you?" said Uncle Ezra. "If anything goes wrong, cable me."

"Oh, dear Professor Pennypacker," murmured Aunts Ellen and Ella, in duet, "it is such a consolation to know that poor, dear, brave child will have some one to depend on in case anything should happen; and so much might very easily happen, you know."

"I was saying to Ellen just now," went on Miss Ella, "how much it will relieve all our minds to know you are with her" —

"Indeed, indeed," supplied Miss Ellen, "to know she is not absolutely alone, — getting into that horrible mosquito-fever country, among the boa-constrictors, — I'm sure they have boa-constrictors there, Ella, — and all the other horrid beasts."

And the ladies' volubility ran on and on, until Professor Pennypacker, whose acquaintance with the gender feminine was limited to observations of a certain species of monkey upon which he had written a monograph years before when he came home from Central Africa, and to the dissertations of Virgil and Horace, dumbly wondered whether his selection of this particular winter for his long-planned visit to the Isthmian region were not ill-timed.

But when he found himself on board the *Aspinwall*, steaming southward with a cargo of machinery in the hold and the single exception to the masculinity of the passenger list under his protection, he gave to the subject all the careful scientific scrutiny which he expected in the near future to bestow upon fossils of the tertiary period. Miss Helen Bowles was certainly no fossil of the tertiary or any other period. She was a very wide-awake and much-alive young woman. The professor had always been a little afraid of young things; but this girl was young in a whole-souled way that did not frighten even an absent-minded old scientist. And she was pretty, in a

bewitching fashion that claimed more of that old gentleman's attention in a day than he was wont to devote to the whole human race in a month. It did not take the professor long to reach a general conclusion in regard to her character, — a conclusion which he never afterward saw reason to modify. One could not predict in regard to an action of Miss Bowles with the least degree of that certainty with which one could speak of the qualities of fossils. Any hypothesis built upon previous observations was likely to prove erroneous. To the professor's surprise, he found himself enjoying this element of unexpectedness. The kindly timidity with which he had at first approached this new subject melted to a less wary consideration. Professor Pennypacker was sometimes observed to smile at the adroit way in which Miss Bowles disposed of superfluous young men about her steamer chair.

On her part, Miss Helen Bowles did not share the professor's view of his attitude toward her. Instead, she looked upon herself as a human manifestation of his guardian angel. When he was about to salt his tea, she deftly substituted the sugar bowl. When he made as though to turn into the first door he came to, she gently enticed him to his own stateroom. When he looked vaguely dissatisfied in regard to his toilette, she delicately hinted that generally one wore a tie. It was entirely due to her efforts that, when the *Aspinwall*, on the fifth day out of New York, steamed up to the wharves at Colon, Professor Pennypacker stood on deck, his hat on, his tie straight, his umbrella grasped in one hand, and a full instead of an empty suit case at his feet.

Jim was the first man on board, Jim, big-boned and pale, with a look of fever about him that made his sister heartily glad she had come. There was another abreast of Jim, a man who gave place to the brother at the last, and the warmth of whose greeting from Miss Bowles earned for him the concentrated glares of the men on the steamer. Only Professor

Pennypacker regarded with mild benevolence this curly-haired youth with the cheerful cast of countenance.

"Why, Dick Dole," cried Miss Bowles, "I did n't expect to see you so soon!"

"Did n't you?" returned the young man. "I'm surprised. I'd credited you with more penetration."

The professor, too, was surprised. He knew himself to have the reputation of being, except in the case of fossils, no very observant man; yet even he, now that the subject was presented to him, considered it eminently natural that this civil engineer should have appeared on the deck of the *Aspinwall*. Given Miss Bowles and the engineer, what else could be expected? And Miss Bowles was a bright girl, an exceptionally bright girl. The professor shook his puzzled head. It would appear that women have no reasoning power, he thought. Or were the subtleties of Miss Bowles's character indeed unsearchable? When the engineer suggested that he might find board with their party on the heights of Culebra, he accepted the invitation with alacrity. The region was rich in limestone. Undoubtedly it was filled with fossils dating from tertiary times.

So the two engineers, Miss Bowles, and Professor Pennypacker, as a reward of much patience with the eccentricities of the Panama Railroad, climbed upward toward Culebra, putting behind them swamps and cone-shaped hills, still lagoons and running streams, little settlements and scattered native huts, always up, up to the top of the divide. Once there, and settled in the American-built and American-run Culebra Inn, Miss Bowles set to work to cure her brother. Incidentally she did mischief among the forces in the employ of the Canal Commission. And the professor lost no time in making the acquaintance of his beloved fossils.

It was not many weeks later that a finely dignified young officer registered at the Culebra Inn, and, turning away from the office, ran directly into the

engineer named Dick and Miss Helen Bowles.

"Why, Ned Lee!" cried the girl; "where did you come from?" She held out a cordial hand.

"Straight from the Virginia, Miss Helen," with a side glance at the engineer. "She's on her way around the Horn, you know; put in here at our new coaling-station. When I got your letter saying you reckoned you'd be down, I laid my plans right quick for a furlough. And the fates were kind."

"They generally are, to you, are n't they?" asked Miss Bowles. "I think you have never met Mr. Dole." The young men greeted each other with painful politeness. "Mr. Lee, Dick, is a junior lieutenant on the Virginia." The engineer glowed pleasantly at the sound of his name. The officer looked black. He wished he had not tried to impress the other man by saying "Miss Helen." Miss Bowles had ways of revenging herself — and others. "So the Virginia is coaling here. How fine for us! I suppose you are just spoiling for a fight. Sit down and tell me all about yourself. You will be back to dinner, of course, Mr. Dole."

The engineer perforce took himself off.

"Don't bite, Ned," said Miss Bowles gravely. "There, now you two are even. Let's go back to the status quo."

"I suppose you see a lot of that fellow down here."

"Of Dick Dole? Oh, yes, he's Jim's chum, you know. Older than Jim, but that's all the better for Jim. Now tell me about the Virginia."

When the professor and Jim came to dinner, they found the atmosphere in a state of ignored tension. Miss Bowles, fresh and cool, sat between the officer and the engineer, and attempted to carry off the situation by means of impartial smiles and a distracting dimple. The two men leaned toward her, each manœuvring to get the bigger share of her ammunition directed toward himself. The perfect courtesy of their manners did not extend

to the expression of their eyes. After dinner Jim, with brotherly forethought, went off "to work," as he said; the professor hid himself among the shadows on the veranda, and Miss Bowles suggested a walk. It was a little futile ramble, distinguished only by the lieutenant's vain attempts to lose the engineer.

"I feel as though I were walking on the crater of a volcano," thought the girl. "When will it go off, I wonder?"

Coming back to the seemingly deserted veranda, the engineer suddenly grasped the horns of the situation. And for a moment Miss Bowles, who had always advocated frankness with a warm championship, felt that there were things to be said in favor of more devious ways.

"Mr. Lee," said Dick Dole, "this looks to me like a good time for a little straight talk."

"So?" drawled the officer.

"We've never happened to run into each other before," the engineer went on, "but I fancy we both know pretty well that the other has seen a good deal of Miss Bowles, and — excuse me, Miss Bowles, but we might as well come out fair and square — that we both think a lot of her. We've glared at each other all the evening, until we've succeeded in putting a stop to most of her pleasure, I presume, as well as our own. I suggest that we come to some sort of an understanding on the matter."

"That's fair."

"Now I've proposed to Miss Bowles several times already."

"So have I!"

"Did she tell you she liked you very much, but was n't ready to marry you?"

"Oh, hush!" cried Miss Bowles.

"Yes. Did she say that to you, too?"

"Then we're pretty near even."

"I reckon we are."

The girl flushed very pink.

"Miss Bowles," said the engineer, "here we are. We've proposed to you singly, and now we do it together. Would you mind telling us which one you like the better?"

"To be very frank, Mr. Dole," said Miss Bowles, in her turn grasping the horns of the dilemma, "that is what I don't know."

"You can't make up your mind?"

"No, I can't. I like you both very much, but when it comes to trying to decide on which of you I'd prefer to marry, I just can't do it. First it's one of you, and then it's the other. I have tried honestly and very hard, and I'm ashamed of myself to think I don't know my own mind."

"Don't feel cut up about it," said the lieutenant gallantly. "It is n't your fault."

"We ought not to be so equally charming," murmured Dick Dole.

Miss Bowles began to pull to pieces a spray of jasmine blossoms. Mr. Lee looked at Miss Bowles. Mr. Dole stared at his boots. "The point is how to settle this thing," he muttered.

"We will have to leave that to Miss Bowles."

"Well, I'd like to help her. If we could think of some kind of a scheme — I have it! How'd you like to count out? Children do it, you know. 'Eny, meny, miny, mo.'"

"I don't think that would quite do," objected Miss Bowles.

"It would settle it, and we'll all feel better when it's settled. There's a toss-up," he hazarded. "Heads," — he nodded at the officer, — "tails, your humble servant."

The girl shook her head.

"I suppose you would n't care for regularly drawing lots? Then I don't see" — Miss Bowles rose decidedly.

"Let's sleep on it," she said.

When she came downstairs in the morning, she found the two men eagerly awaiting her. She smiled, and nodded an assured answer to the one question asked by the four eyes.

"Did you dream it out?"

"No, it popped into my head when I waked." The girl looked from one to the other of the clear-cut faces with pride and

satisfaction in her glance. "It seems the very fairest way I can think of. When the canal is done, and the war is over, — if there is a war, — I will marry" — she blushed — "whichever gets to me quickest."

Mr. Dole and Mr. Lee looked at each other.

"But," said Mr. Lee, "when a fellow is under orders, Miss Bowles" —

"Yes, I know. But, in a way, so is Mr. Dole. And after the war you can get a furlough, you know. Anyhow, it is the best I can do. And I rather think," she meditated, "there's some deep psychology in it. I have n't studied it out very carefully yet, but I'm going to. He wins, you see, who can overcome obstacles, bend fate to his will, if you please, — yes, there's a good deal in it. Pretty soon I shall wonder how I ever came to have such a bright idea."

"But, the deuce!" exploded the engineer. "Beg pardon, Miss Bowles, but I'm feeling strongly, — it's such a long time to wait! Why, it will be *years* before this canal is done."

The girl raised her eyes to the young man's face.

"Why, Mr. Dole, that is one beauty of the plan. I'm in no hurry to get married."

"I am," objected Mr. Dole.

Miss Bowles paid no attention. "Now," she announced, "you two must shake hands on this."

The officer held out a hand. "Looks like we'll qualify for a school in patience," he drawled.

The engineer directed a keenly critical glance at the navy's long legs. "What's your pace?" he asked. "A hundred yards in two and a quarter seconds? I'm going to aim at a mile a minute. It looks to me as though legs would count for most in this game."

So Professor Pennypacker found them, and to him, as to one of his own fossils, Miss Bowles confided the terms of agreement. Solemnly the professor shook hands with both the young men.

"You have," he said. "my best wishes equally. The ways of a woman appear to be, like the ways of science, long. But the end, sirs, in this case, at least, is worth waiting for. If I could help to shorten this — er — period, I would gladly do it, but that hardly seems possible. Now if we knew how to harness Nature" —

As the professor's voice trailed off into his favorite dissertation, Mr. Richard Dole slipped away.

"Do you know," said Miss Bowles meditatively to the engineer some hours later, "Ned Lee was awfully nice to the professor this morning. Why, they really got almost chummy, and the professor had a beautiful time telling him all about those volcanic theories of his. I never liked Ned Lee as much as when I saw how good he was to that dear, enthusiastic, absent-minded old dreamer."

After that, Mr. Richard Dole paid marked attention to Professor Pennypacker. His reward was not confined to the smiles of Miss Bowles. Many were the evening hours spent, when that young woman was not available, in listening to the old man's scientific discourses. One hobby the professor had, aside from his rightful field of geology. This was what he frequently referred to under the phrase, "harnessing Nature to do our work for us."

"It is, indeed, outside of my province," Professor Pennypacker would say, "and I have no right to speak authoritatively on the subject, but it is allowable to have theories. You will agree to that, Mr. Dole?"

"Certainly, certainly. By all means," Dick Dole would aver.

"I have discovered many things lately," the professor would continue, "in regard to the feminine persuasion. It may be cajoled, but never commanded, and even when started in a desired direction, it is likely to keep on too far for comfort. Eh, my boy?" Professor Pennypacker rubbed his hands together over his little joke. "Now I have always said in regard to this canal project that, if men only knew how

to manage her properly, Nature would do the work. All this Isthmian region" — the professor spread out his hands generously — "is volcanic in character, seemingly dead volcanoes everywhere. But perhaps they are not dead after all, only asleep. You know what that means. A power of hot vapor that is immeasurable. You fellows build your little boilers on the crust of the earth. I tell you, we are living on top of a gigantic boiler. If we knew how to connect it with the work we want done, it would mark a revolution in engineering. How to do it, that is the question. There was Krakatoa. The sea water, entering, cooled the surface of hot lava superimposed over this steam. Result, an unparalleled upheaval. Immense energy, incalculable power gone to waste. The same with Mont Pelée. Vesuvius is a great dynamo of wasted energy. My boy, if we humans knew enough to bend forces like those to our schemes, where would be a paltry Niagara or two? We would harness the volcanic earth-core till it lit our streets, ran our cars, throbbed in our mines, rattled in our factories. There is no limit to the enterprises we could carry on with a power like that. We would not be wasting years and men and millions on this canal, for instance. We would have run it through in sixty days." The professor had been gesticulating with one of his numerous pairs of eyeglasses. Now he threw out his hands with a free sweep.

"More likely to have run us through," muttered Dick Dole, as he bent to pick up the pieces.

"What's that? Yes, ah, yes. Nature is always unruly. *Semper femina*. But when we know enough to use such forces, we shall likewise know enough to control them. You understand it is outside my particular field of research, quite outside. I would not claim any authoritative voice on the subject. But you are a young man and an engineer. It is worth your while to look into the matter. Here is a great field for some young man, for undoubted-ly volcanic energy is the coming power."

"He is crazy, stark crazy," Mr. Dole confided to Miss Bowles. "Only mildly so, of course. He goes around chipping off rocks with his hammer and poking into fissures in the earth, — oh, I'm not such a foggy as to call those necessarily signs of insanity. But all the boys think he's a little touched. He may be sound enough when it comes to tertiary fossils, but he's got a mania now for finding water. Wanders around with one of those divining rods. Told me yesterday he thought he'd discovered an underground river; fancied its taking to the underworld might explain the disappearance of the connection that for centuries everybody supposed existed here between the oceans. And he talks the veriest tommy-rot about 'the power of the future,' everything run by the 'volcanic earth-core,' as he calls it. As if in fifty years, — or in five hundred, for that matter, — anybody'd be able to have volcanoes on tap, and turn out an isthmian canal, or any little thing like that, 'while you wait!'"

"The professor may be a little queer," said Miss Bowles, "but, queer or not, he is a dear old soul."

It was not long after expressing this opinion that Miss Bowles made ready for departure from Panama. This move was not entirely of her own volition. The war scare was increasing. Her ministrations and the dry season had together secured again to Jim his birthright of sound health, and there was really no cogent reason to urge against the ever-multiplying demands that she go home. For a month her mail had been weighted with commanding and beseeching epistles from uncles, aunts, and cousins pointing out the advantages of the United States in war time. An extravagant letter-telegram came from an officer in the Pacific Squadron, begging Miss Bowles to take to the United States while she could. Even Mr. Richard Dole heroically assured her that he agreed with the aunts, that there was no place like home, and Jim took matters into his own hands and engaged one

first-class passage from Colon to New York on the steamer Atrato, sailing in three days.

Professor Pennypacker accompanied her no farther than Colon. After all, his heart was back in tertiary times. "Tell them, my dear child," — he beamed a benevolent good-by, — "that I took excellent care of you. It *was* excellent, was it not?" he asked anxiously.

And the girl carried away a picture of the old professor standing on the wharf between the two engineers, and, as the narrow ribbon of water widened out, vigorously shaking a fragment of limestone he had taken from his pocket under the mistaken notion that it was his handkerchief.

So it came about that Miss Bowles found herself on a New York pier when word of the enemy's great *coup d'état* startled her ears, and it was in the midst of a group of nervous metropolitans that her eyes first fell on the eight-inch headlines, "*War Declared. Atlantic Coast Threatened. New York May Be First Point of Attack.*"

Everybody was talking at once, and everybody was undeniably frightened.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," gasped one of the aunts, "to think that I should live to be shelled out of my home by a pack of foreign invaders!"

"Their fleet is really on the way, you know," chattered a voluble cousin, with a frightened glance over her shoulder out to sea. "And across the Atlantic, when everybody thought of *course* the first blow would be struck on the Pacific. They've massed their best fighters in a *perfectly invincible* fleet, sneaked off their newest ships from their Eastern Squadron, and got them nearly through the Suez Canal before anybody found out about it. And now they're coming to prey on our coast, and of course they'll have everything their own way. There's nothing strong enough to oppose them over here. And to think of that splendid fleet just wasted on the Pacific!"

"Admiral Dowling and five of his

strongest battleships are ordered to make a race for this side," put in an uncle.

"Just like the Oregon, you know, fifteen years ago. But they'll be too late. Think of the distance they have to come!"

"They will get here just in time to find us all murdered and pillaged," wailed an aunt. "But I shall never live to be killed: I shall die of fright first. Think of New York in smoke, my dear! Oh, it is by the veriest miracle you reached here safely, Helen. I'm expecting any minute to see their ships in the harbor."

"The forts will have something to say about that, auntie; and there is the fleet."

"Oh, but, Helen, there are so many unprotected places, and nobody knows just where they will strike. To be sure, the government thinks they will aim for Cuba and the southern coast, and the Atlantic Squadron is strung out around Key West; but what does the government know about it? I am sure that New York will be the first place to be attacked. I always come straight to New York myself; why should n't those foreigners? The Atlantic Squadron ought to be up here this minute, protecting us."

That, Miss Bowles soon discovered from the papers, was the opinion of every port, big and little, on the Atlantic coast. And because the fleet, even if strung out, could not possibly stretch from Maine to Mexico, panic was in the air. All along the seaboard, houses were being deserted. The cities were busy sending portable valuables inland; banks hastily transferred bonds and money to vaults hundreds of miles from the coastline; private families gathered plate, papers, jewels, and deposited them with concerns in Worcester, Cincinnati, Chicago. Railroad lines, freight and passenger traffic, were threatened with congestion. And morning, noon, and night, and far into the night, the hot newspaper presses poured extras into the hands of an already fear-stricken nation of readers. All eyes turned hopelessly to the race of Admiral Dowling and his captains. The battleships detached from the Pacific Squadron and

summoned around Cape Horn were the five finest ships of the new navy. Each had a speed of twenty-three knots an hour. The papers, harking back to the Spanish War, printed half-page views of the old Oregon, and recalled the details of her famous dash for the eastern coast.

"If only the Panama Canal were done!" men groaned.

It was the 10th of March, and the enemy's fleet was passing Port Said, when the Secretary of the Navy telegraphed Admiral Dowling to proceed at once with the Virginia, the Dakota, the Washington, the New Mexico, and the Arizona, to join the Atlantic Squadron. On the 12th word came from the admiral that he was leaving San Francisco. Two days later the enemy steamed past Gibraltar, and war was declared. Immediately traffic began to die out on the Atlantic seaboard; shipping fled the coast; steamship lines announced their temporary discontinuance. West Indian waters were cut only by long, gray-painted hulls.

One day, two days, three; the Virginia touched at Acapulco, and the Isthmian Steamship Company docked its vessels. Another day; all communication with Panama, even wireless, suddenly ceased. Two days, three, four, five days; still no news from the Isthmus. People who were wont to look for signs spoke of an unusual brilliance in the glory of sunrise and of sunset. A fine dust fell in various parts of the country. Six days; strange smokestacks swam into view of a lookout scouting off Porto Rico, and disappeared. Seven days; Admiral Dowling was due at Valparaiso. Eight; the country was in a ferment, the strange smokestacks developed low-lying gray hulls, and the Virginia and her sister ships were yet unheard from. Nine; maledictions fell on Admiral Dowling's head, reduction in grade and reprimand threatened him from high places. The fleet was two days late out of Valparaiso.

That afternoon the despatch boat Columbia put into Havana with a message for Washington. When she left the

Atlantic Squadron it was steaming out to engage the enemy. In the early morning of the next day the Great American Reading Public tumbled out of its bed to devour, with staring eyes and uncomprehending brain, a cable that in heavily leaded type blackened the whole front of the city extras.

HAVANA, CUBA, March 25.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, Washington.

Joined the Atlantic Squadron at 12 M. Engaged the enemy at 2.30. By 6.00 enemy's entire fleet captured or destroyed. Losses on our side, destroyer Wasp missing, battleships Arizona and Iowa damaged. No heavy casualties.

DOWLING.

The Atlantic seaboard drew a long breath. In a second censure changed to praise, abuse to glorification. The country was saved. The names of the admiral, of his captains, of his ships, were on all tongues, together with a question: "*How* did he get there?" As hours passed, and no further message came from the victorious admiral, the wonder grew. The whole country was nonplussed. Surmise rang the changes on absurdity. Where the fact itself seemed incredible, no explanation could be too foolish to be sane.

In the midst of this riot of groundless speculation there fell another thunderbolt in the shape of a wireless message to the head of the Isthmian Canal Commission. It came from Chiriqui Bay, and was sent by one Richard Dole. So strange was its import that the distinguished commissioner at once put himself into communication with Mr. Dole. A lengthy wireless conversation ensued.

The engineer informed the commissioner that something in the nature of a mighty earthquake-eruption had taken place on the Isthmus nine days before, March 17. The configuration of the canal zone had apparently been radically changed, and, so far as could be judged, the work of the commission had been obliterated. The fact of the eruption's

occurring at night, when the major part of the men were not at work, Mr. Dole said, might account for the safety of some of them, though the uprush of hot steam from the centre of the earth, which was the salient feature of the eruption, would warrant little hope of finding many survivors. He and his companions owed their escape to the fact that they had gone on a hunting expedition back into the hills; yet even there the effects of the eruption had been felt with great force.

Turning in about eleven, the men were awakened several hours afterward by rumbling noises followed by several distinct earthquake shocks. About twenty minutes later, without warning, came a mighty explosion. Rushing out of the shack, Mr. Dole and his friends saw what looked like a great wall of steam and dust shoot into the air from the direction of the canal zone. It rose, as they watched it, straight up for perhaps four thousand feet, and then began gradually to spread out in a pine-tree shape, obscuring the stars. The men turned and made for the side of the hill against which their shack was built, thinking to climb to the top and get a wider view. Hardly had they gained a sheltering stony spur, before, prefaced by several sharp detonations, another mighty explosion occurred. The shock flung the young men against the rock.

When Mr. Dole came to his senses, it was still dark, and a warm rain was falling. As he sat up, and his eyes grew more accustomed to the lack of actual light, — a dim twilight, rather than pitch blackness, — he saw that over everything, — the bodies of his friends, himself, hands, face, clothes, — lay a soft mud. He drew out his watch, and found it still ticking. The hands registered half an hour after twelve. This was a twilight, not of morning, nor of evening, but of middle day.

After the whole party had regained its feet, preparations were made to set out at once for the coast. First Mr. Dole made an ascent of the hill, but in the semi-darkness he could see little. To the east new elevations seemed to waver mistily,

and stretched before his eyes was a strange phenomenon. The slopes of the hill in all directions but the one from which he had come were completely stripped of their green forests, and stretched bare and brown, covered with a thin mud coating denuded stems of trees that lay in serried rows with their heads pointing away from the canal zone. Mr. Dole reported this peculiar condition as extending to the coast. Where tangled forests had waved tropical barriers to travel, the way now lay over hill and through valley floored with prostrate tree trunks, arranged neatly, head to head, trunk to trunk, with only a few naked stems left standing, "bare as telegraph poles beside a country road," said the engineer. It was as though a mighty tornado had swept out from the canal zone, stripping and flattening the forests, leaving only here and there in some sheltered place an oasis of green.

The difficulties of the way and the scarcity of food had greatly retarded the party's passage to the coast. Only after days of hazard had they succeeded in reaching Chiriqui Bay. Mr. Dole volunteered to secure supplies, and at once to return to the scene of the disaster and discover the extent and nature of the eruption.

The newspaper account ended with the names of the men in the escaped party. The third on the list was that of James Redding Bowles.

The records of the navy office covering those few days make interesting reading. But if one must pick and choose, after Admiral Dowling's first despatch there are just two that the student of things new and strange cannot afford to miss.

The one reads: —

WASHINGTON, *March 26.*

DOWLING, Atlantic Squadron.

My heartiest congratulations to you and to the officers and men of your fleet. The country applauds your action. How did you get there?

Secretary of the Navy.

And the other:—

HAVANA, CUBA, March 26.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, Washington.

Accept thanks for your message. Found strait through Isthmus from ocean to ocean: apparently opened by eruption. Explored by second-lieutenant Edmund F. Lee in cutter and found navigable for battleships. Passage accomplished safely.

DOWLING.

On the publication of these despatches the country gasped and rubbed bewildered eyes. It was not accustomed to such opportune miracles; it did not know how to receive an Americanized twentieth-century version of the *Arabian Nights*. Immediately it demanded particulars, and eventually it got them. The *Times*, in securing the first authentic interview with the admiral and with Mr. Lee, recorded the biggest "beat" of a decade. Reduced to simple facts the story even now reads like a fairy tale.

Steaming southward at full speed from Acapulco, bent on making Valparaiso a day early if possible, the Virginia and her companion ships entered, while still off the Mexican coast, under a great cloudlike canopy of dust drifting at a height of some thousand feet above the ocean. The usual brightness of midday dimmed to a dull ecliptic light. At the same time peculiar atmospheric disturbances were observed. As the ships passed further south, heavy storms retarded their speed. Keeping strictly to the course, as the officers supposed, what was their amazement to find themselves one morning steaming along a bare and desolated coast. Knowing that something was radically wrong, the admiral at once ordered the engines reversed and an exploring party sent ashore. Returning, the party reported the country to be barren of vegetation, naked forests lying cut like swaths of grain, everything covered with a coating of volcanic dust, and the whole land bearing every mark of a recent and peculiar eruption. If the ships had been veering to the east

instead of keeping to their course, they should now be in the vicinity of the Isthmus, but this country bore no resemblance to Panama. The officer further reported no sign of life, but a broad inlet apparently penetrating the interior, — whether an estuary of the sea or the mouth of a river he was not prepared to state without further investigation.

Here Mr. Lee, who, according to the admiral's account, had, at the first mention of this curious inlet, listened with even closer attention, requested a word with his chief.

"Supposing this to be indeed Panama," said the young officer, "the body of water noted may be some sort of continuation of the partially completed Panama Canal, or, at least, it may lead to some connection with the further ocean. I volunteer, sir, to conduct an exploration into it."

So imbued was the young man with a belief in the navigability of this waterway, and of its coextension with the Isthmus, and with such semblance of probability did he quote the theories of a certain famous scientist, to the effect that just such a result might follow just such an eruption as this appeared to have been, that the admiral against his saner judgment gave Mr. Lee permission to take a cutter with a picked crew and investigate as he desired. The officer was absent twenty hours. On his return he reported the inlet to be a natural canal, thirty miles long and at points half a mile wide, navigable throughout for the largest battleships, having a depth greater than he was able to ascertain by soundings. As far as Mr. Lee could judge, this canal partly followed the direction planned by the commission for its water route, but it cut across the Isthmus in a straighter line and entered the ocean at a point outside the zone controlled by the United States. All traces of the artificial canal had vanished, together with all traces of the cities and settlements that had marked its course. At its further end, which observations located as west of

its Pacific entrance, the canal merged in a great sea. This had been indubitably defined as the Caribbean. The peculiarity of the strait's orientation, concluded the lieutenant, was in perfect agreement with the plans of the canal commission, since at this point the curve of the Isthmus throws the Pacific Ocean to the east of the Atlantic. The admiral then called a council of his captains, to whom Mr. Lee repeated his observations. After serious consideration it was agreed to attempt the passage of this natural canal. The success of the essay had enabled the flag-ship and her attendant battleships to reach Cuban waters in time to change the odds of battle and to secure to the American fleet an overwhelming victory.

As for the ship's peculiar position off the Isthmus, Mr. Lee's explanation has come to be generally accepted. He argued that the peculiar electric currents in the atmosphere, which induced the storms encountered far out at sea, also affected the compass, deflecting the needle from the pole in such a manner as to throw the ships out of their course to the eastward; an error impossible to discover while the dust clouds obscured the sun.

The ink was scarcely dry in the accounts of *how* all this had happened before the public was clamoring to know *why* it had happened. "What was the cause of this strange eruption?" demanded the newspapers, and each called to its aid in answering the question learned men and casual travelers, publicists and story-writers, engineers and correspondents. Scientists journeyed to Panama to study the conditions and try to read the barren face of the canal zone. Men and women with active imaginations went there, too. And the scientists came home and propounded scientific theories, and the people with imaginations came home and let loose their fancies. And none of them ever came near the root of the matter.

Professor Pennypacker's name was never mentioned in these connections.

It was never set up in huge type in newspaper headlines. Richard Dole's was, and so was Lieutenant Lee's. Certain deeply scientific journals printed paragraphs commenting on the work of Ithuriel Pennypacker, Ph.D., S. D., and on his loss to the cause of tertiary fossils.

But Richard Dole wrote to Miss Helen Bowles, "I fancy if we could get a word with the old professor now we'd find out a thing or two. Of course, you know I don't run on in public about him or his theories, though there seems to have been something in them, does n't there? But the poor old chap was right when he said you can't bet on what Nature 'll do when you get her started. And, mind you, I don't say he started her off, — I know he did n't set out to, anyhow. But he went off one morning two days before the grand blow-out, and one of our fellows went with him to fix a drill. The professor wanted to get into the inside of a big chunk of limestone. Well, he did. Everything worked all right. When the professor came home, he said he guessed the explosion had queered that underground river of his, it seemed to be moving on further. (Of course he did n't put it just like that, but I'm giving you the sense.) I was starting off on that little hunting trip, and I confess I did n't pay much attention. Now I get to wondering sometimes. There were fissures in that region; one of 'em looked deep enough to lead to the 'earth core,' if it stopped anywhere this side of China. I wonder whether the professor's underground river took that road. You know his theories about cold water 'superimposed' on his big natural 'boiler.'"

"But anyhow, if he had anything to do with it, I for one bless his old soul. The canal is done, and you bet I'm letting no grass grow under my feet in settling up affairs down here."

Miss Bowles gave a little gasp as she read the last lines. She was sitting in a sunny breakfast room of that inland city whither a worried aunt had hurried her at the first outbreak of war. That jour-

ney, weeks ago, the girl remembered well. She had sat at her car window, and with unseeing eyes had watched the familiar landscape race past to the pace of unfamiliar thoughts. All through that ride the window sashes had framed for her two pictures; one of a young man pacing the deck of his speeding ship, the other of a young man at work on a great canal. And in both she had been equally interested. Now the war was waged; the morning paper she had just laid down spoke of the first overtures toward peace. It had assumed proportions hardly greater than those of an international episode. The canal, too, was done, and —

Miss Bowles blushed. Such suddenness bewildered her. She felt hurried; the play had not been quite fair. Then she turned to the paper again. Three columns devoted to New York's gigantic preparations for the reception of the Virginia stared up at her. Admiral Dowling and his officers were to be given the freedom of the city. The account ran on in glowing terms. Miss Bowles stirred her coffee thoughtfully. She was glad she had not tried to decide herself. They were both so nice that it really did not matter which.

The maid laid two telegrams by her plate. Miss Bowles picked up the top one, and tore it open. It was dated at Norfolk, Virginia.

Furlough at New York expect me Wednesday 4.15.

E. F. LEE.

Mechanically she tore open the second. It was sent from Miami, Florida, and had been delayed.

Coming hurrah see you Wednesday at 4.30.

R. DOLE.

Miss Bowles sat back in her chair with a little cry. Then she looked again at the telegrams.

"Mary," she said, "will you get me the N. Y. C. timetable on uncle's desk? Thank you." She ran over the pages hurriedly. "I knew it," she declared aloud; "he had the old schedule. Both those trains are due now at 4.30!"

Thirty-three hours later Miss Bowles was pacing the walks of her aunt's garden, in the company of a happy-faced young man.

"I wonder my hair did n't turn gray in a night," she said plaintively. "I expected nothing less. You see, until the telegrams came I did n't know, and then — I was so afraid it would n't be *you*."

As for the Panama Canal, the question of its ownership is still a mooted point in the hands of the Hague Tribunal.

RAILWAY SECURITIES AS AN INVESTMENT

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

THE railway was invented by George Stephenson in 1814, but it was not until 1825 that investment in the shares of such enterprises came to public notice. The opening in 1825 of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the first completed enterprise of the kind in history, first drew to that investment field the attention of the British public. The "boom," as we should call it nowadays, in stocks of that and other projected enterprises, was short-lived, partly because the railway was an experiment, but chiefly because English capital had not yet recovered sufficiently from the long and exhausting strain of the Napoleonic wars to provide a sufficient surplus for new ventures on an extensive scale. During the subsequent decade, however, railway extension continued at a modest rate of progress, but with much pertinacity, the requisite capital being raised, as is usual in periods of reaction, from among a few wealthy men who had made a thorough study of the undertakings, and were content to devote to them their private fortunes or the accruing surplus of their own trade enterprises, and await results with patience. As a consequence, the authorizing and surveying of new railway routes progressed, while the large profits of lines already in operation, and the steady advance in quoted values of projected enterprises, more and more drew the attention of investors and speculators to the possibilities of the field.

Between 1835 and 1837, three familiar elements in a "railway boom" came simultaneously upon the scene. The thrifty public, after a decade of apprehension, economy, and accumulation, found its savings once more overflowing the field of local investment. The railway projects, meantime, found their way into

Parliament, where the advantages of rival schemes, discussed by the advocates of each, obtained wide audience. Simultaneously there came into public view the first of the long line of "railway promoters,"—George Hudson, a York linen-draper, whose daring, imagination, and persuasiveness gave to the schemes the fillip which is always essential in removing the outside public's instinct of mistrust. For other reasons, chiefly, than the railway mania, the "boom" of the thirties broke down in the panic of 1837; but by this time the industrial opportunities of the railway were so manifest that capital was obtained to pursue construction, even under the heavy handicap of financial depression.

The ensuing years witnessed the linking of London with the provinces; half a dozen years later, the time was ripe for investment on an extensive scale in railways, completed or uncompleted. Mr. Grinling, in his *History of the Great Northern Railway*, has thus described the resultant rush of outside capital into English railway securities:—

"During this autumn of 1843, the money market in London was in a remarkably easy state. The amount of bullion in the Bank, which two years before had been as low as four and a half millions, had trebled itself in amount. The rate of discount was $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and Consols were above par. Money was very abundant, and the investments in foreign securities, in which it had until recently found full employment, had suddenly become extremely unpopular owing to 'repudiations' on the part of several South American States. Hitherto the London brokers had left railway shares severely alone, and the lines so far constructed in England had been promoted, not by finan-

ciers, but by solid commercial men, — bankers, manufacturers, and merchants, — who were interested in them, not as investments primarily, but as likely to improve trade in general, and their own business in particular. But, now that other fields of investment were proving unfruitful, the attention of 'the City' began to turn to railway promotion; it was discovered to be a branch of speculative finance from which 10 per cent dividends might be hopefully expected, — for were not the London and Birmingham, Grand Junction and York, and North Midland paying this, and the Stockton and Darlington 15 per cent? — and so, all at once. as it seemed, a condition of most intense apathy in regard to railway projection gave way to one of keen interest, rapidly passing through enthusiasm to a new and overpowering mania."

This description gives an idea of the economic reason for the rise of railway securities as investments. In brief, the accumulation of private capital had been so great, in the period of unusually prolonged peace and unprecedented industrial activity following the Napoleonic period, that it overflowed the ordinary channels of investment, and did so at the time when the very industrial expansion, from which arose the surplus investment fund, urgently called for the new transportation facilities which now could not be provided save through extensive use of private capital. From that time up to the period of wild promotion and speculation in the early seventies, the movement progressed continuously; hastened or impeded by the vicissitudes of financial prosperity or adversity, but on the whole continuous, as appears from the table in the next column, drawn up in 1883 by a French statistician, and reprinted, with expression of confidence in its exactness, in *Poor's Manual of Railways* for the ensuing year. Since the year 1880, railway mileage has doubled in the United States, and a similar increase has occurred elsewhere in the world. The increase in volume of securities of

this sort may be judged from the fact that, in this country alone, railway stocks and bonds outstanding, which in 1880 slightly exceeded \$5,000,000,000, have risen subsequently to the remarkable total of \$14,000,000,000.

RAILWAY MILEAGE OF THE WORLD

	Europe.	Asia.	Africa.	America.	Australia.	World.
1840	2,117	none	none	2,840	none	4,957
1850	14,458	none	none	9,015	none	23,473
1860	32,147	840	296	33,332	347	66,962
1870	64,253	5,085	950	58,470	1,035	129,793
1880	104,733	9,856	2,878	107,162	4,853	229,487

What is to be said of the relative advantage or disadvantage of these securities for the investment of private funds, compared with other investment fields? Judged solely by the criterion of safety, the best investment of capital is in an enterprise with which the investor is familiar, and of whose prospects he can keep himself constantly and accurately informed. Real property or real estate mortgages will fall within this category when the capitalist is personally conversant with the field; so of investment in merchants' paper by a merchant, or in his own business by the head of any commercial undertaking. Such investments do not touch the present discussion; because the investor who considers railway securities is probably looking for something which can be instantly turned into cash, as the above-named investments usually cannot; and he is, moreover, either desirous of putting some of his eggs in another than the familiar basket, or else is no better acquainted with the merits of real property and merchants' paper than with any other field of investment. Railway securities, in so far as they have been introduced on stock exchanges, have the advantage of a ready market; this they enjoy, however, in common with government securities, and the mass of industrial stocks and bonds.

As to government securities, it is to be observed that if they are issued by a gov-

ernment in unquestionable credit, their price is apt to be so high as to reduce the net income yield to a very low figure; whereas, if they are placed by an unstable government, or by a state confronted with war, revolution, or financial disaster, the buyer may secure a seeming bargain, but with a risk of total loss. This risk is not so slight as may be supposed; repudiation of all or part of a public debt has not, even in very recent history, been confined to states subjected, like the Central and South American republics, to alternating military dictatorships and anarchy. Within a dozen years, governments as respectable as those of Portugal and Greece have defaulted on their coupons; somewhat farther back, numerous American states and municipalities, with more or less excuse, have done the same; and the recommendation to do so for the national debt was actually incorporated, only forty years ago, in the message of a president of the United States. Public securities of Japan and Russia have lately, it is true, sold in the market on a 5 or 6 per cent basis; but they did so only because, in the one case, the Continental bankers publicly expressed the belief that Japan would break down financially under the strain of war, and in the other, because the impaired credit of Russia, in the throes of revolution, prevented her ministers from making terms with the bankers which should enable her even to meet her recurrent revenue deficit.

Industrial securities, on the other hand, incur the objection that at the present stage of their development they are, and probably will for a good many years remain, an experiment. Rules and methods employed by a manufacturer with a single mill, catering to a particular line of trade, and borrowing, largely on the credit of his personal record and experience, from banks of his own neighborhood, are necessarily and very radically altered when a dozen or a hundred of such establishments are combined into one great corporation under a central management. Expedients well established in the case of

the independent manufacturer are no longer adequate; the new corporations learned in 1903 that they could not even borrow working capital on the plan pursued by their constituent companies before the amalgamation. Furthermore, these companies have not yet reached the stage of tried experience which will make their financial machinery as simple and as easily understood as that of a well-managed railway.

Yet it is not wholly this consideration which places these securities at a disadvantage, compared with railway investments. Even to-day, the problems confronting the railway business are as complex and bewildering as in most other industries. The influence of good or bad times on profits of railways is no more obvious and direct than their influence on steel or sugar or copper manufacture. The question of transportation rates governs the outcome in net railway profits, and rates are regulated, not only by competition, but by restrictions of public law. Railways, furthermore, are compelled, more generally than any other industry, to embark in new undertakings which are experimental, which must, for a time, at least, be not only unproductive, but a positive drain on the company's general finances, and which may never turn out remunerative. New branches and extensions, planned with the idea of "opening up" districts whose resultant new population will provide future profits, are an inevitable incident of railway development. No doubt somewhat similar experiments play their part in the career of a manufacturing company; but with this difference, that if the venture turns out badly, the manufacturer is at liberty instantly to abandon the disappointing field. The railway, on the contrary, must continue the experiment and make the best of it.

But, from the investor's point of view, the very important offset to all this was the early adoption, by the railways, of the practice of making full and frequent reports of earnings to their shareholders.

Of the great industrial companies whose shares are most active on stock exchanges and most largely dealt in by investors, only a portion submit even annual reports. A company whose shares are as widely distributed as the \$155,000,000 Amalgamated Copper never states its earnings, and has never submitted a report, save one whose inadequacy made it a mark of contempt for every accountant. Of industrial corporations which publish annual reports, only a handful have anything to say more frequently to their investors. A very few publish meagre quarterly statements; one gives out, every three months, its report of monthly net earnings for the period.

It follows that shareholders in such companies must, during all such intervals, and permanently in the case of such corporations as the Amalgamated Copper, be left in the dark as to their companies' finances, save for the utterly unreliable "market rumors," the interested personal assurances of officers, and the conjectures based on their own untrained observation. Railways, on the other hand, began very early in their career to publish frequent income reports and balance-sheets. The annual report, usually very thorough, is a matter of course. The state authorities require as a rule complete quarterly reports of earnings, expenses, and net income, and of assets and liabilities. This information the companies themselves, with very few exceptions, supplement with a monthly statement of gross and net income, fixed charges, and surplus. The greater number go still farther, and publish weekly reports of gross receipts. Such information is of the highest practical value, and has played a very large part in the winning of the investor's favor for such enterprises. There are several reasons for this completeness of information from the railways. I have already mentioned that the state railway commissions have exacted some of it. The greater part, however, is a result of intelligent judgment of the investment problem by the railway managers them-

selves. They learned very early that the company which withheld such information, when its competitors were providing it, fell instantly and rightly under suspicion of investors. A practice first adopted by virtue of necessity became at length a habit. In times when the interest of outside capitalists was hard to attract, railways vied with one another in the completeness of information published as evidence of good faith. Once thus established, the practice could not be abandoned. Such is one simple chapter in the rise of railway investments.

The reader will not fail to notice that the argument thus vindicated for frequent publicity of railway accounts applies absolutely to industrial companies which withhold such statements. The familiar plea that manufacturing companies cannot afford to disclose "trade secrets" to competitors, and that frequent income statements would involve such disclosure, is either hollow in itself, or else ought equally to militate against publicity by the railways. The simple truth is that an earnings report does necessarily, in any and every case, give some clue to an aggressive competitor as to what is going on. But while this may properly be invoked as an argument for secrecy in the case of a small enterprise, owned by the men who manage it, the company which has offered its shares to the larger general public owes to that public a duty which supersedes all such considerations. No industry can be conceived in which a competitor could obtain, through such statements, a more positive hint of his rival's plans and policies than in the railway; yet no one suggests abandonment of "railway publicity." A vast amount of humbug has been inflicted on the public in the discussions of this matter, and the numerous absurd anomalies of the Federal government's Bureau of Corporations are the logical result.

Because the railways make full and frequent reports of their earnings and financial condition, it does not follow that the investor has only to glance at

these statements and be assured as to the safety of his investment. To get these figures is something, but it is necessary also to know how to interpret them. Reliance on balance-sheets is a notorious pitfall to the inexperienced reader; even income statements may be utterly misleading. There was a time, for instance, — in the later eighties, when a craze for rapid expansion of branch lines had seized the railways, — that numerous important companies, in their weekly and monthly reports, used to include without comment receipts from “company freight;” that is to say, money paid out of proceeds of bond sales by the company itself to itself, for carrying building material over its older lines to points where new construction was in progress. The result, naturally, was a fine show of increased earnings, which vanished in air when assets and liabilities came to be balanced up at the end of the fiscal year. This objectionable practice has been abandoned. Another, that of burying in separate and obscure accounts all inconvenient liabilities, has been harder to destroy. One very important railway company, fifteen years ago, bought or leased a series of small connecting lines, which thereupon failed to meet running expenses. The parent company had to make good the resultant deficits, for which it took the notes of the smaller lines. The losses it tucked away quietly into what it called a “suspense account;” the notes it reported as current assets. By this ingenious jugglery, the statements were made to show that the company was growing richer with each successive loss through an unprofitable investment. There is little cause for wonder that when this railway, supposed to be sound and solvent, went in an hour of financial crisis to a banking house to raise an emergency loan, it was promptly shown the door and left to plunge into public bankruptcy.

In studying a railway report, the income account and the balance-sheet are the principal and, to the average reader, the only guides. The income account —

whether monthly, quarterly, semi-annual, or annual — gives gross earnings, operating expenses, net earnings, other income, fixed charges, dividends (if any), and surplus. Sometimes a report of this nature, taken by itself, will tell the real story of the company’s condition; more often it will not, because railways have their fat seasons and their lean seasons. A railway whose business is largely made up of carrying grain will show up best in October, November, and December, when the harvesting is over and the wheat or corn or oats move freely to market. Such a road may show, in its report for the quarter ending September 30, that its dividend was not earned; yet may earn so great a surplus over dividends in the ensuing quarter that the preceding deficit will be far more than made good. So, also, many roads incur so large expenses from heavy snowfall, in the dead of winter, as to eat up the great bulk of gross earnings; yet other seasons will compensate. As a rule, the best way to make such allowances is to compare the statement with the same period’s results in the two preceding years. In the absence of abnormal incidents, such as a great blizzard, this comparison shows the tendency of the business. It does not necessarily show permanent tendencies; a short crop of wheat or corn, in a given year, leaves less grain for every road in the district to carry, and, furthermore, leaves less money in the hands of farm communities to use in buying manufactured goods which the railway expects to carry to them. Yet the next year may bring a “bumper” harvest.

Careful attention should be paid, not only to increase or decrease in operating expenses, but to the change, if any, in the ratio of such expenses to gross earnings. If such ratio grows larger, year by year, in corresponding months, and if that increase is not explainable either by abnormal weather conditions, steady advance in cost of labor or materials, or appropriation of increased sums from earnings for improvements, then the en-

terprise is losing ground. Fixed charges, which are mostly interest on the funded or floating debt, must be compared with special care. Money borrowed through sale of bonds is presumably used for productive purposes. It may, however, be employed for uses which will not immediately add to earnings, as with a new terminal station substituted for an old one; it may be used for buying control of other railway properties, or, finally, it may be devoted to settling old losses or paying unearned dividends. The first question to ask, therefore, is whether net earnings are increasing along with interest charges, or not. If the borrowed money was profitably invested, net earnings ought to increase more rapidly than charges, — always excepting cases where investment was made for the longer future, as in new terminals or connecting lines which the main company hopes to make profitable later on. The facts in either of the two last-mentioned cases should be matters of public knowledge. Knowing the facts, the questions left are: first, whether the investment was judicious in itself; second, whether the company could afford to make it and await results. A poor company cannot safely buy branch lines and build expensive terminals, and the margin of surplus (if any) left after the resultant fixed charges goes far toward settling the question whether it was able to do so or not. If the company is using proceeds of loans to pay unearned dividends, it is an investment to avoid.

The income statement will tell part of the truth in these regards; the balance-sheet will tell more. Balance-sheets are a source of perpetual bewilderment to the average investor, largely because of the difficulty of discovering what makes up such large items on the assets side as "cost of road" and "cost of equipment." If the liabilities items of "funded debt" or "floating debt" show large increase from year to year, the analysis of "cost of road and equipment," in the annual report, should be carefully examined.

What is learned from that analysis should be tested by reference to the income account. It is at least a matter for suspicious inquiry if funded and floating debt increases steadily, without any increase in net earnings. The fact that "cost of road and equipment" had reached larger figures, along with the increased debt, would mean little, unless earning power (after due allowance for general conditions) had increased along with it. If, on the other hand, the balance-sheets show "cost of road and equipment" to have increased without any addition, or without an equivalent addition, to funded or floating debt, the presumption is that earnings have been put back into the property before shareholders' dividends were considered; and the property ought thereby to have been made more valuable.

These are tests which investors, not experienced or trained in examination of accounts, may apply with some expectation of enlightening themselves as to the status of a railway property. They are not final tests. Inquiry into the real condition of such properties, especially where legitimate misgiving as to the nature of that condition exists, necessitates the professional knowledge and experience of expert accountants. Stock Exchange commission houses, recognizing this fact, are adopting much more generally the practice of keeping in their own employ a qualified expert of the sort. Where any question of real doubt arises, the banker himself prefers not to trust his own unaided judgment. What I have endeavored to give here is simply a notion of the manner in which reports of these companies should be read, and of the general conclusions which may be drawn from them.

Glancing over the list of securities which may be purchased for investment, on the Stock Exchange or elsewhere, the investor is apt to be first impressed by the apparently numerous classes into which such securities divide themselves. In reality, however, the variety is not so

great, especially among railway securities, as might be supposed, the divergent classification of bonds in particular being due rather to special provisions as to the mortgage lien behind them than to a radical difference in kind. Common stock of a railway needs no explanation; it simply represents a share in ownership of the property. Preferred stock is so named because it must receive a certain stipulated dividend before the common stock gets anything. This privilege is commonly offset by a further proviso, either that the preferred stock, having received its own dividend at the stipulated rate, shall get no more, even if a higher rate is paid to the common stock, or else that, after the common stock has received as large a dividend as the preferred, further dividend distributions shall be made in equal ratio to the two classes of stocks. In general, the advantage of a preferred stock is that it may be paying dividends while the common stock is getting nothing; its disadvantage, that the common stock usually has unlimited possibilities of increased dividends, while the preferred stock's right to share in subsequent larger profits is strictly limited. The dividends on a preferred stock were for many years made contingent simply on yearly earnings, — that is to say, while in a given year the preferred stock was entitled to its 6 or 7 per cent before the common stock got anything, it had to take its own risk on the question whether enough would be earned to pay the dividend on the preferred. So many investors in preferred stocks, two or three decades ago, found their expectations disappointed, that the fashion grew, among stock-issuing corporations, of making dividends on the preferred stock "cumulative." If, for instance, a preferred stock has the prior right to a 7 per cent dividend, and if the company has earned only enough to pay 5 per cent, for the year in question, then the omitted 2 per cent will remain a contingent claim for the benefit of the preferred shareholders. The next year, the same company may have earned

enough to pay 7 per cent on the preferred stock and something on the common, but nothing can be paid on the common stock until the 2 per cent back dividend had been made good. This plan of cumulative dividends was obviously adopted for the sake of giving a market to the preferred stock of new companies. It is not, however, approved by the best authorities, and has not worked well in practice. Generally it has been found that when a company ran behind in the dividends stipulated for its preferred shareholders, the deficiency was due to original overcapitalization or to miscalculation of the future. Under such circumstances, failure to earn the full preferred dividend was likely to be permanent; the result, in a number of cases, was that back dividends on preferred shares accumulated at so portentous a rate as to drive the company's managers in the end to radical reorganization of the company's entire finances. The United States Leather Company's 8 per cent "cumulative" preferred stock, for example, paid something regularly in dividends; but it could not pay 8 per cent, and after ten years, more than 40 per cent in "overdue dividends" had accumulated. The company's finances had to be readjusted, under a new name, with new stock issued to pay for these back dividends. Voting power has much to do with fixing the value of an active stock. Sometimes the right to vote for directors is restricted to the common stock; rarely, as with the Rock Island Railway Company, the preferred stock alone enjoys the privilege. More often both kinds of stock enjoy equal voting rights.

A first mortgage bond is what its name indicates, — a lien prior to all others, with foreclosure rights. Such a mortgage is not, however, necessarily secured on an entire railway system; the Union Pacific's first mortgage 4 per cent bonds, for instance, cover only 2091 miles of the company's lines, whereas the whole system comprises 5602 miles. Since the value of such a bond depends on the property it

can claim in the event of foreclosure, this question of security behind a bond should be carefully examined. Second, third, and fourth mortgage bonds are terms which explain themselves; they take this order of precedence in claim on assets, in the event of foreclosure. Divisional bonds are secured only on the property of a given division of a railway. Consolidated mortgage bonds are usually a security grouping a number of subordinate liens, and coming after a first mortgage. Income bonds receive interest only when earned; they hardly differ in value from a preferred stock, and are pretty nearly obsolete. Debenture bonds are practically the same. Terminal bonds are secured on the railway station property of a company; land grant bonds on the land given to the company by the states which incorporated it. Collateral trust bonds are secured only by other stocks or bonds, bought with the proceeds of the collateral bond, and deposited in the hands of trustees. A "short-term note" is an obligation usually entered on because bonds either cannot be sold at the moment to advantage, or cannot be sold at all. They are secured, as a rule, by pledge of stocks or bonds owned by the railway, and are seldom offered on the open market. In the past, issue of such notes was a plain sign of danger; it was the forerunner of the panic of 1873, and it marked the approaching downfall of more than one company in 1893. Yet in 1903, when the wellsprings of domestic credit seemed suddenly to dry up, some of the soundest railways in the country borrowed on such notes rather than sell long-term bonds at a sacrifice. They placed the notes mostly in Europe; when the financial storm, which was local to Wall Street, passed away, the companies redeemed their notes in bonds. In buying any bond, the date of maturity is a matter of importance. A good bond with fifty years to run is usually more valuable than a similar bond with only ten. This is particularly the case when the price is above par, because at maturity the railway can redeem the

bond at par or the fixed redemption price, and the premium paid is lost.

In general, securities of railways in old and long-settled sections of the country are the best investments, because they are less subject to the vicissitudes of bad times. In the panic of 1893, for instance, nearly all of the great transcontinental railways — the Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, which traversed new and largely unsettled districts — went into bankruptcy. Yet the Erie Railway, one of the oldest Eastern companies, and the Philadelphia and Reading, a pioneer in the Pennsylvania coal-fields, met the same fate. The question, East as well as West, is largely one of conservative or excessive capitalization, especially in bonds, on which interest must be paid if the company's solvency is to be preserved. The intrinsically most valuable railway property in the country may be so loaded with debt, and may so far have dissipated its resources in excessive dividends, that its credit is at the mercy of a disastrous year in trade; whereas a railway in a purely experimental section of the country may be absolutely sound, because of prudent financial management. It is Wall Street bankers and speculators, who have at times insisted on excessive dividends to keep up prices, or have "unloaded" connecting railways on a larger company at extravagant prices, taking pay in bonds, who are responsible for the worst bankruptcies of our railway history. Railways like the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, the Illinois Central, the Chicago and Northwestern, the Pennsylvania, the Delaware and Hudson, and the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, which have handled their finances carefully, occupy the highest grade of credit. To-day the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific railways stand among the strongest, — partly because excessive capitalization was cut down in reorganizing after their bankruptcy in 1893; partly because the country traversed by them has developed

new and vast resources; partly because of the more skillful management under which they now have fallen. Other companies, like the Erie, and in a less degree the New York Central, are to-day handicapped by inadequate provision of capital to keep step with the demands of present-day traffic, and there is a long list of roads which are still experiments. With these, the Stock Exchange price goes far toward telling the story. When a stock pays 4 per cent or more in dividends, and sells nowadays below par, something is the matter; investors show by their lack of bids that they are suspicious. Yet it may easily be that, while dividends are precarious, interest on the higher-grade bonds is abundantly secured.

Supposing this part of the inquiry into investment possibilities to have been satisfactory, there remains one further consideration. The security tentatively selected for investment sells to-day at a given price on the Stock Exchange. Is that price such as to invite immediate purchase, or will the buyer be wiser in awaiting more favorable terms? There are investors, not always of the inexperienced class, who base their inquiry wholly on the question what a given security is worth to them, at ruling prices, and ignore further consideration of the condition of the markets. Such an investor may have convinced himself that a given railway stock is safe, that it will continue, and probably increase, its existing dividend, and that if he can receive, say 4 per cent per annum from his investment in the meantime, he will be doing as well as he can do elsewhere. The stock, let us say, pays 6 per cent per annum, and sells on the Stock Exchange at \$150 per \$100 share. If the investor holds exclusively to his adopted principle, he will pay that price, regardless of the question whether the stock market outlook seems to promise a lower price on some subsequent occasion.

It would possibly be better, both for the investor's peace of mind, and for the general wisdom of his investment, if he

were to follow more frequently such a plan. It is not, however, the policy of the average investor. In nine cases out of ten, an element of speculation enters into his deliberations. Stock brokers will bear witness that even the small capitalist, ostensibly seeking for a safe and permanent investment, is likely first of all to inquire for stocks which are likely to "go up." There is surely no harm in this, so long as it simply means that the inquirer is looking for a stock which sells at inviting prices. But there are other means of determining this question, and unfortunately the state of mind which induces purchase of a stock because it is "going to rise" is also likely to encourage sales because it is "going to fall," and thus to keep the investor constantly shifting from one security to another, regardless of real values. This game of speculation is one in which the Stock Exchange rarely fails to beat the outsider. A very great part of the machinery of Wall Street is constructed with the purpose of persuading the "outside public," when experienced operators are trying to sell their own speculative holdings, that stocks are about to advance, and *vice versa*. The ingenuity with which these "rumors" are contrived and circulated, their frequent plausibility, and the enthusiastic excitement with which they are repeated in brokers' offices, and in the financial columns of most newspapers, create heavy odds against cool and accurate judgment by the outside investor. If he surrenders himself to the charm of "following the market," the chances are that the market will have its own way with him. The public that always buys at the top and always sells at the bottom is the objective point of half the professional speculation on the Stock Exchange.

There is, nevertheless, a class of investors who do take close and intelligent account of the condition of a market, and whose fixed plan is to watch for advantageous moments in which to buy or sell. It is impossible to lay down rules for a policy in which success depends so large-

ly on possession of a sort of financial instinct. Neither would it be useful or wise to suggest what times should be chosen for such purposes by people engaged in speculating on a "margin" with borrowed money. With such adventurers, the accident of an hour may offset the soundest reasoning adopted with a view to basic conditions. The bona-fide investor, however, will do well to keep his eye always on the rate for money in the Wall Street market; because, while the rise or fall in rates makes no difference to his own capacity to invest, it may make all the difference in the world to the mass of speculators on borrowed money. If, for instance, stocks are advancing rapidly, and the rate for money is simultaneously rising to high figures, it is a disadvantageous market in which to buy. The action of the money rate bears witness to the fact that reserves of loanable capital have been strained to bring stocks to the high prevailing figures, — which usually means that before long some of the speculators must let go their hold through inability to command further resources, — which brings about readjustment of prices. This conclusion is so obvious that it would hardly need to be repeated, but for the fact that those are the very occasions when conviction that prices are going to a far higher level usually seizes on Wall Street. It is much to the interest of professional speculators to create such an impression. If they al-

lowed the contrary view to prevail, whom would they find to pay high prices for the stocks which they themselves are forced to sell?

On the other hand, when stocks have declined heavily, and when money rates, after the decline, stand at forbidding figures, it may usually be assumed that the market is advantageous for the purchaser. On the face of things, it is clear that the high rate bid for money means that speculators who are "carrying" stocks with borrowed money are in distress and apprehension, and that other speculators cannot afford to borrow for new purchases. The result is an abnormally low range of prices, which gives to the man with money of his own an opportunity.

One notable incident of the recent insurance investigation was the unearthing of a letter from the Equitable Life's president, written in the worst days of the "rich men's panic" of 1903. This letter set forth that the market, where stocks had broken disastrously, and where money ruled at prohibitive rates, was full of inviting opportunities for a great investment company. His company, the president went on, would be buying "a good many of such things," but for the unlucky fact that "we are so strapped for money by engagements already made." This left it plain enough how the matter stood with investors whose bank account was clear.

TO A LATE-COMER

(W. P. S.)

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

WHY didst thou come into my life so late?
If it were morning I could welcome thee
With glad all-hails, and bid each hour to be
The willing servitor of thine estate,
Lading thy brave ships with Time's richest freight,
If it were noonday I might hope to see
On some far height thy banners floating free,
And hear the acclaiming voices call thee great!
But it is nightfall and the stars are out;
Far in the west the crescent moon hangs low,
And near at hand the lurking shadows wait:
Darkness and silence gather roundabout,
Lethe's black stream is near its overflow, —
Ah, friend, dear friend, why didst thou come so late?

QUESTIONS OF THE FAR EAST ¹

BY JOHN W. FOSTER

THE very partial list of recent publications on Asiatic subjects grouped in the note below is an indication of the great interest which exists throughout the world respecting Eastern questions. Probably in no previous period of the history of the human race has there been awakened such concentrated attention to one portion of the earth and its inhabitants. And never before has a single quarter of the

¹ *The Re-shaping of the Far East.* By B. L. PUTNAM-WEALE. Two volumes. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

Tibet and Turkestan: a Journey through Old Lands, and a Study of New Conditions. By OSCAR TERRY CROSBY. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

Modern India. By WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. 1905.

globe given rise to such multifarious and perplexing problems.

Most prominent of these is the commercial question. Akin to this is the industrial question. The political status of the Far East vitally concerns all the

Egypt, Burmah, and British Malaysia. By WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. 1905.

China and her People: being Observations, Reminiscences, and Conclusions of an American Diplomat. By Hon. CHARLES DENBY. Two volumes. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

John Chinaman at Home: Sketches of Men, Manners, and Things in China. By Rev. E. J. HARDY, Chaplain to H. B. M. Forces. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

With the Empress Dowager. By Katherine A. Carl. New York: The Century Company. 1905.

so-styled Great Powers, and, to a lesser degree, the other nations. The frequent reference to the "Yellow Peril" indicates that problems of the races are yet to be solved. The missionary spirit of Christendom is more heartily enlisted in this than in any other field.

The recent surprising military triumphs of the Japanese have given that people the present hegemony of eastern Asia; but the destiny of that great region may be more bound up in the future transformation of China, with its multitudinous, homogeneous, and indestructible race. Coupled with the development of these two great empires, there are other questions more or less intimately related to their future. Most prominent of these is the rivalry of Great Britain and Russia, involving the Afghanistan frontier and the suzerainty of Tibet. Outlying questions are the predominating influence in Persia, Germany's recent masterful interest in the helpless but incorrigible Turk, and the control of the Persian Gulf.

All of these matters are noticed or discussed in the volumes under review. *The Re-shaping of the Far East* is one of the most readable and valuable books which have appeared in recent years. Under the *nom de plume* of "Putnam-Weale," an official of the Chinese foreign customs service gives the result of his manifestly careful study of Chinese history, and his observation during a residence in and extensive travels through Central and Northern China. His travels also cover Japan and Korea. The greater part of the work is in the narrative style, with the charm and piquancy which made his *Manchu and Muscovite* so popular.

The chapters on Kiaochow show the German occupation of China in a most unenviable and disreputable light. The review of the Russo-Japanese war, the Japanese administration in Korea, and his prognostications as to the political conditions in Asia are necessarily imperfect, because he finished his work before the great naval victory in the Japan Sea,

the Treaty of Portsmouth, and the new Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance.

Mr. Crosby, in his *Tibet and Turkestan*, carries us through a portion of Central Asia little known, but very interesting, as his journey is told by the author. The narrative is particularly attractive and valuable wherein he brings out the rival relations of the Russians and British in that out-of-the-way region of the world, with the Chinese of Turkestan and the Tibetans. As he approached Tibet through Russian territory, he would naturally have the Czar's side of the controversy favorably presented to him, and his condemnation of the British domination of Tibet and the Younghusband expedition is most sweeping.

No more interesting and useful narratives of travel have appeared in recent years than the series produced by William Eleroy Curtis. He has had exceptional training for his chosen field of labor, both as a successful journalist and as a prominent official of the government of the United States. With his experience as an author in almost every other country of the earth, he could not fail in India, so marvelously fruitful in interesting and instructive topics. While his *Modern India* is all-embracing in its scope, it presents, in conjunction with its companion volume cited in the note, an excellent picture of British influence and power in the East. The two chapters on the Afghanistan Frontier and on the Invasion of Tibet may be profitably read, in connection with Mr. Crosby's book, as giving the British side of those questions.

No person in the last decade could speak with more authority or with more general acceptance on Chinese matters than Hon. Charles Denby. An able lawyer and an accomplished diplomat, he filled the post of United States Minister at Peking with distinguished honor and usefulness for thirteen years, and retired in 1898 with the high respect and confidence of the Chinese authorities and of all foreign residents. At the time of his death in 1904 he was engaged in the pre-

paration for publication of his *Observations, Reminiscences, and Conclusions*, which have just appeared, although in a somewhat incomplete state, in *China and her People*. It must be accepted as the most authoritative of late contributions to the literature on Chinese affairs, and is especially valuable in its observations on political topics.

The excuse which the author of *John Chinaman at Home* gives for adding another to the large library of books on China already extant, quite correctly stated, is that "things Chinese are so many and so complicated that there is room for every independent inquirer and observer." He furnishes a readable book, without notable characteristics, cumulative of the great volume of useful material now available for a study of what General Lord Wolseley regards as "the most remarkable race on earth . . . the great coming rulers of the world."

Miss Carl's book, *With the Empress Dowager*, reveals one of the most important steps in the transformation now going on in that giant empire. For ages past the Chinese people have regarded their ruler, "the Son of Heaven," as so sacred that no ordinary subject could look upon his countenance, that even the highest state officials could not appear in his presence without prostrations, and could hold converse with him only on their knees and with downcast eyes. But the events of the last ten years have swept away almost the last vestige of the exclusive sacredness of the imperial ruler.

The Empress Dowager Tsi-An has been for more than a quarter of a century the real ruler of China. Minister Denby styles her "one of the greatest characters in history, ranking with Semiramis and Catherine." Mr. "Weale" speaks of her as "the baneful strong woman . . . of masterful character." Personal daily intercourse with this remarkable woman and sovereign is the subject of Miss Carl's book. Through the influence and interposition of Mrs. Conger, wife of the late American Minister to China, Miss Carl

was engaged to paint the portrait of the Dowager Empress, and in execution of this task she was admitted to the imperial palace within the precincts of the Forbidden City, and was her frequent companion, aside from the artistic intercourse. The author had some misgivings as to the manner in which the Empress Dowager would receive the publication of her book, but late information from Peking reports her Majesty as greatly delighted with it. Another artist has since painted her portrait, and her photograph is now exposed for sale in the news-stands of the Chinese cities.

Various influences have combined to bring about this significant change in the imperial palace, but the greatest of these has been the personal intercourse of the tactful and warm-hearted wife of the American Minister. What two generations of diplomats and the armies and navies of the Western powers have failed to accomplish has in large measure been achieved by one gentle Christian woman. Chatting over a cup of tea, and familiar intercourse with one of her sex who knew how to use her opportunities, have opened a new world to this once "baneful strong woman." She has already traversed the allotted Scriptural span of life, and her reign may not long continue, but in the future it will hardly be marked by the severities and summary cruelties of the past.

This review naturally suggests some reflections upon the events and countries of which it treats. Japan is now the predominant figure in any general consideration of the Far East. Its recent military and naval achievements have given it a place among the Great Powers of the world, as is evidenced by the acceptance of its ambassadors by these Powers. It will doubtless address itself to the new situation created by those achievements. It will seek to improve the fresh fields opened to its people in Korea, Manchuria, and Sakhalien, as well as the enlarged opportunities in China. We may look for a quickening of its manu-

facturing interests, the extension of its foreign trade, and the growth of its already large commercial marine.

The effects of the war must be apparent in the future position of Russia in that quarter of the globe. The loss of its prestige as the great military power will give a check to Russian aggression in Asia. A day of reckoning may come to Japan, but it must be a long way off. China will have courage to face its northern neighbor as never before. The nightmare of a Cossack advance through Afghanistan or along the Persian Gulf, which has disturbed the British rulers of India, has vanished.

Next to the peace of Portsmouth, the most momentous event for Asia of the past year was the renewal and enlargement of the Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance, which now assumes the character of both an offensive and a defensive compact. So long as it exists it should assure the peace of the Eastern world. It should be particularly gratifying to us, because its terms are in line with the attitude of the United States as to the "open door" and the preservation of the autonomy of China.

The latter country is the one in the East destined to attract most insistently the attention of the world for the next few years. It is manifestly entering upon a period of transformation, which, let us hope, will prove to be regeneration. The Imperial Commissions recently sent to our country, and to the leading nations of Europe, to study their institutions, with a view to introducing reforms in the ancient system of China, are an indication that the central government participates with its people in the spirit of reform. How far it will be able to control and direct the unrest which is manifesting itself remains to be seen. The reform movement may work itself out in peaceful methods, as in Japan, or it may progress through violence and disorder, as in Russia.

The first and most urgent need of the empire is the power to maintain its existence and enforce its authority in all

VOL. 97 - NO. 4

its domain. This can be met only by a well-organized and disciplined army. A long step has already been taken in that direction. Mr. "Weale" estimates that the Viceroy of the metropolitan province, Yuan Shi Kai, has already equipped, drilled, and placed on a modern military basis an army of seventy-five thousand men, of all arms of the service. The viceroys of the Yang-Tse Valley and Central China have approximately as many more. Arsenal of large capacity are established in different parts of the empire. He states that one hundred and fifty Chinese graduates of foreign military schools are giving instruction in the army or in Chinese military schools, and that four thousand young Chinese are at present attending these schools.

There occurred in northern China a few weeks ago the manœuvres of a portion of Yuan Shi Kai's forces. An army of twenty thousand men placed themselves in position to defend Peking against another army about equal in numbers advancing from the south. The military attachés of the legations at Peking, who had been accustomed in the past to treat Chinese military manœuvres as a joke, were invited to witness these movements. The London *Times* representative, who had been its military correspondent with the Japanese army in Manchuria, closed a lengthy report of the manœuvres, of which he spoke in the highest terms, as follows:—

"Foreigners went to Ho-chien-fu to a picnic, and, incidentally, to witness a military parade, half-comic, half-pathetic. They returned to Peking declaring they had seen a modern army, and averring that they had assisted at a display momentous and epoch-making in the history of the Far East."

The public press has recently announced that our Secretary of War is mobilizing a part of the American army at Manila, in order to have near at hand a force ready again to enter China to repress disorder and protect our citizens. If such a contingency should occur in

Central or North China, it may be that Secretary Taft will be met by intelligence from Peking that the task of repressing disorders will be attended to by the imperial government, and that the invasion of Chinese soil will no longer be permitted.

While I write, the local press reports the call at the White House of a returned American missionary, who gives the President the following advice:—

“Any display of generosity will be construed by the Chinese as fear. For instance, the report circulated about a year ago that the United States was going to return to China a large part of the indemnity was interpreted as fear on the part of this country. The firmer we act with China, the more friendly she will become.”

Such a belligerent tone from a follower of the Prince of Peace seems quite out of harmony with the announced policy of the late lamented Secretary of State, of the observance of the “Golden Rule” in our diplomacy. The Christian powers exacted from prostrate China in 1901 a crushing indemnity of 450,000,000 taels, the share of the United States being about \$25,000,000. When the losses of Americans from the Boxer outbreak came to be adjudicated, the total amount fell short of \$2,000,000. Secretary Hay’s sense of justice revolted at the idea of extorting from China \$23,000,000 to which we had no equitable right, and it is understood that he advised the President to release China from further payment on this account.

Such a course would be in harmony with the policy pursued in the past by our government in its relations with that country; but, not to our credit, it must be confessed, it has not met with the approval of most American residents there, who too largely share in the prevailing sentiment of Europeans, calling for a harsh and exacting treatment of China. Mr. Weale severely criticises this conduct of the United States as sentimental and unwise, and he would have us adopt the more

rigorous policy of the European governments.

Support for such a change of policy on our part is sought in the spirit of unrest which has been created by the transformation through which China is now passing, and the fear that Americans may again be put in peril by mob violence. Such fear seems well founded, as it is very possible that in isolated cases the anti-foreign spirit may get the better of the local authorities; but I do not anticipate another uprising similar to the Boxer outbreak.

On the other hand, we should remember that China is not the only country where mob violence occasionally paralyzes authority. The Chinese Minister, in an address delivered in Chicago in January last, made the following statement: “More Chinese subjects have been murdered by mobs in the United States during the last twenty-five years than all the Americans who have been murdered in China by similar riots. . . . In every instance where Americans have suffered from mobs the authorities have made reparation for the losses, and rarely has the punishment of death failed to be inflicted upon the guilty offenders. On the other hand, I am sorry to say that I cannot recall a single instance where the penalty of death has been visited on any member of the mobs in the United States guilty of the death of Chinese, and in only two instances of mob violence out of many has indemnity been paid by the authorities for the losses sustained by the Chinese.”

Confronted as we are by such a record, our government and people should be somewhat considerate, and exercise a measurable degree of forbearance respecting mob violence from which Americans may suffer in China, while that country is in the throes of a new birth, when its people are oppressed and irritated by the new taxation occasioned by the Boxer indemnity, and when they are smarting under the outrages on their territory and their persons.

THE CLEVER NECROMANCER

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

ONCE, a long, long, long, long, *long* time ago, there was a city by the sea, and it was called Marmorante. Little gray mists floated down the gray streets, past the tall gray houses with carven windows and doors; pale, silvery fogs wrapped tower and spire, and oftentimes low, dark clouds hung sullenly for days together over gabled roofs and dull red chimneys; nor could the bravest winds that blew nor the swiftest golden sunbeams drive mist and cloud and fog away.

In Marmorante lived all manner of folk: a duke, a count, two marquises, and several squires; there were merchants many, with white-sailed ships that cut the waves; there were wool-combers and flax-beaters and haberdashers and marketmen; but most of all there were women: countesses, duchesses, and statefully marchionesses; wives of merchants, wool-combers, haberdashers, flax-beaters, — women, women, women, maidens innumerable, and hosts of little girls. There were little girls with flaxen ringlets, little girls with long braids of yellow hair; dark-haired, slender maidens, maidens with white arms, maidens with blue eyes, brown eyes, or gray, — every kind of maiden that ever lived, in life or in story.

Life went on quietly in the city by the sea. In the gray mornings count and countess talked amicably together in their great hall, and wool-carder and his wife gossiped cheerily as they rolled and carded the white fleece; in the gray afternoons Sir Knight walked in the castle garden among the flowers with my lady, and the butcher's 'prentice met his maid by the postern door: by embroidery frame and spinning wheel, by tiring room and kitchen spit, all was gray peace.

Then one day, when the clouds hung

low, a raven croaked above the castle wall; black rooks cawed dismally with hints of coming disaster; and bats, mistaking clouded noon for night, flew out with squeaks and gibberings at noonday, — yet nothing happened. Peasants' carts came creaking, as was their wont, to the city gate, with blue-smocked Jean or yellow-trousered Pierrot driving roan mare or piebald steed, and bringing bags of grain and great rolls of tanned skins to market. Old women with their flower baskets on their arms came nodding and courtesying, giving hollyhock or rose for toll to the porter, who would not say them nay because of their skinny arms and hungry faces. At last came one who was not of the line of sun-browned farmers, withered dames, or ruddy boys who drove in flocks of sheep.

It was a man tall and long, and thin of face, clad in doublet and hose of sober drab, and he had naught with him save three small, transparent bags or bladders, one rose-colored, one purple, and one yellow, which seemed to be filled with but empty air.

"What bringest hither?" asked the porter in a surly voice.

"Naught save my rattle," answered the tall man in drab; and with that he struck the bags together, so that there came out a tinkling sound wondrous cunning and small.

"Is danger therein?" said the man at the gate, holding back. "Mayhap they go off, like powder, and do harm."

Then the tall man smiled a strange, three-cornered smile, for his chin was long and protruding, and strained his lips that way.

"Ay," he confessed, "they go off, but they do no hurt;" then he paid his penny toll and went unmolested in. The

porter stood long, with arms akimbo, and looked after him.

"'T is some fool," said the porter, and went back to his mug of ale.

The sad-hued man went on through the narrow streets that let in only a strip of the sky's blue, and anon he came to the open market-place, where little was doing that day, for the flowers were wilted, and the vegetables for the most part gone, only the lambs that were left bleated piteously now and then. The stranger sprang upon a counter where wheat had been sold, and he struck his little bags together, so that they rattled merrily as he called aloud,—

"Come, hear, hear, hear! Come, hear the words of wisdom I shall say, the greatest words that shall ever meet your ears. Come, hear, hear, hear! To-day I speak, and to-morrow I may not: 't is the chance of a lifetime, and not to be overlooked. Come, hear, hear, hear!"

Now with the rattling of the bags, and the rattling of the man's voice, many people came running thither: squire and 'prentice and count; marchioness and merchant's lady, and the cook from the castle, all hurrying toward the empty sound. Soon a great crowd was gathered, of men and of maidens, of women with white wimples and folded kerchiefs, and of little girls with yellow braids of hair.

"Come, hear, hear, hear!" repeated the man, in slow singsong, watching the people with his narrow blue eyes which were rimmed with red; then, so swiftly that none could see, he bent his head and touched his lips to the transparent bags. He spoke, and lo! a miracle, for out of his mouth came a beautiful, iridescent mist of words that floated and floated and broke against the gray fog, and rested across the eyes of an elderly woman who stood buxom and comely, and fell like a halo upon the fair hair of a young girl standing bareheaded in the sun, and flashed like an opal, flickered like a flame, so that at last the whole market-place was full of floating color; yet

all that the man had said was, "Be good and you will be happy," with variations.

"A Necromancer!" said the red-faced butcher under his breath.

"A prophet!" cried the countess, as a floating bit of the colored mist lighted on her lips.

"I never heard such truth," said the fair-haired maiden, with a bar of iridescent cloud across her eyes.

Watching and silent the Necromancer stood, the three-cornered smile upon his lips. They prayed him to do his trick again, but he shook his head and would not.

"To-morrow," he said, "at two P. M.:" and he smiled at the shower of golden coin that rained into his bell-crowned hat.

When they were sure that nothing more was forthcoming, they went marveling away; but all about the silvery fog that clung to the steeples, and the gray mists that lay along the streets, and the clouds that hung sullenly above, still hovered little rosy flecks of flame and hints of rainbow color.

Day after day the Necromancer stood in the market-place, and put his lips secretly to his colored bags, and spoke. He had searched all the copy-books of the kingdom, and had taken familiar truths, such as: "The good die young;" "To be selfish is to be miserable;" "Haste makes waste;" "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" and he clothed them in rainbow colors and breathed his mist about them, so that they stalked in beauty wonderful and strange, and the folk who listened did not know their own ideas when they met them face to face, because of the garment of many-colored words in which they came. Then the women went mad throughout the city, mad for the loud-sounding voice and the rattle of the bags, rose-colored, purple, and yellow. By her broodery frame the Countess Angélique forgot to draw green thread of silk through the dim web, and in her lap her white hands lay idle. Walking to and fro by her spinning wheel, little

Jeanne wove into the blue yarn the glittering phrases of yesterday, so that the strands tangled and knotted at the spindle. Margot the cook forgot her chickens roasting on the spit, but turned and turned them by the glowing coals till they were burned and black; and Joan the butcher's wife could no longer tell haunch of venison from flitch of bacon, but greeted customers with a vacant stare, for her mind was quite gone, gone the way of the wind, after the wonderful bits of colored fog.

Now the fair-haired maid who had stood awed in the market-place on the day when the enchanter came was a rich merchant's daughter, and her given name was Blanche. She was betrothed to one Hugh of a neighboring city, and he came often to Marmorante, lodging always at the Sign of the Red Dragon. Thus had been his wooing, as he stood one day with the maid and her father by the lattice that looked forth on the street.

"Wilt have me?" he asked, and the words cost him much, for he was a man of plain speech, and oft of no speech at all.

The maid stood in the sunshine and looked upon him, and he thought her a goodly sight. Green was her gown, and cut squarely at the throat, and with it the color of her eyes seemed green, and he knew not if her hand or her neck were whiter.

"I could give thee white velvet to thy train," he stammered, and the old man, her father, stood and watched.

"Dost love me?" asked the maid, for she was one that had heard old ballads sung; and the man opened wide his honest eyes.

"Ay, surely, else had I not asked thee to wife."

"Then will I wed thee," said the maid, and the wooer stood gazing at her, not daring the kiss that was in his mind.

"T is a good chaffer," said young Hugh. "We shall get on rarely together;" and thereafter, as heretofore, he had no eyes for aught save the maiden's face.

All this was a month ago, and to-day, when he came again, the maid would have it that he must needs go forth with her to the market-place to listen to this wonder; and he followed, willing enough, for he would have gone into the very dragon's teeth after the hem of her gown. Howsoever, the thought of going to listen to mere speech seemed to him but folly.

When they came to the open place, and he saw what was there, his eyes opened wide, and he whistled softly for sheer amazement, for never yet had he seen so great a concourse gathered together. There were women in velvet and in satin, women in homespun and in blue jean, even women in rags; and there were maidens as many and as lovely as the leaves upon the maple tree when it turns to rosy color in the fall, maidens dull or bright of hair as the case might be, but always bright of eye and of cheek. Far and near they gathered, crowding close together; many stood on bench or on counter, straining white necks forward; and all the windows that looked upon the market were crowded with fair faces. Presently, with long and pensive stride, came the lean man in drab; and as he came, honest Hugh heard the sudden, sharp breathing of the maid at his side, and felt her lean forward as if she were one quivering ear.

What followed puzzled the young man sorely. It was one of the great days of the Necromancer: forth from his mouth came a violet speech in the form of a bubble, and it floated over the heads of the people in lovely changing shades that ranged all the way from deep purple to the palest tint that is not yet white. Midway across the gray cloud it burst, and its gleaming bits drifted hither and yon, and the speaker smiled as he saw the eager fingers raised to catch the tiny vapors which melted as soon as touched. Forth came another and another: it was a day of loveliest froth. Anon came a speech of the color of gold that shimmered and shone in the sunlight, and burst into sparkles a thousand ways, and

so golden bubble followed golden bubble. All the little girls with floating hair or yellow braids ran after them, with hands lifted high to catch them before they burst, and the least maids wept because the taller ones caught more than they.

Young merchant Hugh stood watching, with his hand upon his chin.

"'T is a strange sight," he murmured to himself. "Jugglers enow have I seen in the East, and many of their devices have I learned, but I have seen naught like this."

Then he turned to his betrothed.

"Dost know the trick, Blanche?" he asked, but when he saw her face he knew that there was somewhat amiss with his words. All awed was she, and in her eyes was the look of one who had seen a vision; and, glancing about, he saw that the other women and maids wore the same expression. He came home pondering, having noted the shower of coin that had fallen into the Necromancer's hat; nor could he understand, for he gave ever good measure for the gold that was given him. Also he was sore troubled, for his betrothed had no words for him, only looks of high disdain.

"Well, daughter," said the old merchant as the two came in, "what saith the prophet to-day?"

"Oh!" cried the maiden, "all was wonderful and full of beauty. Each day is his discourse more marvelous than yesterday's."

"But what was it all about?" he asked, laying his hand upon her hair, for he was tender of her.

"How could I presume to tell?" she asked, with a grieved red lip. "'T was too wonderful to put into words;" and she swept from the room, with no glance for her lover.

Young merchant Hugh, to whom the very rushes on which the maiden stepped were dear because of his great speechless love, gazed after her, jealous of the look upon her face, and cruelly wounded by her scorn.

"I will find out the trick," said the

young man to himself, between set teeth; and he was one who ever made good his words.

Now the maiden Blanche was glad when her lover begged to go forth with her the next day and the next, at two P. M.

"Mayhap he may learn something of this wondrous speech," she said wistfully, thinking to herself that it would be sweet to be wooed in violet words and words of the color of gold. When he bent shyly to kiss her before they went, with lips that trembled for the great love they might not say, she drew stiffly back, nor would she thereafter permit touch or caress, and much she spoke of the joy of a maiden's life that would leave time free for thought; yet she took him gladly with her for a week of days. Ever he listened, as one spellbound, nor once removed his glance from the Necromancer's face; and he was keen of eye, and wont in traffic to detect word or look of fraud, and he saw what no one else had seen.

"I have it!" he cried, and he slapped his fist upon the palm of his left hand. "Those be bags of many-colored words that he hath with him, and he but sucks them up and breathes them forth."

That day he sent his sweetheart home with Dame Cartelet, that lived hard by, and was as besotted as she on the man with the magic words; then he went and lay in wait in the street through which the Necromancer passed each day in going home; and as he waited, he turned back his velvet cuffs, and felt lovingly of the muscle of shoulder and arm. So it was not long before a tall man in drab went running through the narrow streets on the outskirts of the town, crying and wringing his hands, and the rattling bags of rose color, and purple, and gold were gone from his neck.

"Oh, my vocabulary!" he wailed. "Oh, my bags, my bags, my bags! What am I but a man undone without my bag of adjectives!"

The dogs and the children that ran at his heels did not understand, nor did

smith and weaver as they stood in their doorways.

"Oh, my other bag, my bag of epithets, of polysyllabic epithets!" cried the fugitive as he ran.

A squealing pig joined the chase, and the men children and maid children who ran after laughed aloud. The women who watched from lattice or stone doorstep were of those who, by means of ten skillfully selected adjectives from the rose-colored bag, and a dozen golden epithets from the bag of yellow, had been made to gape and quiver with the sense of the birth of new truth, yet they failed to recognize the juggler, for iridescent mist and ruddy vapor had vanished from his head and shoulders, and they saw naught save a lean and ugly man fleeing under a gray sky; and, hearing, they yet did not understand, his cry of deep dismay.

"Oh, my exclamation points, my lost exclamation points! Oh, my pet hiatus that laid all low when nothing else would avail!" — and so he passed out of their sight, and out of the city of Marmorante.

At the Sign of the Red Dragon that afternoon young merchant Hugh was closely locked in his room. Behind great iron bolts he sat upon a three-legged stool, and worked with the colored, rattling bags.

"T is well that men have devised this thing," he said, holding a mirror before his face, as he sucked air from the bag of rose; "else could I not see if all goes well." And his heart was well-nigh bursting with joy when he saw that the breath of his mouth was even as the breath of the Necromancer upon the air. Then he slipped downstairs and begged for a cup of ale, and as the maid served him in the kitchen he blew out a whiff from the bag of gold, and of a sudden her face became as the faces of the women who stood in the market-place under the spell of the juggler, and Hugh was glad.

The next day he hid the bags in a neckerchief of fine silk, and went to the house of his sweetheart, asking to see her; but

when she came it was with a face set and cold, and she paused with the great oaken table between them.

"Hugh," she said, unsmiling, "I have been thinking."

"T is foolish work for a woman," he answered stoutly.

"That which thou dost say but confirms my thought," she answered, still more coldly. "We cannot be wed; waking and sleeping have I considered this matter, and thus have I resolved."

"Now, why?" cried honest Hugh bluntly.

"We have so little in common," said Blanche.

"Thou shalt have all," he stammered, forgetting, in his hurt, the magic bags. "Why, 't is for thee I send forth all my ships. I will be but thy pensioner."

A shadow of pain passed over the maiden's face.

"I mean not goods nor possessions, nor any manner of vulgar things; 't is of mind and soul I speak, and ours be far apart."

"My goods be not vulgar!" cried young merchant Hugh. "Rare silks and cloths from the East have I, and purest pearls, for thy white throat. No common thing is there in all my store."

Then the little foot of Blanche tapped impatiently on the stone floor.

"T is of no avail that I try to make thee understand! I say there be depths in my nature that thou mayst not satisfy; also am I full busy this morning and must beg to be excused," — and with that she drew open the heavy oaken door, leaving him in the long room as one dazed.

Then he bethought him of his bags, and drew them out too late, taking a whiff from each as a sob rose in his throat. Suddenly the fair hair of Blanche appeared again in the doorway, and she smiled as a stranger upon him.

"I forgot to say that I wish thee all manner of good, and great prosperity," she said amiably.

Then out of Hugh's mouth came a purple speech, and a speech of the color

of gold; and little iridescent mists floated through the air, while a rose-colored bubble rested for a moment on the white eyelids of the maiden. The dull-paneled room was as the breaking of a rainbow; yet all he had said was, "Wilt not wed me, Blanche?" But he said it in rose color and purple and gold.

"What have I done?" cried the maiden sorrowfully; and he rejoiced to see that the look upon her face was as it had been when she had listened to the Necromancer's philosophies and faiths.

Then he turned and smiled, saying: "I love thee, Blanche," and he spoke in the juggler's speech, which made a glory on the maiden's hair, and about her gown of green. With outstretched hands she came toward him, and she laid her head upon his breast, smiling up at him.

"I was mad but now, Hugh," she breathed. "Our two souls be but one."

"Wilt come with me to the market-place this afternoon?" he asked.

"Nay," sighed the maiden. "I care not for the market-place, for I am happy here, where I have found my home."

"I speak there," he said bluffly, "at two P. M."

"Thou!" and the maiden's laughter rang out like the touch of silver bells, "and of what?"

"Of phases of occult thought," he answered gravely.

"Ay," cried Blanche, and she raised her face to kiss him. "Ay, Hugh, be sure, that I shall be there when thou dost talk philosophies."

The young merchant was good as his word, and that afternoon he stood in the market-place upon a counter, rattling the juggler's bags as he waited. As before, men, women, and maidens came, by tens, by twenties, by hundreds, till there was no spot where he could look without meeting a pair of wistful eyes.

"It looks to be but plain Hugh, the merchant," whispered one to another.

"Hath he undertaken to sell his wares here?" asked one.

"He hath choice pearls," whispered a

maiden who was not yet wholly given over to occult thought.

But Hugh had begun to speak, and faces of wonder were lifted to him, for he was strong of lung, and the breath from the magic bags went farther than ever before.

"Our friend the Necromancer is indisposed, and I must take his place," he began. "Like him, I have chosen a theme from the depths of human thought; and now, hear! hear! hear!"

Then eloquence poured forth from the man's lips so fast, so full a stream, that the very welkin was rose-tinted, and a great rainbow seemed to overspread the sky. Gray clouds above the tallest spires broke into tints of opal, and all the air shaded into the violet and purple of exclamation points, and of the pet hiatus, which was hard to work, but came well off. Golden glory haunted carved door and window and words of flame crept around the tracery of arch and gable. Women sobbed for very joy; others wrote madly on their tablets; maidens gasped with red lips slightly opened; never, during the whole lecture season, had come so big a wind from out the bags, and honest Hugh blushed with mingled shame and triumph when he saw the face of his betrothed, for it wore the look of one who had seen the white vision of naked truth.

Following the fashion of the Necromancer, he had taken a maxim, and had dressed it up so that men knew it not, and so that it came forth as revelation. All that he had said from the first to the last was the truth that he knew best: "Honesty is the best policy;" but this was the way in which he had said it, with constantly shifting color:—

"Glory awaits the equable! All-hails are the portion of him, who, unswerving, with eyes upon the path ahead, with lofty head erect, perambulates his chosen path through this world's tangled wilderness, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, though golden cohorts beckon. The goal is for the upright feet. The crown waits. . . . What matter if the

victor be sobbing and breathless, so that he be conqueror?" (Observe the hiatus.) "So saith golden-tongued Plato; so saith heavy-browed Aristotle of persuasive speech; so saith Aulus Gellius, withdrawn in his inner truth, and his brother, Currant Gellius, whose essence clings; so say the holy fathers, subtle Basil, myriad-minded Chrysostom; so saith the copy-book."

When the speech was over, and the bags hidden away, Hugh bore as best he might the tears and the congratulations of the women, their murmured plaudits, and inspired looks.

"T is the first time I have ever failed to give honest measure," he said shamefacedly to himself, as they flocked about him.

That night, as he sat with the maiden and her father, he spoke of departing on the morrow with a ship that would sail for Morocco to be gone many months, and his sweetheart came to him, creeping into his arms.

"Do not leave me, Hugh," she pleaded. "It is so far away."

"I must go, little one," he answered, smoothing her fair hair. "Men sit not ever by the fire to hear tabby purr."

"Say them again," she pleaded, "say again the words thou didst speak this morning, that I may have them with me when thou art far away."

"Far in illimitable recesses of time and of space," he began shamefacedly, "before phenomena existed, thy bodiless soul and mine met and mingled as one" —

"Where hast learned that jargon, Hugh?" asked the old merchant, with a loud guffaw.

"Hush!" said Hugh, with loving hands upon the maiden's ears so that she might not hear. "All is fair in love, father!"

But Hugh was still an honest merchant, and never in his long and happy life did he use the stolen vocabulary in bargaining, or to gain dishonest advantage in trade. Only, when the face of Blanche, his wife, grew sad, he would take out the colored bags, which he kept secretly locked in an iron chest, and then the old smiles would come back to her beautiful face, and with them the look of awe wherewith she regarded her husband, as the mist of purple, and the flecks of rose color, and the bubbles of gold, fell on hair and eye and ear.

RECENT BOOKS ON ITALY¹

I CANNOT say that I have ever wholly admired that famous apostrophe of Robert Browning's to Italy which begins with the alliterative line, —

"O woman-country, wooed not wed!"

There is a flaw in taste somewhere, a touch of commonness about it, from which the far more impassioned sonnet of Filicaja,

"Italia Italia, O tu, cui feo la sorte
Donò infelice di bellezza!" etc.

is entirely free.

But poets will be poets, and critics captious, and whatever be the nature of Italy's perennial appeal to the affections of the more highly developed human creature, whether sensual, spiritual, intellectual, or a fiery mixture of the three, there can be no question about the reality of the spell. It is as old as recorded time, and shows no sign of decay. The shadow of that great name embraces the globe; the lure of the fleeting land (*Italiam fugientem*) pursued by the Trojan exiles is as potent as ever; and the making of many books about Italy will probably go on while the world endures.

¹ *A Short History of Italy.* By HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

A Short History of Venice. By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Salve Venezia: Gleanings from Venetian History. By FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

With Shelley in Italy. By ANNA BENESON MACMAHAN. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1905.

The Florence of Landor. By LILIAN WHITING. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1905.

Dante the Wayfarer. By CHRISTOPHER HARE. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The Spirit of Rome: Leaves from a Diary. By VERNON LEE. London: John Lane. New York: John Lane Company. 1906.

554

It happens that the year just past was unusually prolific in what may be described without disparagement as popular books, upon the inexhaustible theme. Those we have now to consider may conveniently be divided into two classes: condensed compendia, or manuals of general history, and essays in description, often admirably illustrated, of which two or three, like *Shelley in Italy* and *The Florence of Landor*, aim at novelty by the endeavor to see the unrivaled *spectacle* of Italy, through the eyes of some one or other of its more illustrious lovers in the past.

It is a pleasure promptly to assign the first place in our first class to *A Short History of Italy*, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Mr. Sedgwick has done an exceedingly difficult thing better than it was ever done — in English, at least — before, and about as well, one may venture to affirm, as it ever can be done. His essays in miscellaneous literary criticism, collected and published in a book some two years ago, were so keen, clever, fair-minded, and sweet-tempered, as to inspire good hope that a genuine light of humane letters had once more been kindled among us. But the essays were of curiously unequal merit, and the best of them, though so good, were certainly no better than those astonishingly brilliant and original studies in a few of the greatest writers by another of the younger Harvard men, John J. Chapman, of which the exhilarating promise has not yet been redeemed.

Mr. Sedgwick, on the contrary, has gone straight on to take his higher degree, and has won it *summa cum laude*. It is a fine thing, and not given to all, to "know the greatest when we see it;" to salute with appropriate homage, devout and yet intelligent, some transcendent individual reputation. It is another and much rarer

thing to be able to embrace, in one unwavering view, a vast and momentous historic period, chaotic with strife, teeming with revolutions, pregnant with all manner of imperfectly analyzed influences on the life of to-day, and to draw, in strong outline, a comprehensive picture, the perspective of whose long vista shall be quite correct, and the lightly suggested hues and values even approximately right. It is this which Mr. Sedgwick has done for the story of the Italian peninsula from 476 to 1900 A. D.; and the student who is already familiar with his Gibbon and Gregorovius, with the seven monumental volumes of Mr. Hodgkin on *Italy and her Invaders*, and the authoritative summary of Mr. Bryce, will be all the better prepared to appreciate the main accuracy and indefectible honesty of this concise but never dull account, of the passing of the classic Roman Empire, the rise of the mediæval Roman Church, and the secular struggle between popes and emperors for that second Roman imperium which is commonly described as Holy. One may note, as a single specimen out of many that might be cited of Mr. Sedgwick's almost precocious capacity for an impartial charge to the jury, the way in which, after an admirable discussion of the curious relations between Charles the Great and the first Nicholas, he sums up the case for the Pope in the obscure but hardly dubious matter of the Isidorian Decretals and the other so-called Donations in early Christian times of temporal sovereignty to the Church.

Very clear, too, considering the difficulty of the subject, is our author's account of the rise of the Italian Despots, and his analysis of the widely varying motives which led those fierce competitors for power and territory to unite in fostering the great revival of letters and art in the Quattrocento, whereby it fell to the Italians, as a people, once more to lead the world.

In *A Short History of Venice*, by William Roscoe Thayer, we have, again,

an excellent abstract of one of the most inviting separate chapters in the long tale of Italian civilization. There have been several attempts, in recent years, by more or less able writers, including the late Mrs. Oliphant, to epitomize the political development, and exhibit, on a small scale, the vividly picturesque drama of the unique Venetian state; but this of Mr. Thayer's will easily supersede them all. The narrower scope of his theme permits him to treat it in a more personal manner than was possible for Mr. Sedgwick, and so, perhaps, to invest it with a keener human interest for the average reader. Mr. Thayer has, moreover, though duly subordinated to his obligations as an impartial historian, his point to prove, — his own distinct theory of what made Venice great, — and he indicates it openly in his preface. After premising that no other people has been the victim of more misconception than the Venetians, he goes on to say: "Venice pursued her own way, independent of all those nations . . . like the German, the French, the English, . . . which have dominated the modern epoch; and although she was, in a large sense, the product of the Middle Ages, she was the least mediæval of her contemporaries. . . . The trend of political evolution sets toward popular government; the Venetians formed a powerful state after a different plan. They developed a national organism perfectly adapted to their unique conditions, but so opposed to modern political ideals that few students have investigated it, and fewer still have treated it sympathetically."

There is no lack of sympathy, and certainly none of ability, in Mr. Thayer's analysis of the evolution from humblest and most distressed beginnings of the great aristocratic and imperialistic commonwealth. The ugly word oligarchy does not frighten him in the least. It was because Venice had the clear foresight, and the rare good sense, early to place her fortunes unreservedly in the hands of her élite few, that she made of the shifting lagoon a firm foundation, whence to

depart for the taming of seas and the conquest of continents. Her civil, commercial, and military achievements did, indeed, keep perfect step; and it has the oddest effect when Mr. Thayer interrupts, from time to time, the fine flow of his epic narrative, to recite monotonously, and, as it were, under his breath, the cold and cautious political creed of the distinguished minority in his own Congressional District. No symbol was ever more perfunctorily professed. For nothing is made clearer, by his own showing, than this: that while commerce might have made Venice as rich, and her private life as luxurious, as never was, it was arms that made her great. It was the eternal call to warfare, offensive as well as defensive, which punctually provided the man for the hour, and the captain for the host, in the persons of those great doges and admirals who were, I suppose, take them for all in all, the most stately and symmetrical antetypes of the desired *Uebermensch* which the world has yet seen. Mr. Thayer himself seems to think that the main debt of the modern world to Venice is for two things, which are, after all, but parts, or aspects, of one: a novel type of heroic human character, and its matchless representation on the unfading canvases of her great portrait-painters. The tenth and eleventh chapters of the *Short History*, on Venetian art and civilization, are among the most instructive and stimulating in the book; none the less because here, too, the author has his decided preferences, if not his *parti pris*. An ardent admirer of Venetian architecture, that is to say, of the richer and more highly decorated varieties both of the Byzantine and Gothic, Mr. Thayer has little enthusiasm, and affects none, for the early Venetian painters by whom Ruskin taught us to swear, — for the grave and simple dignity of the Bellini, and the sweet austerities of Carpaccio. It is the great colorists, whom we feel to have been, at the same time, great psychologists, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, who command his unstinted homage.

The book is provided with a few simple but admirable maps and plans, which illustrate, in the clearest manner, the growth of Venice among her islands, and her inevitable expansion along the mainland of Italy and Dalmatia.

We fancy that we know exactly what to expect from the polite title, *Salve Venezia*, and the scrupulous external elegance of Mr. Crawford's new volumes; nor does that accomplished and always agreeable author disappoint us. As in the companion books about Rome and the two Sicilies, we have the raw material of history, slowly amassed or laboriously epitomized by others, treated mainly from the artist's point of view, and dexterously, though never dishonestly, manipulated, so as to produce the best scenic effect. The prominent figures are coaxed into graceful grouping; the bewildering chaos of events arranged in a brilliant series of classical tableaux. No phenomena of racial and political development could possibly lend themselves more kindly to such a mode of treatment than those of Venice, where the stage of the great play remains almost intact, — though, it may be, not for long! — and the most magnificent of its properties are still available for the amateur. Mr. Crawford's intimate acquaintance with modern Italian life and sympathy with Italian characteristics make him a showman among a thousand for the pageant of Italy's past: while his running commentary is always valuable, precisely because it is based upon a mass of long-assimilated knowledge, which the urbane writer would think it pedantic and in bad taste insistently to obtrude. Inconspicuous marginal notes refer the reader possessed by a rage for verification to such unimpeachable authorities as Daru's lengthy chronicle, the *Storia Documentata* of Romanin, the encyclopædic work of Professor Pompeo Molmenti, and that of the two Browns, Rawdon and Horatio, by far the best of recent English writers upon Venice.

It is but just to observe, moreover, that Mr. Crawford never claims for his at-

tractive book the honors of a formal history. Its modest sub-title is *Historic Gleanings*; and, while the first volume embraces a fairly consecutive narrative of the fortunes of the Adriatic state down to the close of the fifteenth century, the second, and perhaps the fresher and more fascinating of the two, consists mainly of separate essays on the shifting aspects, both political and social, of Venice during the long centuries of her decline, — “The Last Magistrates,” “The Last Doges,” “The Last Homes;” best of all, perhaps, “The Last Great Lady.” The latter is a charming sketch of Giustina Michiel, *nata* Renier; a great beauty, though of diminutive stature, and a greater wit, to whom it fell, in the hour of her country’s deepest humiliation, to lead a forlorn hope against the overbearing young Napoleon, on the slippery field of the drawing-room. Her victory over the all-conquering Cad was as signal as that of another gran’ Signora, at the same period, in Milan (I think she was a Palavicini), who met the rude affront of “*Tutti gli Italiani sono birboni*” by an affable smile, and the kind of soft answer which does not always turn away wrath, — “*Non tutti, sire — ma buona parte.*”

The pages of *Salve Venezia* are lavishly adorned, and the worth of the book much enhanced, by a hundred or more illustrations from the original drawings of that admirable artist in black and white, Mr. Joseph Pennell. They are pretty evenly dispersed through the two volumes, and, while they bear little or no relation to the place where they are inserted, between the leaves, or in the text, they serve to fill the reader’s imagination with a sort of continuous vision of Venice. The pictures are of two kinds: pen-and-ink sketches of extreme delicacy, which often represent in a wonderful manner the more or less distant effect upon the eye of the rich details of Venetian Gothic; and wash-drawings of less uniform merit, but which are much less wronged, as a rule, than the others by the brute pro-

cesses of reduction and multiplication. Whoever is happily familiar with the refinement of Mr. Pennell’s own touch, and his rare faculty of infinite poetic suggestion by the simplest means, will understand at a glance that it was never *he* who made Venice from the Lido (vol. i, p. 35) look like a New England village of three meeting-houses viewed from the further shore of a narrow stream; while, on the other hand, some of the wash-drawings, like *A White Morning* from San Giorgio and *The Last Rays* on St. Mark’s, appear to do about all that can be done without color toward fixing upon paper some of those ineffable atmospheric effects which invest with a mysterious and undying glamour the dream-city by the Adriatic.

The chief attraction for the general public of the modest little volume, *With Shelley in Italy*, will also be found in the profusion and beauty of its illustrations. They are not, indeed, signed by a distinguished hand, like those of *Salve Venezia*, but are mostly reproduced from photographs: either Alinari’s (of Florence), which are almost always what we call artistic, or those of the discriminating compiler herself. Such as they are, they must have been sought with infinite industry, and selected with the nicest care; for there is hardly a spot associated with the unique tragedy of Shelley’s ultimate years, from the beauteous pass by which he first crossed the Apennines to the soft waves whose “last monotony” closed over his dying brain in the Bay of Lerici, only four years later, which is not represented here; while every marvel of Italian scenery or art ever illuminated by the swiftly passing searchlight of his transcendent imagination has acquired an appropriate motto from his prose or verse. For the rest, the book furnishes a kind of breviary for the devout Shelley-worshiper; including, as it does, nearly all the poet’s letters from Italy, the greatest of his odes, lyrics, and elegies, — the *Sky-lark*, the *West Wind*, the *Adonais*, and others, — which were all written

there, beside copious extracts from those longer and more studied compositions, such as the *Prometheus Unbound* and the *Cenci*, for which he found his inspiration at Rome, in Tuscany, or on the eastern Riviera. The sympathetic editor of this lovely collection, Miss Anna Beneson MacMahan, effaces herself almost entirely, furnishing, in her own person, only a brief and reserved, but refined and discerning preface, and the slightest possible thread of narrative to connect, in their proper chronological order, the letters and other quotations.

Self-effacement is not the foible of Miss Lilian Whiting, who has arranged a very handsome volume which it pleases her to call *The Florence of Landor*. She tells us, by the way, how cold it was, without a fire, in the shabby salons of that old Rucellai palace on the Piazza Trinita, once owned by the Dukes of Northumberland, when the Theosophic Society of Florence held its meetings there in the winter of 1900; and she appeals to the sympathies of the many American readers who are said to have found moral support in the mild optimism of her ethical essays — *The World Beautiful*, *The World Radiant*, and others — by copious extracts from Emerson, Longfellow, Walt Whitman, Kate Field, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. The truth is that Walter Savage Landor had no Florence to speak of, though he lived there many years; and there is less need, even than of most modern authorship, for making a book about him there. He was one of those who by their very idiosyncrasies are foredoomed to live apart. Fine scholar and finished literary artist always, he was too self-centred and self-absorbed a thinker either to have impressed his own personality on the classic environment, as Byron, Shelley, and the Brownings did, or largely to have nourished his peculiar genius by it; while his exclusive and overbearing temper would never permit him to shine in the circle of those distinguished refugees from England and else-

where, who made Florentine society delightful during the first two thirds of the nineteenth century. Miss Whiting even assigns a long and emphatic chapter to the shadowy Rose Aylmer episode, that most delicate and evanescent dream of Landor's early youth, which he himself enshrined fitly — and it might have been thought finally — in two exquisite stanzas of four short lines each. But the book is beautifully printed, in large type upon flawless paper, and easy to hold, though so bulky, and it contains some new and interesting anecdotes and a few good illustrations.

Dante the Wayfarer, by Christopher Hare, is a work as much more important than either of the two last named as the mighty figure of Dante Alighieri towers higher in the landscape of the past than Landor's, or even Shelley's. Shelley shone upon Italy, and Landor loitered there; but Dante *is* Italy: the lord of her living language, the link between dynasties and dispensations, the exponent of her most heroic faiths; the seer and prophet, with Petrarch and Cola, but earlier even than they, of her predestined unity.

"It is a good thing," said J. J. Ampère, "to see what Dante saw, to live where he once lived, to set one's foot in the print left by his;" and following the ever-charming *Voyage Dantesque* of the sympathetic Frenchman, — who was, in some sort, a pioneer in this kind of commentary, — there have been a good many separate monographs by countrymen of the poet's own, on the traces of his passage through this or that ancient Italian town, — *Dante in Siena*, *Dante in Verona*, and the like, — or on the association of his name with more distant regions, such as the Istrian and Ligurian coasts, the Alps, and the secular Aliscamp at Arles.

The result of all these reverent researches will be found summed up, sifted, and checked by personal observation in Mr. Christopher Hare's book. He has collected from the whole range of Dante's works, but chiefly from the *Divine Com-*

edy, nearly all the landscape bits, and one is astonished, when one sees them thus assembled, to find how many and how vivid they are, and how completely they enable one to follow the sad itinerary of the poet's exile. To each extract Mr. Hare appends, after the manner of Mr. W. W. Vernon, in his priceless *Readings in the Inferno and Purgatorio*, a close translation in more or less rhythmic English prose. These renderings are often very beautiful, though not always quite as miraculously exact as Mr. Vernon's. The chapter on "Medieval Paris," where it is now almost universally conceded that Dante lived for a time, as a student in the great university, is full of curious information; while a soothing glimmer of pale but peaceful light is shed over the fading days of the banished poet, in Mr. Hare's concluding chapters on "The Last Refuge," — in Ravenna, — and "The Pilgrim's Goal." *Alla fin' fine*, when every fond ambition had been relinquished and every personal and patriotic hope resigned, the feet so weary with climbing the "stairs of others" found rest; the "dry wind of poverty" ceased, for one brief hour before a comparatively early sunset, to pinch the shrinking nerves of one of the proudest and most sensitive to pain, disgrace, and dependence, of all created souls. He was a guest still, who might have been the most royal of hosts; but eagerly invited by Guido Novello da Polenta, Francesca's nephew, gratefully received, and tenderly and reverentially served. His children, long unseen, came to him there, — Beatrice's namesake among them, — friends gathered about, and cherished, and even mildly jested with him. There came to Dante in Ravenna, as we may hope, some faint reflected ray of that ineffable joy —

"O perpetui fiori
Dell' eterna letizia" —

which had flamed against the black background of his private woes with a steadfast splendor fairly dazzling to our weaker eyesight; and he began to understand, better, perhaps, than even in the Circle of

the Sun, the supreme Consolation into which the radiant soul of the once tortured Boethius had entered nearly a millennium before his own day.

"Lo corpo, ond' ella fu cacciata giace
Giuso in Cieldauro, ed essa da martiro
E da esilio venne a questa pace."

Mr. Hare's fine compilation is fitted to be of such incalculable use to the earnest student of Dante that it seems needful, if a little ungracious, to point out the fact that the text of the present edition teems with minute typographical errors, — as, for example, *ritorno* for *ritorna* (p. 16; from *Inferno*, xiii), *altro* for *altre* (p. 45; *Purgatorio*, iii), *rimango* for *rimanga* (p. 112; *Purgatorio*, xiv), *biada* for *biada* (p. 148; *Purgatorio*, ii). These misprints occur chiefly in the Italian text of the quotations; but we have also (p. 161), "All for love and the word well lost;" and the Mangia tower of Siena is, of course, *not* the Campanile of the Cathedral, so labeled on the illustration facing page 52, but that airy shaft and belfry springing heavenward like a long-stemmed flower from the roof of the Palazzo Pubblico.

In that school of recent writers, French and English, who may be described, collectively, as the literary Impressionists, Vernon Lee holds a distinguished place; and the "leaves from a diary" which she has lately published, under the rather loosely-fitting title of *The Spirit of Rome*, contain some of her subtlest and most suggestive word-painting. They are the merest shorthand notes of things *felt* rather than seen in Rome and its *dintorni*, during the transient spring visits of many successive years, by an Englishwoman of keen and rarely cultivated perceptions, who has passed almost her whole life in some part of Italy; yet that semi-pagan sensitiveness of hers to the *religio loci*, so remarkably shown in *Belcaro Euphion* and the *Haunted Woodlands*, enables her to render often, in a few learned lines, the complete effect of an Italian view. "I have found it impossible," says Vernon Lee naively, in her half-apolo-

getic preface to the present collection, "to *use up*, in what I have written of places and their genius, these notes about Rome. I cannot focus Rome into any definite perspective, or see it in the color of one mood."

Who ever could, or will? But she care-

lessly hands us her unset gems; and the least practiced eye will readily discern that some of them, at all events, — like the vignette of Cicero's Tusculum, and the first glimpse of Subiaco and its great convents, among the Sabine Hills, — are of the purest water.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH PUBLIC DOCUMENTS?

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

THE government of the United States issues annually more than eleven hundred separate books and pamphlets for the information and instruction of the public. The number of official publications has become so great — it has doubled in the last decade — that the Federal government is now probably the largest publishing house in the world.

From time to time Congress has created new bureaus, or amplified old ones, to engage in scientific or statistical investigation, the results of which, for the most part, can find no other outlet than the printed page. The more industrious and efficient these investigators become, the more numerous are the books and treatises which the government is annually called upon to print and distribute. From such documents as these, the papers and pamphlets required by Congress in the conduct of its own affairs are entirely distinct. No criticism is here offered concerning the great amount and variety of strictly legislative printing, for the Senate and House may justly claim that they are the best judges of their own requirements. Publications, however, which are intended, directly or indirectly, for the benefit of the public, are quite another matter. Concerning these any one is privileged to inquire how they came into existence, and whether they serve their purpose most effectively.

Increase of Government Publications

At the beginning of the last century the printing ordered by Congress in the conduct of legislative business was practically all that was required by the government. Congressional printing, moreover, was limited to bills, reports, claims, and journals. No exact comparison, therefore, is possible between that period and our own, since modern conditions bear no resemblance to those of a century ago. A computation, however, for different years through the century, of aggregate pages issued, at least roughly illustrates the rapid expansion of official requirement. The total number of printed pages of all classes published by the Federal government in 1800 was 4582; in 1820, 6518; in 1840, 19,331; in 1860, 42,007; in 1880, 72,171. After 1880 the use of printed matter of all classes increased at a prodigious rate, and, according to the report of the Public Printer, the total number of pages of all classes of printing in 1900 amounted to 312,634.

The great increase which has taken place since 1880 is due in large part to the noteworthy change which has occurred in the policy of the government toward official, scientific, and statistical inquiry. So numerous, indeed, are the scientific specialists now employed in the Federal civil service that they exert a distinct and agreeable influence upon the

social and club life of the capital. The first and most obvious cause of this enlightened policy is the striking advance of the nation itself in wealth and culture, and along all lines of scientific investigation, during the period mentioned. It is natural that such progress should be reflected in the attitude of the national government. Moreover, the Federal census of 1880, the most elaborate series of statistical volumes ever attempted up to that time, in the United States or elsewhere,

may also have contributed to accustom the nation and Congress to official scientific and statistical research. However that may be, most of the bureaus which are now the principal producers of official scientific publications were organized during the twenty-five years since 1880, and many of them between 1880 and 1890.

The following table presents the number of books and pamphlets issued by the executive departments in 1895 and 1905, with their aggregate number of pages.

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS, BY DEPARTMENTS, WITH THE NUMBER OF PAGES: 1905 AND 1895.

Department.	1905.			1895.			Per cent. of increase in pages.
	Number of publications.	Number of pages.	Average number of pages per publication.	Number of publications.	Number of pages.	Average number of pages per publication.	
Agriculture	476	20,502	43	148	9,086	61	125.6
Commerce and Labor	188	34,989	186				
Interior	153	45,400	297	104	28,443	273	59.6
Justice	2	665	333	5	478	95	39.1
Navy	24	6,734	281	41	6,757	164	0.3 ¹
Post Office	9	1,672	186	8	2,593	324	35.5 ¹
State	34	7,077	208	63	11,700	186	65.3 ¹
Treasury	35	9,189	263	124	13,283	107	44.6 ¹
War	129	29,497	229	49	7,027	143	319.8
Fish Commission				4	1,635	408	
Interstate Commerce Commission	8	3,366	421	4	1,129	282	198.1
Bureau of Labor				3	942	314	
Smithsonian Institution	62	10,353	167	12	2,505	209	313.3
All other offices and commissions	11	1,595	145	4	686	172	
Total	1,131	171,039	151	569	86,264	152	98.3

¹ Decrease.

This table shows that the average size of a government publication is approximately 150 pages, and that the total number of these publications and total number of pages doubled during the decade. Four executive departments — War, Agriculture, Interior, and Commerce and Labor — greatly exceed the others in publishing activity. In 1905 these four departments contributed more than four-fifths of all the publications, and three-quarters of the total number of pages shown in the table. This proportion has increased materially since 1895.

The concentration of publishing activity is better illustrated, however, by the fact that 13 bureaus and offices, out of the 62 represented in the table, supplied 97,000 pages of the total number shown for 1905. Eleven of these were in the four departments mentioned.

Present Method of Distribution

There are two main channels by which the publications of the Federal govern-

ment now reach the public,—the time-honored and much abused congressional quota (an equal division among senators and representatives of the total number of documents authorized by law to be printed for the Senate and House), and the department mailing lists.

The assignment of a quota cannot be called a device of the modern legislator. It is probably as old as the public document itself. In 1791, Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State under President Washington, submitted to the House of Representatives a report on the fisheries of the United States. This little book of 51 pages, published October 1, 1791, seems to have been the first document of a purely scientific or statistical nature issued by the government. An edition of 200 copies was ordered printed "for the use of the Members of Congress," and as there were 66 members of the House in the First Congress, this number was sufficient to allow 3 copies to each representative.

By the middle of the last century it became customary for Congress to order the publication, from time to time, of the results of notable expeditions, explorations, and surveys, whether in this country or abroad, made by persons in the Federal civil, or military service. In the preparation of such publications no expense seems to have been spared to perfect letter press and illustrations, and the editions were generally large, but the executive departments appear not to have participated in the distribution. The report of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan was a noteworthy example of the more elaborate publications of that period. It was authorized by Congress February 14, 1855, required two years for completion, filled three quarto volumes, and cost \$240,486.72. Of this work 6400 sets were printed for the Senate, and 12,020 for the House, a quota of about 90 and 50, respectively. Thus the money value of each senator's share was nearly \$300, and that of each representative's \$150. The elaborate report upon

the explorations and surveys for a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific, also authorized in 1855, filled eight quarto volumes, and cost \$600,663. The illustrations and maps alone in this work cost \$282,479.13. This extraordinary publication included not only the surveys, but descriptions of Indian tribes, and animals, the botany, minerals, and reptiles of the Western wilderness. Each senator appears to have secured 175 sets and each representative 45, the total edition being 23,920.

The printing law of 1895 (still in force) specified the edition and disposition of the principal annual publications of the government. The total "number"—whether single volumes or sets of "parts"—authorized by this law was 982,600, afterwards increased to 1,115,600. Of this aggregate Congress reserved for itself, as quota, 88 per cent.

The quota arose, and has flourished, principally for two reasons. Naturally enough, the voter rather likes to obtain something for nothing, and the receipt of expensive publications from the Member of Congress for the district involves an element of flattery, just as does the receipt of a package of Agricultural Department garden seeds from the same source. The books may not be of any practical value to the recipient, and the seeds may never grow, but the object of their dispatch has been secured. Thus there has grown up in connection with the distribution of official volumes an element totally apart from the usefulness of the publication or the appropriateness of its destination.

The second and more important reason for the quota is the self-interest of the senators and representatives. It will always happen that documents are dispatched principally to persons who need to be placated. This makes the distribution one of politics and policy rather than genuine need. Moreover, the possessor of a quota feels compelled to dispose somehow of his allowance of books, instead of merely filling requests for publications

for reference or research. Hence, the quota may be regarded as a sort of forced-draught method of distribution. It is not businesslike, economical, or wise, from the modern standpoint, for it does not insure the placing of government publications in the hands of those persons who have the greatest interest in them or will make the best use of them.

The other method of distribution is the department or bureau mailing list. This method of distribution reflects the increasing liberality of Congress in permitting the departments to handle part or all of their publications. Each bureau which controls a considerable number of copies of publications issued at stated intervals employs a mailing list which varies from 2000 to 5000 addresses. These lists are made up with varying degrees of care, and generally consist of the addresses of public officials, institutions, and persons supposed to be especially interested in the subjects discussed. When an edition of a book or pamphlet is published for which no quota is provided by law, the department finds itself with the edition upon its hands to distribute. Naturally the mailing list, under such conditions, is the only recourse, but a free mailing list is always more or less unsatisfactory, because the publishing department or bureau is never sure when the necessity or requirement of the recipient may have ceased, and every person on the list is sure to receive some publications of no especial interest to him.

Naturally enough, there are many scattering demands for all classes of documents. A gratifyingly large number are the result of a genuine need for information in business or research, but the insertion of many illustrations or maps often creates an artificial demand, which is sometimes cited as an indication of the public utility of the report, though in reality the desire to possess the volume may arise not from any scientific or intelligent interest in the subject of which it treats, but from the fact that it contains many colored pictures, and appears costly. It

is impossible to distinguish between genuine and simulated requirement for such publications.

In commercial publications the channel of disposition is, of course, the natural one of sales. No standards now exist in the government by which to determine the proper number of copies to issue of any publication, since, all being free, it is possible to dispose of as many as the department or bureau is able to print. Even the decision to print an edition on the basis of a mailing list is not satisfactory, for the mailing list can be as large or as small as the chief of the bureau or department sees fit to establish.

Obviously the volume of official publications has reached such enormous proportions under present conditions that it is a burden upon the resources of the government. If the quota is an unwise and wasteful method of distribution, and the free mailing list is far from satisfactory, is there not some other feasible method which would prove more advantageous to the government and to the public ?

Distribution by Sale

Although all civilized countries issue many official publications, the United States is the only one which has a system of practically free distribution.

France and Germany, though liberal publishers upon statistical, economic, and scientific subjects, especially in connection with agriculture, distribute free only to specified officials of the general government, and to those local officials whose line of work or locality obviously entitles them to particular publications. The remaining copies are placed on sale through established agencies.

The English system, though altered from time to time, dates from 1782. The number of the official publications of all classes issued annually by the British government is very large. Practically all official publications are termed *Parliamentary Papers*, and consist of reports, estimates, accounts, and of Command

Papers, under which are a wide variety of topics, such as monographs upon Dangerous Trades, Alcoholic Beverages, Churches, Juvenile Employment, Diseases of Animals, Mines, Fisheries, Prisons, Servants, Vivisection, etc. When a book or pamphlet is completed, it is charged up by the schedule of bare cost to the contractor, and the Controller of Stationery then adds fifty per cent for the profit of publisher and bookseller. A few copies are retained for official use, and the remainder of the edition is placed on sale with authorized Parliamentary booksellers in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, who thus have the same personal interest in sales of official publications that they have in those of commercial publications. The amount actually paid into the Exchequer for each book sold represents, as nearly as may be, the cost of printing, binding, and paper. The selling price of British official documents varies from a few Pence, to twenty pounds for such a work as the reproduction of the *Doomsday Book*. Copies of Command Papers are not sent to members of Parliament unless requested, but each member is kept in touch with current publications by "schedules" issued at frequent intervals.

In 1895, Congress attempted to establish in the United States the policy of selling public documents. A division was created in the Government Printing Office, charged with the distribution of publications to specified libraries, the preservation of enough documents of all kinds for sale at a schedule of reasonable prices, and the preparation of suitable catalogues and records. In this work there are now employed about forty persons, and the maintenance of the division requires the annual disbursement of nearly \$50,000. The receipt from the sale of documents during the last fiscal year of record was \$13,700. An experiment of this kind cannot succeed, so long as it is understood by the average shrewd citizen that he can obtain a publication free by asking his congressman for it, or that he is liable to receive it free without asking for it at all.

An Economical and Businesslike Method

The experience of a hundred years leads the maturer judgment of the present day to ask in all seriousness the question: what should constitute a government publication? The documents of the Federal government should embrace at least two general classes. The first, according to our American ideas of liberality in the conduct of national affairs, should include those which might be termed close to the people, such as manuals, handbooks relating to agriculture, domestic animals, mechanics, and labor problems, as well as some inexpensive statistical reference books. These publications should be issued in large numbers, for free distribution by congressional quota and otherwise, as a concession to the established idea in American politics that senators and representatives are entitled to some perquisites in official publications, and these obviously are the ones which will be of service, whether distributed with or without judgment. The second class includes scientific and statistical publications, which are expensive to produce and interest a limited number of persons.

A publication which can command sufficient pecuniary return to cover the cost of production with a profit should be published by a private concern. Therefore government publications upon scientific and other special topics should be those contributions to permanent knowledge which should be made, but which cost so much for preliminary research and editorial preparation that their publication as commercial ventures would not be possible. Such publications are likely to interest a small number of persons at most. The edition should always be small. A proportion should be sent to prominent libraries, and to certain specified publications which have agreed to review them. Concerning the remainder of the edition, a lesson should be learned from the policy of the British government. The bulk of each issue should be distributed among

authorized "Congressional booksellers" in specified cities, on simple and businesslike terms. This policy would at least reveal what Federal publications interest the public. No one can tell by the present system, or lack of it, whether real interest exists or not.

Unquestionably we are tending in this country toward the sale of Federal literature. Free distribution arose under totally different conditions of production from those which prevail at the present time. It is clear that we must regard the old or-

der of things as now completely changed, and confront the new problems which accompany the great volume of publications and corresponding expenditure of the present period. Congress has educated the voter to expect free books, but if free books have become a burden on the taxpayers, we should forthwith learn a new lesson, in harmony with the businesslike and practical age in which we live: if public documents, expensive to produce, are worth anything at all to us, they are worth paying for.

TIDE-RIVERS

BY LUCY SCARBOROUGH CONANT

ALL over the world, innumerable rivers drop from their hills to the sea. The slightest of watersheds may ordain a long journey for the rill that might otherwise follow a neighborhood cousin to a nearer gulf. How many cooling drops are lost voyaging! How many flung from moss-bearded lip of mill wheel, or drawn again to the lustrous and bountiful sky, itself feeder and nourisher of lands, bosom, and open heart!

Up country, the stream is a definite comrade. You may count upon its overflow when the violet is waking; upon the August dwindling of volume and voice, and the autumnal crescence as line storm and October gale bring down the overcharged springs fresh-foot upon the valley. Therefore, an' you love willows knee-deep in watery mirrors, go not to the meadows in July, for thousand wings and stings will attack from rank, rustling reeds, bereft of coolness, far from the shrunken channel.

The mountain waterfall, too early visited on a season of drought, will tempt only to curving lip and lifted shoulder. But mark it after the first chill has framed it in a frosty gold, and the storms have

cast their wild maidens over its height. Nearer the rushing turmoil you draw, and sink by the green pool where the russet leaf spins on.

There is an hour when Montmorenci, wasted to a miserable thread, signs only impotence there as it straggles from fossil hieroglyphs to the St. Lawrence. At another, it spreads its broad buckler of white over the scarred cliff, and descends in unstained nobility, — like the curtain that falls, far fairer than the play.

On the amphitheatred Ligurian coast, when ripe chestnut woods illuminate the valley in autumn, and the rigid cypress punctuates your exclamations of delight as you climb from farm to ruined campanile, the Boato, under its double Roman bridge, may flood high in a half day from the showers that, in tropical intensity, drench the ruddy mountains, the clustered villages. On the morrow, chatting over now unsubmerged pebbles, like the brown women wringing out pink jackets at its verge, it will have fallen to the type of the wanderer that hunts for the ocean. But yesterday, it was so assured! The tideless sea pushes here no adventurous foot to meet the mountaineer.

It waits in pulsating azure, thrilling under Scirocco's Sicilian hand, until one drop more from the uplands shall be added to its hoard. The river gains no vigor from the sea. It is more generous, and flings its little bounty to an uncaring heart, beating unresponsive.

Yet, far in the north, where winter storms gather for days, and fall on a coast of fangs and famine, there, in the dark land of low-bending skies and black bread, the tide astounds the inland waters, and drives them back before its eygre. They are baffled and resistant. But the steady roll of wave that has plunged about St. Michel's Mountain, and has marched miles between the river banks like a white-coat army, drives foam and current before it, and, at St. Samson's Locks, dashes high toward the dyke path, as if fain to climb the cliff into Brittany. I know not how the tides gather from Fundy under Blomidon, but I have seen the race on the flat floor bordering the Channel when the waters are coming, and *l'arrivée* heads their speed with high-flung head, making for the canal, and the long, golden river beaches. And the pinnacled abbey, with its empty refectory and resounding cloisters, where only the curious now clatter, rears its old magic above the deluge. As the tide quivers to its height and stays to draw breath, line by line, buttress and spire, rose window and slim arch, are traced for a moment on this delicate flood, soon fleeting in a simulant shyness over the sands, and withdrawing its relaxed invasion from the river as a snake slips from its skin.

Below Caudebec, also, the waters run high, sweeping the Seine like old Danish pirates, as if they would storm the towers of Rouen, and break into shreds the lace that man and time have needled out of stone.

And tide-rivers I know where the squat black fishing-boats come lunging home with tide and wind, — as the mud hollows are filled, and waves from blunt bows dash on the flats below giant teasles and coarse grasses. Women are on the

sand-blown shore by the great crucifix, kneeling no more, for the boats have come to port, and their heavy sails of brown and red blot the low, rusty gleam that tears a ragged edge along dissolving storm. At ebbtide here the sands are barred and beautiful with pigmy channels and runnels wherein unwary fish are darting, by which the fisher children play. The sea is far withdrawn, and, at this midsummer, only a counterfeit river descends from parched inland meadows where ranks of wistful poplars crowd for freshness to the sluggish verge, and the red mills are slackened beneath the great walls and beaconing elms of high-perched Montreuil.

Most Dutch waterways are blind. They may not seek that dominant ocean, submissive, knocking at wintry times, however, none too daintily at the dune door, guarded by the lights of Westcapelle or the Helder.

But the Yssel flows along between its cow-dotted meads, here a brickyard reflected, there a clump of dark thatch, a plump maid with yoked green and vermillion pails by the ferry, a stunted mill in the marsh like a cross-legged heron. Kampen Tower, blue beside the Zuyder Zee, lures the water on, and the peat boats fly with its own speed, and slide over the slack ferry line at Kamperveer.

And the Maas is a river of power and glory. Whether it rush in June haze by the rose-roofed villages and their delicately etched dark avenues by the dykes, slipping past walled Woudrichem and its carved brick tower, or glide in autumn by the back waters of fated Merwede Meer where submerged lie mediæval burghs, and the golden reeds are sibilant above their stilled marketplaces, or dash in revel of west winds by Dort Kerk and corbied gables, it is always noble. There is Rhine water in it. A sort of spiced wine of those terraced vineyards below century-shaken turrets. It is all history, faery, legend, suggestion. Even the Drak — fabled ravager — is not far distant. By the black mills of s'Gravendeel swim

the long, low barges with freight from upper Rhine, swinging broad on the curves as their spitting head scours the mud and silt while it swashes along. The stork is leveled above it, cleaving the wind. Red shine the fisher-boats for miles, dancing down by the glancing mills on a reel they will run all the way to stately Rotterdam.

There is a rise and fall, even here at Dort of the Kerk and corbies, and when a bleak wind blows up the tide for hours and days, Mynheer may return by boat from the club to his besieged front door. Guard the dykes, patrol them well. For now is the North Sea knocking, and his growl is dread and terrible where the scared pinkies drop their lee-boards in the gale.

In lower Zeeland the Scheldt enfolds fertile Walcheren in its arms, and shoulders Flanders with a partial air. There must be little river water there. But the burly tides pull over green shallows where the red buoys ride, and seabirds dive above the veer of current.

At the little harbor where the Arne-muiden boats warp slowly in on a land breeze by lone tower and antique bulwark, not far from home, the Stadhuis belfry seems to ring up the tides. It sends out hourly messengers like flocks of birds. They scurry over the sandy reaches, the flats of Schouwen. "Piet Hein" calls the waters, and they flood between quay and mimic dry dock. The latticed windows are all eyes when the boats come home, as well. Rooks and doves are abroad in clan-nish convolutions. The tide rushes on, up into the Spui, and the old moat holds it below the dyke where the white-headed miller leans at sunset until sluice is opened and warning flag tells boats to hold away until the miniature torrent has rocked the peaceful harborage and dashed out to freedom beyond that clamor of "Piet Hein."

Our own seaboard is richly diversified. From the fastnesses of our Blue, White, and Green hills come leaping the cascades and streams that, swelling, carry

life to the plain, and silt from a dozen counties to the sea. The ocean ravages a dune-bordered frontier; it eats the clay, disturbs a coast line. But the river, passing resistless by field and foothill, grasps relentlessly at shelving bank or yielding loam, and fights the sea with its own arms. Delta is an octopus; sand bar, a submarine danger; channel, shifting and vagarious, little to be counted on by comfortable captain. The invulnerable coast, capitulating perforce at one point, reinforces, rebuilds, and fortifies without rest at another.

The Master River is one that drew its first faint breath in a clime alien and unallied to that of its engulfment. It draws all inland freshnesses to its flood; predacious, ravenous, it sucks even subcutaneous life from the land. Blind springs run over the hidden strata, shelving toward the monster of ancient voracity. It has coursed the prairie for centuries. When man was but a being blind and soulless, when beasts of unfamiliar silhouette loomed by its tide, when saurians dared it, and all that is now fossil thrived therein, then, even, the River was a river, and ground its way to the Sea.

Forced from those pictured heights where now the traveler gazes with a heart of wonder, impulsion was instinct. It accrued but to lavish. It sawed deep into the cañon bed, left forgotten the barren tableland, sank into the land itself, learned by rote the easiest path. Were there a curve too broad? it was cloven away. A rock too stubborn? the steam power of a single waterfall reduced pride, burrowed into the combative heart.

The peak of snow godmothered its rude cradle. Harsh were the gifts bestowed, the vows required. It was to vanquish and to acquire, to deflower and to endow. It might appear enemy. Saviour was the name wherewith the black pine crossed its white, small brow, there at the first insignificant leap. Lonely was the mountain child, volition barely awakening. Could it have beheld the precipitate path, the burning prairie, the choking

bayou, or the gulf, brandishing its white banners as the River, child at heart no longer, drew to its end after the freehold of a continent, sinking, by many channels, to a single death! But a sister, as fragile, peeping by the next boulder, linked fortune with fate, and, merged in a commonalty of strength, they essayed the unknown together. Yet the children of such stern mountain birth are grown vigorous and powerful! Sliding under congealing surface, they shoulder it away. They fresco the declivity with flowers. They draw great cities to rest beside their waters. The path of their eternal wanderings is pranked for the traveling bird with oases and underwoods of lavish green, with blossoming and fruiting, with grain and harvesting. The River responds to the sky above its long route. It must become Fury or Beneficence, as the semaphore of the heavens shall bid. But, by some communicable thrill, the force of the crag is transmitted, permanent and unailing. The height, still nourisher of the prairie, wreathes its carven head in clouds of magnificent vapor. In the recesses of a continent are housed the sources. The land, like man himself, owns a stream of the soul. Its bestowal is imperative. The gift is unasked, at times unsuspected. Its use is of moment. As the earth feels for its waterways, entreats them, implores them, to knead her rigidity, render her plastic and pliable with their filaments of dew, leave her waving and beautiful in the air, guard, enfold, and succor her, so does that man who hears at first the subterranean knocking of his inmost current. And the glad soul has its way with him, and builds her singing groves about his heart.

We have followed the rivers to headwaters! But, along our coast, you may not always choose the veritable river among all our marsh inlets and busy fingers where the rough *masseur* of the sea rebuilds the land, life and strength leaping under his virile handling. Yet, this side the bar, by the island where rosy grasses are blowing in the wind, your

canoe may divine its home waters, nosing up the marshland for miles until it come to shelter under the village hill, where vociferous clammers have already moored their bright dories. Thence, at night, you see the scattered torches of the herring-boats, creeping out on flood tide, teasing will-o'-the-wisps around that slow moon and her dimpling double.

And, as the dark ultramarine of the splendid autumn night dyes the willows and island farms to the special purple which, every ripening season, October dusk claims anew, the tide lifts foam and weed around the bridge, stemming the fresh water at its piers as the two clench and wrestle and toss their little cold arms in the night. But languorously the moon beckons from over the broad, and the grip slackens. No more an invader, the salt tide dives for the open, and the river now pursues, all evening freshness from coves above the milldam where cool reeds glimmer.

Only a few miles farther are the old shipyards, and here another stream slips by church and village gables and salt stacks to the bay. Sea-going schooners are still built on the shelving beach, — schooners of cleaner, finer line than the old Marbleheaders, — and sometimes a blunt tug is under way on the shores.

The air is sweet with the odor of newly shaven wood; pine and forest scents, tarry whiffs, smoke, the pungency of oakum, suggestive oils and essences, — all are here. The beaks of these seabirds in making crane landward over little pools and puddles left by late rains, eager already for a taste of the tide-water astern. They swell within their bars of ochre scaffolding. All this geometrical bracing and buttressing disturbs them. They need only the breasting wave to steady and elate them. Yet, to the eye that seeks untiringly for beauty, their curves are the fairer for these rigidities that once blocked out their beautiful proportions as a sculptor graves upon his block the fundamental guiding lines denoting all that spirit and leaping contour lying unborn within.

Pleasant sounds are on the air. Mallet and hammer are beating, now coupled, now broken in measure, as a horse's hoofs click and lose the rhythm when you hearken in the night. The adze tears and splinters. Chisel cleaves the forest-heart. On the scaffolding, forms against the clouds, abstract in silhouette as on a Puvis frieze, drive home the tree-nails, refine the curve, true the line, fit the ship for her journeying. Now and then an old voyager is hauled piteously to a vacant berth by a fussy tug, altogether careless of injured feelings. She takes her place among the beach débris of rusty iron, scraps, tackle, chips and shavings, oak and applewood, weathered beams, logs new and planed, or bent by heat, waiting masts, abandoned tools, and seasoned loafers, and is patched for another voyage to the Bay or one more winter on the Banks. Heartening, as her timbers clutch her firmly again, she details St. Elmo flashes of sea-lore to the unlaunched hulls at her side, and feeds their ignorance with gossip that sets them gasping through their anchor holes.

Even after the last laborer has swung down from his perch, leaving tools aloft in secure confidence of the friendly neighborhood, the newcomer is excellent company. The boats, in their various degrees of completion, loom against marsh and river channels. The quawk flies over, his one raucous note a signal from the rude seas beyond the inlet. Hawk from remote eyry may plane and forage in the meadows, heron rise from the sedge, doves flutter whitely to the cote by antique gambrel. As the chill twilight gathers, this clustered colony takes on a furtive air of expectation. So the Viking's Long Serpent or Dragon, building on old sheltered reaches by indistinguishable groves, might have dreamed of seas to cross, strange shores to discover, lands of gold where the boats might beach with the long surf roar behind and a line of sullen foemen facing them! They are on fire with the first thrill of imagination that comes before the risen baptismal waters have

drenched their parched sheathings in brine from the bay. Buoyed and eased, they are then free at last of the ocean roads, here, in this quaint backwater by the farms.

Follow north, — as the crow flies, — and you find a river of veritable breadth and power, a boundary, a channel. It is impelled from the hills; tributaries trend toward it from sparkling lakes. Speeding over falls and dams to the harbor, neither choked there by dune nor hindered by marsh, it meets the sea with a direct pride, and by lighthouse and fortress blows the splendid breath of its power and strength. The tides play upon it, and ruffle that prismatic surface with their aquatic games. Up and down the roads, where squadrons may lie at ease, about the heavy lumbermen (whose colors ape their Istrian kin, tied up by that far-off Zattere), under the sharp bows of the modern colliers awaiting their berths in the town, leap the dolphin-like currents, that have never a doubt of the river's readiness for sport.

Here is neither delta nor dallying. In this capacious shelter the northeaster may not trouble the huddled coasters. They have not far to run from open to the lee. On summer afternoons, when old grasses by the slopes are growing golden in the sun, and landlocked towns lie burnt in August heats, seabreeze and breath of swift river fall upon the harbor points and rocky eminences like little showers of icy air. One whiff is scented of sweet fern or tannin, the next of saline. The light feathers of southeast blow across the river-mouth, and bring an elastic caracole of bugle, as guard changes, and the dark squads march away.

At night, when riding lights are studing the bay, and all is well in the roads of heaven, where Vega and the Cross dominate the fleet that crowds the Milky Way, the bugle calls and calls beneath the stars. And when you stir again from dreams, it is the debonair réveille from over the morning tide that leads you to

half-somnolent memories of a French garrison town and its gay buglers.

This river has lost no whit of curiosity at the end of its run. It pries about the shore, peering up narrow inlets, lapping the reeds below ancestral doorways where red lilies gleam against the dusty clapboards, and a tide of chicory spreads a thin film of azure over headstrong grass. It pushes up creeks that indent moor and farmland, sea at heel. Like an old Battersea, timbered bridges link the promontories, one starting by an old toll-house ruin, once in use like its flourishing brethren farther upstream. You come familiarly on spruce and fir, juniper and berry pasture, between the native houses, built to catch the harbor wind, and blossoming with gay roadside gardens. Many an inquisitive lane runs off the main road (itself no result of surveyor's toil), hunting for, and bordering, the water, shaded by enormous elms and chestnuts.

Here are the stately houses of a past generation. Here, beneath these *bosquets* that might grace a French park, lounged the gallants of old as their ladies plied tambour frame, clad in the delicate muslins those great Indiamen in the roads were wont to bring. Fine balustrade and *grisaille* wall, clustered windows, pedimented door, — still may you find. Passes a tottering survivor; still are tales told of early and late occupants.

Here is a noble tomb, there a communal burying-ground, blown full of sea savors, red with roses. And the scattered farms hold their dead close at hand in narrow yards whence the children of God cannot stray far away.

Well downstream, by the gurry-strewn shore of decaying dory and burdock-

buried capstan, may lie a black wreck, gnawed by the tides. In the cove, an ancient lumber schooner is tied up for good and all. Spiders man her bleached decks, and the tide sluices through her hold, making delightful gurgles as you look down the open green hatchway. An old stay of the port light creaks in the gust, and the rotten cordage aloft strays in loops and raveled tassels.

Poor old Luella! linked to a fir tree, of no kin to her masts that have known the strain of tempest, neighbor to lobster-pot and punt of fisher children! There lies her shell in a lonely corner, where yet she may face offing, watching the five-masters wing out to sea, feeling the disintegrating tides and grinding ice when the winter sea jams the creek floe against her, done with voyaging.

Darting tugs scream in the harbor; some stranger calls for a pilot; a visitor requires a proper salute. When the white fogs flood in from the Banks, bringing uncertainty and mystery, there is a "sker-ry of shrieks" all up and down the channel, and a banging of pans and beating of bells from anchorage, like nothing so much as a Breton peasant enticing her vagrant swam of bees.

But the Luella is dumb beside her dark trees. She is now secure from the casualties of the deep. The tide-river knocks against her old heart in its rougher flow, and brutally hints of lost horizon and looming seaboard.

She only groans a little as her scarred hulk lifts from the pebbles, and leans back on shore cables, quite content to harbor in the tide-river, and all its bustling life, for her last anchorage, questing over, dreams begun.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON WRITING FOR THE BEST MAGAZINES

YOU hear it said now and then about some happy person: "He writes for the best magazines." So do I: I always write for the best magazines. I don't, very extensively, publish in them; but that's because I mostly don't publish at all. And *that*, not to linger over a disagreeable subject, is my misfortune, and nobody's fault.

I am a person of five acceptances: at present I have just five stars in my crown. Four of them are from a Best Magazine, — one of the very, very best, — and the other is from a periodical (nameless here, forevermore) that pays four dollars for a poem of five stanzas. Yet, "let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor;" for I have means of vindicating my right to exist, as a Literary Person, which the world knows not of. I have a packet of Flattering Rejections.

There are twenty-one of them. It's easy to be definite; I can count them in a few seconds, and then subtract five, — the number of those letters that begin, "It gives us great pleasure." There is something adorably naïve, by the way, about that beginning; it is like gilding refined gold, painting the lily, and adding a perfume to the violet. On the rare occasions when I have the happiness to see it, I cry out irrepressibly in spirit, "O great, distant, and benign Power! What do *you* know about pleasure? And if you're glad, what do you suppose *I* am?" It is exactly the opposite, in its delicate, supererogatory courtesy, of that other dismal preliminary, "We regret." Even yet, I invariably turn upon that most unwelcome commiseration with, "Who are you to 'regret?'" What do you know about it? In the presence of such

a dignity of black despair as mine, the least you can do, in decency, is to avert your face, and hand it back in silence. I don't want your sympathy."

Of course, that is only the Printed Slip. It is different with the Flattering Rejection. A Flattering Rejection is lovely; if it comes from a Best Magazine, it's quite as good as an acceptance from a poor one. For a long time, I did not know there was such a thing. That was about four years ago, when I first began in earnest. I can't tell you how long ago it was that I really began, because that would mean an unsolicited confidence as to my age, and that would n't be in very good taste. (*I would* like, though, as long as I've been so frank about those five uncrowded little stars in my crown, to slip in, unobtrusively, somehow, the statement that it's less than thirty. I wish I could.) But, as I was saying, I used to think there was nothing 'twixt failure and success; but there is. There's many a slip, — and they're not all just rejection-slips. Some of them are Flattering Rejections.

Toward the Flattering Rejection, I am the meekest, most docile, most extravagantly grateful soul alive. So far from resenting their sympathy, as I so venomously do in the case of the printed slip, I ardently love, in spite of all subsequent snubbings, every editor who has ever sent me one. It really is n't unmanly to confess it, for I picture them as vague, colossal abstractions, with benevolent eyes, draped in flowing garments, — in style a compromise between a toga and a dress suit, and in hue partaking of the prevailing color on the covers of their respective magazines. And, like the camel crossing the desert, I can sustain life on a Flattering Rejection for weeks.

And yet they present puzzling problems. Since nothing can shake my al-

legiance to their authors, I am forced to conclude that apparent contradictions are due to the fact that the edited mind cannot expect to comprehend the editing; it must just have faith, and wait for things to be cleared up in a higher life. Emerson says that with consistency great minds have simply nothing to do; so of course that explains why one can't expect it of an editor. Take just one example. I have one story that has never yet been hustled back with the disgraceful promptitude which is characteristic of the return of some of his brothers and sisters. He always makes long journeys, and stays until I have concluded in my secret soul that he will never come back, stoutly insisting the while, to my waiting family, that I expect him in the next mail. But when he does come, he always brings his own welcome in the shape of a Flattering Rejection. It is delightful to reflect how much pleasure that story has given. So many editors, indeed, have expressed gratitude for the pleasure they have had in reading him, that my brother, who is of a practical turn, has suggested that I make out a bill, "To pleasure in reading So-and-So," at such and such an amount. But I am no such mercenary creature; I am willing to do what I can; it is no small thing to win the gratitude of an editor. But to return to those inscrutable utterances. The editor of the *Best Magazine* — the dear, *Best Magazine* that has been glad with me four times — wrote me that he should have accepted that story, "but for our disinclination to publish stories associated with college life, just as we are averse to those which treat of writers and artists as such." Yet, in the very next issue, and in many succeeding ones, have appeared stories most emphatically and unmistakably, to the edited mind, dealing with "writers as such." It is a difference, I suppose, between the intelligence of the editor and the edittee that puzzles me. I accept it, blindly, though I can't help being a little curious and interested. But it really does n't matter; that editor might tell me that

white is black without disturbing my allegiance.

The other editors who have sent Flattering Rejections home with the same story were not so explicit as to their reasons for returning it. On that point they took refuge behind that impregnable editorial Gibraltar, and said that the tale was "not suited to their needs of the moment." As to that, of course, no mere contributing mind — for I hope I know my place — could presume to judge. But most of them left me with the impression that they, too, were averse to college stories; and yet it has seemed, to my disordered fancy, that some of them have been fairly reeking with college stories ever since. And why should n't they? Why discriminate against college stories, any more than against department-store stories, or kindergarten stories, or stories of firemen and portrait-painters?

I had so much more to tell! I have shown you only one of my twenty-one; and there is something interesting about each one of the rest. But the Muse, at my elbow, makes a valuable suggestion. She says, "Don't make it any longer; if you do, it won't bring back even a — Flattering Rejection!"

THE OTHER FELLOW

FICTION concerns itself with the pursuit of the Feminine. Nowhere is adequate justice done to the equally absorbing pursuit of the Masculine. The Girl is the guiding star of the Romancer, the Man a necessary but commonplace accessory. The Girl presents a problem of exceptional elusiveness, and adds to the piquancy of the situation; but why this unjust discrimination? If, after long trial and tribulation, the Girl is found, are the results so much more gratifying than when, after years of waiting, the Other Fellow is at last discovered? I think not. But perhaps it is not quite clear what I mean by the Other Fellow.

The Other Fellow is generally supposed to be the undesirable remainder

after the blissful union of two other units. He is considered an essential element in all romance, and as such fills a humble but useful place. His only profit is a slender halo of pathos as he wishes his successful rival all happiness. For a brief hour he is heroic, and then he vanishes. This is the popular conception of the Other Fellow. To what base uses has he fallen!

The Romancer must sell his wares, and so he would have the world think that life consists of happy mating and unhappy remaining, that the only drama is the little comedy of three. But after all, he writes merely of the bright bubbling at the sources of the stream, and, after manning his fragile barque and letting the Other Fellow gallantly walk the plank, he quite loses sight of the long journey ahead downstream. Will not the crew of two desire to touch at pleasant points, and lie in inviting harbors by the way? Will they not take excursions ashore, and visit strange lands? And if so, will not the Captain (or perhaps he is only First Mate now) like to smoke a pipe and loaf away a summer afternoon with another masculine voyager?

It is in this part of the journey that the Other Fellow is found. The Romancer is still at work upstream, delighting the same audience with the same simple story as before, but we are wiser now, and are content to leave him. We are in the full swing of the current, and must needs see that no opportunities for pleasure are overlooked.

And what a noble business the seeking of pleasure is! Much is said against it by many who would appear wise in their day and generation, but their words are as chaff. We seek pleasure to share it, and in the finding of it we benefit our fellow. In the great catalogue of pleasures the Other Fellow stands at the head of the list. If he is real, he has long ago forgotten any little episode he may have figured in upstream, though, indeed, he may never have been the Other Fellow in the old mistaken sense, but, on the contrary,

simply another commonplace man with a charming wife, and no faint aureole of past heroisms upon him. It is a strange fact that he is so little prized. He is not mentioned in the most elaborate catalogue of sports, nor enumerated among the camper's or traveler's necessities. He is recommended in no Baedeker, nor is he advertised by enterprising landlords. But what is sport or travel without him, or, for that matter, home or the club?

Fortunate is the man who has found him. If he is found, he is easily recognized. He is the man who fits. Fits is the only word, — fits your masculine needs with masculine gifts, as the woman gives the feminine. So, first, a man. Brown, Robinson, or Vere-de-Vere, it matters not by what name he is known, or what station he ornaments. Years are of no moment, be it only that his heart is a contemporary of your own. He may have lived a longer or shorter time, but he must be rich in experience. He must be a better man than you, that the best may come from your communion. You had best be a bit shy to brag before him, for he will be merciless to your pretensions. He will drive a better ball, cast a better fly, and write a better poem than you can, and you will spend your life trying in vain to excel him. He will absent himself at the right time, and at long intervals, but will return at the moment when he is most needed. He will not pry into your personal affairs, but will listen and smoke and sagely comment if the spirit moves you to intimate talk.

He will know the value of silence, — the supreme test, — and will be an adept at that best sort of conversation, the monosyllabic.

Such, then, is the Other Fellow. The world was made for him, and what would life be without him? We may refine away as much of the primitive man as possible, and still there remains the instinct of the fighter. We wish to match our skill, courage, or endurance against another's. But we must have as our opponent a man we can trust, a man with the same clear

ideas of sport and the same horror of unfairness. When we have found him, he is the Other Fellow, and we add to all else the serene pleasures of comradeship, and we are content.

Yet the Other Fellow has other uses. He is more than a skillful and resourceful antagonist. He is the well by the roadside from which you draw strength and refreshment. His friendly confidence in you begets confidence in yourself. He pricks the countless iridescent bubbles of your self-conceit, thereby clearing your mental vision to a wonderful degree. He is your *alter ego*, and with him at your elbow you can face a frowning world.

To the young Benedict, then, I say: Do not let the open fire and cheerful lamplight tempt you to too many hours of slippered ease. You may have succeeded in one noble and important quest, and achieved the Girl; but there is another quest, and you should be up and doing, — the Other Fellow is to be found.

If he has already been found, do not, in your present excess of self-satisfaction, neglect him. He is patient and slow to anger, but he may weary of your indifference, and be lost to you forever.

If he is within hailing distance, go to him, that the future may hold for you perfect happiness. Then will all wise men unite in the toast I give you: "To the noblest, most useful, and least appreciated of mankind, the Other Fellow, — a health to you!"

THE MELANCHOLY OF WOMAN'S PAGES

CONTEMPORANEOUS with hoopskirts and coalscuttle bonnets was a form of literature obviously, though not explicitly, for ladies, whose very keynote was woe. As a child, I hailed as a treasure every "Gem" and "Annual" and "Book of Beauty" which, with tarnished gilding and delicate pictures grown somewhat discolored by time, lingered in the delightfully heterogeneous library of which I had the freedom. With a swelling

lump in my small throat, and a gathering mist before my innocent young eyes, many and many a time I have followed the fortunes of hapless Zuleikas and fond, ill-fated Mustaphas, sad Brazilian brides, and luckless Indian lovers, forsaken village maids and swains done to death by false, false loves; of the Widowed, the Orphaned, the Homeless, the Heart-Broken; have arrived by ways innumerable at the simple tombstone inscribed with the single word, Helena (or Jane, or Isabel, or Maria, as the case might be), which was so favorite a goal of the Early Victorian romance. It was all very sad, but, in provincial reporter parlance, very enjoyable.

Needless to say, this elegant melancholy is as obsolete as the coalscuttle bonnet and the hoopskirt; and with distinctly less chance, I think, of recall to favor.

The very keynote, indeed, of the Woman's Page is optimism. Its unvarying motto is, Everything is lovely — or may be. Are you unhappily married? Simply make yourself entrancing through the careful following of certain easy, infallible rules, and lo, a new honeymoon, and happiness ever after! Are you a maid forlorn, plain of face and awkward of manner? Grow beautiful and engaging by means of the formula obligingly furnished, and Prince Charming will come. Are the pitiless years leaving their marks upon you? Erase the wrinkles as they come by dexterous rubbings and smoothings, and unfading youth is yours. Are you beyond the pale of Society? Acquire ease, grace, distinction, *savoir faire*, by home study, and all doors will open wide to welcome you.

There are recipes for everything, from domestic bliss to cleansing compounds, from success in life to salad dressings. My good is sought in a thousand ways; in gentle exhortations to be up and doing in every possible direction; in succinct columns of Don'ts; in pithy paragraphs of Useful Information; in exploitations of the fashions; in Health Talks and

Beauty Hints. My good, I say; for there is in it all something so pointedly personal, it is so obviously addressed to my wants and my interests as a woman, that it is not to be evaded or put by. A pseudo-conscience calls me to its perusal from masterly leader or thrilling news-story; from high politics or current history. And I yield, — not without sulkiness.

I yield because it deals with my concerns, — and because it deals with my concerns, I yield sulkily. Not, I protest, that there is any especial sting of personal application in the Don'ts, or otherwise, — not that I am bred so dull I cannot learn the manifold lessons in manners, morals, domestic science, fashion, beautification, and the art of happiness. But the personal is a dogging shadow which has no right to enter with me into the world of print, and many a nugget of genuinely useful information it would take to bury the memory of that impertinence.

I would not go so far, be it said with emphasis, as wholly to deny the benefit of type to such matter as makes up the content of *Woman's Pages*. I would by no means object to the harmless necessary Recipe Book and Fashion Paper, which have their definite times and uses; nor to the *Woman's Magazine*, — for you may love it or leave it alone. I once knew an old woman who would demur against too strenuous objection to snakes. "If you don't say nothing to the snake," she would say, "the snake ain't going to say nothing to you," — an aphorism which, taken in a "soft and flexible sense," has more than once in my experience made for tolerance.

But the *Woman's Page*, I repeat, pursues me, weighs me, and finds me wanting, without my invitation, — with a concurrence upon my part merely forced and reluctant. Quite against my will, I am spurred to the performance of imperative duties galore unmentioned in the Decalogue, duties of physical culture and hygiene, of charmcraft and economy. It is without my real privity and consent

that I am prodded with precept and stirred to teasing ambition, that I am moved to the painful storing of bits of alleged useful information, and am made uneasily aware of the latest collar and the newest style of hairdressing, — destined to change ere I can make them mine.

There is an element of resentment in the oppression of spirits which I have called the Melancholy of *Woman's Pages*, and with it all a haunting, inarticulate sense of the pathos of womanhood.

UNCUT

I RECALL a time of leisurely youth in which this word had for me a charm which, I dare say, it preserves to this day for some people, even among my contemporaries. I was then beginning to get together a library in a small way, and had a dream, which I thank Heaven was never realized, of becoming a bibliophile. How I used to pore over the catalogues of dealers in old books, and what a delicious flavor I discerned in such items as "London, 1726, square 8vo, tree-calf, rough edges, *uncut*," or "London, Pickering, 1848, 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, *uncut*." The words tickle my nostrils even now, with a delightful musty, dusty, leathery aroma, — all but the last of them, and that — I sneeze at. I never got to buying one of those virgin volumes, but I used to imagine the delights of possession. To sit upon velvet, dressed in one's best, and with a mellow ivory blade delicately part those hitherto untroubled leaves, — would n't that be a bully thing to do, though? I fancy I should hardly, when the time came, have had the heart for it; why destroy what one values? and what other people value? Our ancient virgin would, after all, have been chiefly cherished as a commodity, destined presently to be passed on, in all her wintry bloom, to the next bidder.

Such reflections may seem to betray a jaded sensibility; and I must own to having been thrown into such everyday re-

lations with books as to rob them of a little of the glamour which, to a fresher contact, invests even their superficialities. To see an old book that is uncut, nowadays, simply means to me that it has lived in vain, and ought to be rather ashamed of itself. Instead of being a person, it has been all these years no better than a dumb object; and its chances of becoming articulate grow every day beautifully less.

Why, indeed, should it have been put upon the world under such disadvantage? Who has reaped the benefit? What is this luxurious process of cutting leaves that people babble of? I greatly doubt if people who read *much* find it anything but a nuisance: certainly I do not. Yes, I am for the idle mode of reading, too; that is precisely why I have no use for cutting leaves. Why should I do work that the publisher ought to have had done for me? I confess that a new novel uncut fills me with rage. Mary, where under the canopy is that paper-cutter? What, — saw it upstairs? Hm! I should think those children might be taught. . . . Give me a hairpin, or the poker, or something! Then follows the momentary familiar struggle of mind as to whether it is less of an anguish to spend fifteen or twenty minutes rending the book open from cover to cover, — opening, as it were, your barrel of oysters to spare the oyster-man, — or to make a series of annoying interruptions of the business, cutting as you read. There have been moments when I have used the bare forefinger, with a kind of savage joy in the havoc I was making. Why should a man go out for a quiet spin, and find himself a party in an obstacle race?

As for uncut periodicals, I do not know that (my grandfather having died of apoplexy at my age) I ought to trust my-

self to speak of them. In contemplating this wanton imposition, one perceives that there is something to be said, after all, for an uncut book. To put printed matter between covers is to make a sort of bid for permanent notice; and not to cut the leaves is to profess an insolent but not altogether preposterous faith in the volume's ability to bide its time. But what of these brisk, news-dealing weeklies, these monthlies, though graver, with their inevitable bustling about the timely and the ephemeral? *Qua* periodicals, they are deciduous. They are, or should be, built for those who run to read. How should persons to whom reading is, in some sense, one of the chief businesses of life, sit fumbling over them with a foolish instrument, getting at their contents by dint of a dull form of manual labor? A magazine ought to be, first of all, accessible. People ought to be able to steal something from it in reading-rooms and on bookstalls, pausing on one leg in mid-career, gripping a phrase from an essay, snatching the flavor of a leading article, seeing how the new serial opens. For such readers, you say, the author does not write, nor the publisher put forth. They labor for the man who buys the book or magazine, goes home with it, and contentedly places it on the library table or shelf — uncut. They labor for that man's wife, who loves now and then, by means of armchair, open fire, footstool, cushions, magazine, and paper-cutter, to live up to her conception of a person reading. Well, I don't know that much of anything can be said for the other type of reader; he would be a more graceful spectacle, even to himself, if he were less eager, less impatient, less inclined to work on one leg. But of such is the kingdom of letters.